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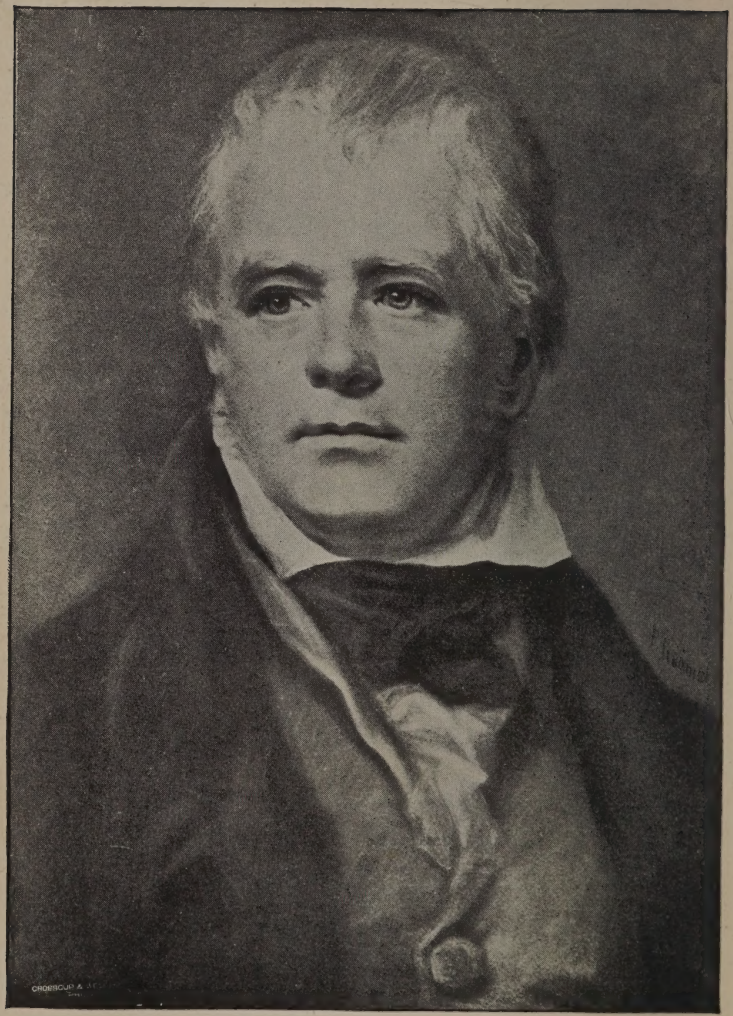

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FAMOUS

ENGLISH AUTHORS

OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY

SARAH K. BOLTON

AUTHOR OF "POOR BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS," "GIRLS WHO BECAME FAMOUS," "FAMOUS AMERICAN AUTHORS," "FAMOUS AMERICAN STATESMEN," "FAMOUS MEN OF SCIENCE," "FAMOUS EUROPEAN ARTISTS," "SOCIAL STUDIES IN ENGLAND," "STORIES FROM LIFE," "FROM HEART AND NATURE," ETC.

FOR STACK

"Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe: it is a seed-grain that cannot die."—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

"Aspire! break bounds! I say
Endeavor to be good, and better still,
And best! success is nought, endeavor 's all."—*Browning.*

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TO MY COUSINS

Alice and Annie C. Miller,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF

OUR PLEASANT HOME TOGETHER.

PREFACE.

THIS volume, and those which have preceded it, have not been written exclusively for young people. Most persons have neither the time nor possibly the inclination to read biography, — "the most interesting, perhaps, of every species of composition," said Walter Scott — if such biography be written in several volumes. Nor have they the time to read all the books of an author.

I have endeavored to give simply and clearly a full and fair sketch of the life and works of each person. It would be gratifying, did the limits of this volume permit, to include in the list of authors several others, especially Keats, Macaulay, Thackeray, and Matthew Arnold.

Sketches of Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith can be found in "Poor Boys who became Famous"; George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Jean Ingelow, in "Girls who became Famous."

S. K. B.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LAYING down "Ivanhoe," after having re-read it, I said to a friend, "If you wish to learn of heroism, read the pathetic life of Scott himself. Wilfred of Ivanhoe, in his gallant defence of Rebecca the Jewess,

'Is as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine,'

compared with the courageous, indomitable Sir Walter dying in harness."

Walter Scott, the ninth of twelve children, was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. He was descended, as he writes in his fragment of autobiography, "from ancient families, both by my father's and mother's side. My father's grandfather was Walter Scott, well known in Teviotdale by the surname of *Beardie*. He was the second son of Walter Scott, first Laird of Raeburn, who was third son of Sir Walter Scott, and the grandson of Walter Scott, commonly called in tradition Auld Walt of Harden. I am therefore lineally descended from that ancient chieftain whose name I have made to ring in many a ditty, and from his fair dame, the Flower of Yarrow — no bad genealogy for a Border minstrel."

Scott's father was a lawyer, a man of fine presence, temperate, austere, and a strict Calvinist. His mother, Anne Rutherford, the eldest daughter of Dr. John Rutherford of Edinburgh, was a woman unusually well educated for those days, sweet-tempered, fond of poetry,

and an inspiration to her son Walter, who was her favorite, probably on account of his delicate health.

When the child was eighteen months old, a fever from teething produced a kind of paralysis of the right leg. He was therefore sent into the country with a maid, to live with his paternal grandfather on his farm at Sandy-Knowe. The maid, having left behind her at Edinburgh a lover, desired to return, and decided to cut with her scissors the throat of the lame and, as she thought, useless child, and bury him in the moss under the high crags at Sandy-Knowe. This project, being confided to the old housekeeper, was disapproved, and the infant was spared.

When the weather was fine, he was carried by the shepherd of the farm, and laid among his flock. Long afterwards Scott said, "The habit of lying on the turf there among the sheep and the lambs had given his mind a peculiar tenderness for these animals, which it had ever since retained."

As the child grew older, he began to struggle with his lameness, and though the leg was shrunken and contracted, he finally walked, ran, climbed the rocks, and became a robust boy.

From his grandmother, Walter heard many a tale of Auld Walt of Harden, and learned by heart numerous ballads which he used to declaim with great enthusiasm. Their only visitor, the clergyman of the parish, Dr. Duncan, was once extremely annoyed at the recital of the ballad of Hardyknute, and exclaimed, "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is."

When about eight years of age, the lad was taken back to Edinburgh to his father's house in George's

Square. The blue-eyed, brown-haired boy felt the change severely, for he wrote later, "Under the gentle government of my kind grandmother, who was meekness itself, and of my aunt, who, though of a higher temper, was exceedingly attached to me, I had acquired a degree of license which could not be permitted in a large family. I had sense enough, however, to bend my temper to my new circumstances; but such was the agony which I internally experienced, that I guarded against nothing more, in the education of my own family, than against their acquiring habits of self-willed caprice and domination.

"I found much consolation, during this period of mortification, in the partiality of my mother. She joined to a light and happy temper of mind a strong turn to study poetry and works of imagination. She was sincerely devout, but her religion was, as became her sex, of a cast less austere than my father's. Still, the discipline of the Presbyterian Sabbath was severely strict, and I think injudiciously so. Although Bunyan's 'Pilgrim,' Gesner's 'Death of Abel,' Rowe's Letters, and one or two other books, which for that reason I still have favor for, were admitted to relieve the gloom of one dull sermon succeeding to another, there was far too much tedium annexed to the duties of the day; and in the end it did none of us any good.

"My week-day tasks were more agreeable. My lameness and my solitary habits had made me a tolerable reader, and my hours of leisure were usually spent in reading aloud to my mother Pope's translation of 'Homer,' which, excepting a few traditionary ballads, and the songs in Allan Ramsay's 'Evergreen,' was the first poetry which I perused. My mother had good natural taste and great feeling. She used to make me

pause upon those passages which expressed generous and worthy sentiments, and if she could not divert me from those which were descriptive of battle and tumult, she contrived at least to divide my attention between them."

A lady thus describes a scene from Walter's life in these early years: "He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. 'There's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash it goes; they will all perish.' After his agitation he turns to me: 'That is too melancholy,' says he, 'I had better read you something more amusing.'"

One of his tutors, Mr. James Mitchell, tells the following incident, which happened when Walter was about thirteen, and which shows the boy's kind heart. "I seldom had occasion, all the time I was in the family, to find fault with him, even for trifles, and only once to threaten serious castigation, of which he was no sooner aware than he suddenly sprang up, threw his arms about my neck, and kissed me. By such generous and noble conduct my displeasure was in a moment converted into esteem and admiration; my soul melted into tenderness, and I was ready to mingle my tears with his."

Walter was early sent to the high school in Edinburgh, where he was by no means a promising scholar, but his good-nature and ready imagination made him popular. "Boys," he says in his autobiography, "are uncommonly just in their feelings, and at least equally generous. My lameness, and the efforts which I made to supply that disadvantage, by making up in address what I wanted in activity, engaged the latter principle in my

favor; and in the winter play hours, when hard exercise was impossible, my tales used to assemble an admiring audience round Lucky Brown's fireside, and happy was he that could sit next to the inexhaustible narrator."

Concerning these school days, he once related this story to Rogers, the poet: "There was a boy in my class at school who stood always at the top, nor could I, with all my efforts, supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place, do what I would; till at length I observed that when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife.

"Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure; and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong.

"Often in after life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation, but it ended in good resolutions. Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law of Edinburgh. Poor fellow! I believe he is dead; he took early to drinking."

Though young Scott did not give as much time to Latin as was desired by his teachers, he read all the books within his reach. In his mother's dressing-room he discovered some odd volumes of Shakespeare, and

read them by the firelight after going to bed. Ossian and Spenser became great favorites. Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" and Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry" were a constant delight.

"I remember well the spot," he writes, "where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge platanus-tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbor. . . . The summer day sped onward so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and to remember was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my school-fellows and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy.

"The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently or with half the enthusiasm."

When Scott was about fifteen he entered his father's law office to study, as he says, "the dry and barren wilderness of forms and conveyances. . . . The drudgery, indeed, of the office, I disliked, and the confinement I altogether detested; but I loved my father, and I felt the rational pride and pleasure of rendering myself useful to him. I was ambitious also, and among my companions in labor, the only way to gratify ambition was to labor hard and well.

"Other circumstances reconciled me in some measure to the confinement. The allowance for copy-money furnished a little fund for the pleasures of the circulating

library and the theatre; and this was no trifling incentive to labor. When actually at the oar, no man could pull it harder than I, and I remember writing upwards of one hundred and twenty folio pages with no interval either for food or rest."

A portion of young Scott's earnings was used for two lessons a week in Italian, for he had found that this language contained a fund of romantic lore; and to extend his knowledge of French.

After this he learned Spanish, becoming a great admirer of Cervantes, "whose works," he said, "first inspired him with the ambition to excel in fiction."

Young Scott, after studying with his father for about a year, had an attack of hemorrhage, which long confined him to his bed. Fortunately he was not prevented from reading, and history, poetry, and romance whiled away the otherwise tedious months.

He played chess a good deal at this time as a diversion, but did not continue it after his boyhood. He used to say it was a shame to waste as much time in mastering a game as one would need for acquiring a new language. "Surely chess-playing," he said, "is a sad waste of brains."

When he had recovered, the love of nature being an insatiable passion with him, he made long journeys on foot, often walking twenty or thirty miles a day, and unexpectedly spending the night with some friend, to the great anxiety of his own family. His father used to say that he thought Walter was born for a "strolling peddler," evidently having no thought of renown for him in the future.

When about the age of sixteen Scott had the great pleasure of meeting Robert Burns at Professor Fergu-

son's. The poet shed tears upon looking at the picture of a dead soldier in the snow, his dog on one side, and his widow and child on the other. He asked whose lines were underneath the picture, and Scott was the only person present who could tell him. They were from a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne. Burns rewarded the boy with a look and a word which Scott remembered with pleasure as long as he lived.

"His person," says Scott, "was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. . . . There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, and glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men in my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence without the slightest presumption."

In college Scott studied moral philosophy in the class of Dugald Stewart, and ethics under Professor John Bruce, but refused to take up Greek. As most of his school-fellows had some knowledge of this language before entering college, it is probable that pride more than anything else made Scott obstinate in the matter. This he always regretted, and said in after years, "I would give half the reputation I have had the good-fortune to acquire, if by so doing I could rest the remaining part [of my literary career] upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

When about seventeen Scott joined a literary society,

composed of such men as Adam Ferguson, son of the celebrated professor, George Abercromby, afterwards Lord Abercromby, and others, and, feeling himself greatly inferior to his companions in metaphysical philosophy and other branches of regular study, he says he began to inform himself in those branches. With a remarkable memory, he soon made himself a master in what he chose to undertake. He was also active in military affairs. Scott had great perseverance. His friend William Clerk made an agreement with him that they should have an examination in law each morning of the week. Clerk's good resolutions failed, so that Scott walked every day a distance of two miles to his friend's house, and before seven in the morning held the appointed examinations. Quite naturally both went through the course of study and final examinations with credit.

In November, 1792, when Scott was twenty-one, he and his friend Clerk began their regular attendance at the Parliament House. Scott was employed, says Lockhart in his delightful life of the author, "from time to time by his father, and probably a few other solicitors, in that dreary, every-day task-work, chiefly of long written *informations*, and other papers for the court, on which young counsellors of the Scotch Bar were then expected to bestow a great deal of trouble for very scanty pecuniary remuneration, and with scarcely a chance of finding reserved for their hands any matter that could elicit the display of superior knowledge or understanding."

He soon became as noted among his law companions for telling stories as he had been in the high school, and was universally popular for his good-nature and thorough kindness.

For three years Scott worked untiringly in his profession. Besides ambition, there was another incentive to action, — love. One Sunday when he was about nineteen, he met a young lady coming out of Greyfriars Church during a shower. He offered her his umbrella, which was accepted, and he thus escorted her to the residence of her parents, Sir John and Lady Jane Stuart Belches. Mrs. Scott had formerly known Lady Jane, and the young people were permitted to continue the acquaintance thus begun.

Margaret Stuart Belches, the only child, was a well-educated, attractive young lady, quite gifted in literary matters, and one altogether fitted to be an inspiration to an enthusiastic, noble-hearted youth. Aware that Sir John's position was superior to that of his own family, Walter's father gave her parents warning of the affection, fearing that pain and disappointment might result, but Sir John treated the matter lightly, and thought Mr. Scott was mistaken.

For six years the young lawyer worked with a happy heart, supposing he would ultimately marry the lady. He said to a friend, "It was a proud night with me when I first found that a pretty young woman could think it worth her while to sit and talk with me hour after hour, in a corner of the ball-room, while all the world were capering in our view."

As yet he earned little, but hope and energy kept him happy. His first year's practice brought him £24, 3*s.*; his second, £57, 15*s.*; his third year's, 1794 to 1795, £84, 4*s.* He could not now support a wife.

He wrote to a friend in 1795, from Rosebank, where he was staying for a time : "What she has pointed out is the most prudent line of conduct for us both, at least till

better days, which I think myself now entitled to suppose she, as well as I myself, will look forward to with pleasure. If you were surprised at reading the important billet, you may guess how agreeably I was so at receiving it; for I had, to anticipate disappointment, struggled to suppress every rising gleam of hope; and it would be very difficult to describe the mixed feelings her letter occasioned, which, *entre nous*, terminated in a very hearty fit of crying.

"I read over her epistle about ten times a day, and always with new admiration of her generosity and candor — and as often take shame to myself for the mean suspicions which, after knowing her so long, I could listen to, while endeavoring to guess how she would conduct herself. . . . I think of being in town some time next month [the lady he loved had come to Edinburgh for the winter], but whether for good and all, or only for a visit, I am not certain. O for November! Our meeting will be a little embarrassing one. How will she look, etc., etc., etc., are the important subjects of my present conjectures — how different from what they were three weeks ago! I give you leave to laugh when I tell you seriously, I had begun to 'dwindle, peak, and pine' upon the subject, but now, after the charge I have received, it were a shame to resemble Pharaoh's lean kine."

In the autumn of this year, 1795, Scott made a spirited translation from the German of Bürger's "Lenore." His friend, Miss Cranstoun, afterwards Countess of Purgstall, was astonished and said, "Upon my word, Walter Scott is going to turn out a poet — something of a cross, I think, between Burns and Gray." At the suggestion of this lady, an elegantly bound copy of

the translation from Bürger was presented to Miss Margaret Belches.

On January 19, 1797, Miss Belches was married, not to Scott, but to William Forbes of Pitsligo, the eldest son of a baronet, afterwards Sir William Forbes, a man of wealth and fine character, who, in Scott's misfortunes in later years, showed himself a noble friend.

The cause of this seeming change in the mind of the young lady is not known. It is quite possible, could she have looked forward a few years and seen Scott, the idol of his country, rich and famous, the result would have been different. That Scott felt for a time that he had been wronged, is shown by the following poem, published in the "English Minstrelsy," — "On a Violet."

"The violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen or copse or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue
Beneath the dewdrops' weight reclining,
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the sun be past its morrow,
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow."

If Scott, at first, felt his pride wounded, this feeling soon subsided, and was replaced by an unchangeable and eternal affection. She became the heroine of "Rokeby" and of "Woodstock." He wrote in his journal, years afterwards: "What a life mine has been! — half educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself; stuffing my

head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time; getting forward, and held a bold and a clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer; broken-hearted for two years; my heart handsomely pieced again — but the crack will remain to my dying day."

Lockhart gives a touching incident, which occurred thirty years later, when Europe and America rang with Scott's praises. "He had taken for that winter [1827] the house No. 6 Shandwick Place, which he occupied by the month during the remainder of his servitude as a clerk of session. Very near this house, he was told, a few days after he took possession, dwelt the aged mother of his first love; and he expressed to his friend, Mrs. Skene, a wish that she should carry him to renew an acquaintance which seems to have been interrupted from the period of this youthful romance. Mrs. Skene complied with his desire, and she tells me that a very painful scene ensued."

Scott wrote in his diary: "November 7. Began to settle myself this morning after the hurry of mind and even of body which I have lately undergone. I went to make a visit, and fairly softened myself, like an old fool, with recalling old stories till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses for the whole night. This is sad work. The very grave gives up its dead" [Margaret (Lady Forbes) had died soon after the publication of "The Lady of the Lake," about thirteen years after her marriage], "and time rolls back thirty years to add to my perplexities. I don't care. I begin to grow case-hardened, and, like a stag turning at bay, my naturally good temper grows fierce and dangerous. Yet what a romance to tell — and told, I fear, it will one day

be. And then my three years of dreaming and my two years of wakening will be chronicled, doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain.

"November 10. At twelve o'clock I went again to poor Lady Jane to talk over old stories. I am not clear that it is a right or healthful indulgence to be ripping up old sores, but it seems to give her deep-rooted sorrow words, and that is a mental blood-letting. To me these things are now matter of calm and solemn recollection, never to be forgotten, yet scarce to be remembered with pain."

Among Scott's manuscripts was found a poem "To Time — by a Lady," recited to him by Margaret, and perhaps composed by her. It is a long poem, which Scott retained in his mind for thirty years, and when a gray-haired man wrote it from memory.

. . . . .

"'Tis thine the wounded soul to heal,
That hopeless bleeds from sorrow's smart,
From stern misfortune's shafts to steal
The barb that rankles in the heart.

What though with thee the roses fly,
And jocund youth's gay reign is o'er;
Though dimmed the lustre of the eye,
And hope's vain dreams enchant no more.

Yet in thy train come dove-eyed peace,
Indifference with her heart of snow;
At her cold couch, lo! sorrows cease,
No thorns beneath her roses grow."

. . . . .

In "Peveril of the Peak," in 1823, Scott wrote out of his own heart: "The period at which love is formed for the first time and felt most strongly is seldom that at which there is much prospect of its being brought to a

happy issue. The state of artificial society opposes many complicated obstructions to early marriages; and the chance is very great that such obstacles prove insurmountable. In fine, there are few men who do not look back in secret to some period of their youth, at which a sincere and early affection was repulsed or betrayed, or became abortive from opposing circumstances. It is these little passages of secret history which leave a tinge of romance in every bosom, scarce permitting us, even in the most busy or the most advanced period of life, to listen with total indifference to a tale of true love."

After the marriage of Lady Forbes, Scott set himself to his work more diligently than ever. He often read late at night, though he said, "he was but half a man if he had not full seven hours of utter unconsciousness."

But there was necessarily an unsatisfied longing in his heart. In July, 1797, six months after the marriage, Scott met, while making a tour of the English lakes, a pretty young lady on horseback. The same evening at a ball, he was introduced to her; Charlotte Margaret, the daughter of Jean Charpentier of Lyons, France. He had held an office under government. At the beginning of the Revolution he died, and Madame Charpentier and her children made their escape to England.

Miss Charpentier, with black hair, brown eyes, olive complexion, and the French vivacity of manner, was certainly unlike Scott's first vision of loveliness, the blue-eyed Margaret Belches. Her cheerfulness was an attraction in his loneliness. He wrote his mother after his engagement: "Without flying into raptures, — for I must assure you that my judgment as well as my affections are consulted upon this occasion, — without flying

into raptures, then, I may safely assure you that her temper is sweet and cheerful, her understanding good, and, what I know will give you pleasure, her principles of religion very serious. . . . Her fortune, though partly dependent upon her brother, who is high in office at Madras, is very considerable — at present, £500 a year. . . . My dear mother, I cannot express to you the anxiety I have that you will not think me flighty nor inconsiderate in this business. Believe me, that experience in one instance — you cannot fail to know to what I allude — is too recent to permit my being so hasty in my conclusions as the warmth of my temper might otherwise have prompted."

Scott's parents were not greatly pleased with the alliance, and, with their Calvinistic ideas, did not agree with their son that a young woman who wrote to her affianced that she "loved anything that is stylish," and was passionately fond of the theatre, possessed "principles of religion very serious."

The young couple were married on Christmas Eve, 1797, in St. Mary's Church, Carlisle, and soon took up their residence in South Castle Street, Edinburgh.

Probably Scott's married life was a happy one, from his wife's genial and kind nature — as happy as a marriage can be where there is comparatively little mental affinity. R. H. Hutton says, "She was not the ideal wife for Scott; but she loved him, sunned herself in his prosperity, and tried to bear his adversity cheerfully."

In October, 1798, a son was born to Scott. The child died the following day. In January of the next year, 1799, Scott's second book appeared, a translation of Goethe's tragedy, "Goetz von Berlichingen of the Iron Hand." The encouragements towards a literary

life certainly had not been great for the young author. Of "Lenore" he says: "My adventure, where so many pushed off to sea, proved a dead loss, and a great part of the edition was condemned to the service of the trunk-maker. This failure did not operate in any unpleasant degree either on my feelings or spirits. I was coldly received by strangers, but my reputation began rather to increase among my own friends, and on the whole I was more bent to show the world that it had neglected something worth notice, than to be affronted by its indifference; or, rather, to speak candidly, I found pleasure in the literary labors in which I had almost by accident become engaged, and labored less in the hope of pleasing others, though certainly without despair of doing so, than in a pursuit of a new and agreeable amusement to myself."

For the copyright of the translation from Goethe, Scott received twenty-five guineas. In case of a second edition, twenty-five guineas more were to be paid, but such an edition was not called for until long after the copyright had expired.

This year, 1799, some original poems were published: the "Ballad of Glenfinlas," "Eve of St. John," and "The Gray Brother." The same year, through the influence of friends, Scott was appointed to the position of sheriff, with a salary of three hundred pounds a year. This was a most fortunate circumstance, and saved him from pecuniary anxiety.

Scott, who had all his life loved the ballads and legends of Scotland, now determined to collect and publish them. After much labor this was done in 1802, in two volumes, the first edition consisting of eight hundred copies. Scott was to receive half the profits. His

share was £78 10*s.*: a sum probably not equal to the money he had spent in collecting his materials.

The "Border Minstrelsy" was so well received by prominent persons, that a third volume was published in 1802. These volumes were his first literary success. They were soon translated into German, Danish, and Swedish. In the next thirty years their sale in Great Britain alone amounted to at least fifteen thousand copies.

Scott and his wife now visited London, and were cordially received by Heber, Mackintosh, Rogers, and other literary persons. For the Edinburgh Review, commenced in October, 1802, and edited by Mr. Jeffrey, for years Scott's friend and companion at the bar, Scott wrote in the next three or four years fourteen able reviews on Southey's "Amadis of Gaul," Sibbald's "Chronicle of Scottish Poetry," Godwin's "Life of Chaucer," "Life and Works of Chatterton," and kindred topics.

In 1804, "Sir Tristrem, by Thomas the Rhymer," appeared; and the year following the first of Scott's great romances in verse, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." It was suggested to Scott by the request of the lovely Countess of Dalkeith for a ballad on Gilpin Horner. Scott wrote to his friend Miss Seward regarding this lady: "It is *impossible* for any one to refuse her request, as she has more of the angel in face and temper than any one alive; so that if she had asked me to write a ballad on a broomstick, I must have attempted it. I began a few verses to be called the Goblin Page; and they lay long by me till the applause of some friends whose judgment I valued induced me to resume the poem. So on I wrote, knowing no more than the man in the moon how I was to end."

The success of this poem was remarkable. Before 1830, nearly forty-four thousand copies had been disposed of in Great Britain. The author's share of the profits was £769 6*s*.

Scott's family now consisted of himself, wife, and four children: Charlotte Sophia, born November 15, 1799; Walter, October 28, 1801; Anne, February 2, 1803; and Charles, on Christmas Eve, 1805. Scott had moved to Ashestiel, on the southern bank of the Tweed, an attractive home with "an old-fashioned garden, with holly hedges and broad green terrace walks."

He now determined to give up the practice of law, from which he made only about two hundred pounds yearly, and devote himself to literature. He felt that his clients did not regard a poet as one calculated to take interest in legal questions. He says, however: "I determined that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch; and that the profits of my literary labor, however convenient otherwise, should not, if I could help it, become necessary to my ordinary expenses."

He had formed a private partnership with his publisher, Ballantyne, an old friend, and had begun to write a life of the poet Dryden, and to edit his writings. This great work appeared in eighteen volumes in 1808. The editor's fee was £756.

Scott had now entered upon that unremitting labor which continued to the end of his life. Lockhart thus describes his methods of work:

"He rose by five o'clock, lit his own fire when the season required one, and shaved and dressed with great deliberation — for he was a very martinet as to all but the mere coxcombries of the toilet, not abhorring effeminate dandyism itself so cordially as the slightest

approach to personal slovenliness, or even those 'bed-gown and slipper tricks,' as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge. Arrayed in his shooting-jacket or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner-time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshalled around him on the floor, just beyond the line of circumvallation.

"Thus by the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and ten, he had done enough (in his own language), '*to break the neck of the day's work.*' After breakfast, a couple of hours more were given to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, 'his own man.'

"When the weather was bad, he would labor incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while if any more distant excursion had been proposed over night, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of uninterrupted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favor, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness."

Scott made it a rule to answer all his numerous letters on the day they were received. He also fed his horses, who were his pets, like his dogs. "Camp," says Lockhart, "was at this time the constant parlor dog. He was very handsome, very intelligent, and naturally very fierce, but gentle as a lamb among the children. As for the more locomotive Douglas and Percy, he kept one window of his study open, whatever might be the state of the weather, that they might leap out and in as the fancy moved them.

"He always talked to Camp as if he understood what was said — and the animal certainly did understand not a little of it; in particular, it seemed as if he perfectly comprehended on all occasions that his master considered him as a sensible and steady friend, — the greyhounds as volatile young creatures whose freaks must be borne with."

When Camp died, Scott rescinded an invitation to a dinner-party, for the reason that the death "of an old friend" made it impossible to attend.

In the early part of the same year in which the works of Dryden were published, 1808, "Marmion" appeared, usually regarded as Scott's greatest poem. Constable, an Edinburgh publisher, offered him a thousand guineas for the work without having seen a line of it, and the offer was accepted. Poets had been eagerly awaiting its appearance. Southey wrote him: "Marmion is expected as impatiently by me as he is by ten thousand others. Believe me, Scott, no man of real genius was ever a puritanical stickler for correctness, or fastidious about any faults except his own. The best artists, both in poetry and painting, have produced the most. Give us more lays, and correct them at leisure for after editions — not laboriously, but when the amendment comes naturally and unsought for. It never does to sit down doggedly to correct."

After "Marmion" was published Southey wrote again: "The story is made of better materials than the Lay, yet they are not so well fitted together. As a whole, it has not pleased me so much — in parts, it has pleased me more. There is nothing so finely conceived in your former poem as the death of Marmion; there is nothing finer in its conception anywhere."

In less than a month after "Marmion" was published the first edition of two thousand copies was sold. It went rapidly through many editions. Before 1836 over fifty thousand copies had been disposed of in Great Britain. The people read and re-read it. The following story told by Hutton is not at all improbable. Two strangers met on a dark night in London. Both were repeating aloud the last lines of the account of Flodden Field. One man exclaimed, "Charge, Chester, charge!" when suddenly a reply came out of the darkness, "On, Stanley, on!" whereupon they finished the death of Marmion between them, took off their hats to each other, and parted, laughing.

Before this time Scott had been appointed one of the seven Clerks of Sessions in Edinburgh, a position which he held for twenty-five years, with a salary of £1,300 yearly. The work required from four to six hours daily during about half the year. For the first five years he received no pay for his work, as the position was virtually held by another. At the end of that time the former holder of the office was pensioned and retired.

Before the publication of "Dryden," Scott was asked by Constable to edit Swift's works in the same manner, with an offer of £1,500 for the labor. The offer was accepted, though the work was not completed until 1814. Before this he edited "Somers's Collection of Tracts" in thirteen volumes, for which he received thirteen hundred guineas, and published his "Lady of the Lake" in 1810, when he was thirty-nine.

While these were extremely busy years, Scott still found time to enjoy his family. "No father," says Lockhart, "ever devoted more time and tender care to his offspring than he did to each of his, as they success-

ively reached the age when they could listen to him and understand his talk. Like their mute playmates, Camp and the greyhounds, they had at all times free access to his study; he never considered their tattle as any disturbance; they went and came as pleased their fancy. He was always ready to answer their questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or ninepins, and resume his labor as if refreshed by the interruption."

His children had the same passion for horsemanship as himself. He taught them to think nothing of tumbles. "Without courage," he said, "there can be no truth; and without truth there can be no other virtue."

While Scott was thus gentle in his family, he could be severe where he deemed a person in the wrong. When his dissipated brother Daniel returned to Scotland from Jamaica, dishonored for deficiency of spirit against an insurgent body of negroes, though he found shelter and compassion from his mother, Scott would never see him again. He died young, and Scott would not attend the funeral nor wear mourning for him like the rest of the family. Years afterwards the poet regretted this austerity, and did all in his power to make amends by caring for a child whom Daniel had bequeathed to his mother's care.

The "Lady of the Lake," for the copyright of which Scott received two thousand guineas, had a most enthusiastic reception. In a few months over twenty thousand copies were sold. "Marmion" may be greater, but to me the "Lady of the Lake" is the most poetic in

thought and polished in expression of any of Scott's works. When in my school days the poem was acted at the closing exercises of the year, and a brave boy with a sword at his side repeated, as he gazed upon Fitz-James, —

> "How say'st thou now?
> These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true,
> And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!"

I thought it spirited and thrilling. Years later, when the Scottish lakes and other scenes of Scott's novels had become familiar ground, anything associated with Ellen Douglas still retained a peculiar charm.

The "Lady of the Lake" brought Scott hearty praises from his contemporaries. One that pleased him much was from his old friend Adam Ferguson, a captain in the British army under Wellington. "In the course of the day when the 'Lady of the Lake' first reached Sir Adam, he was posted with his company on a point of ground exposed to the enemy's artillery, somewhere, no doubt, on the lines of Torres Vedras. The men were ordered to lie prostrate on the ground; while they kept that attitude, the captain, kneeling at the head, read aloud the description of the battle in Canto VI., and the listening soldiers only interrupted him by a joyous huzza when the French struck the bank close above them."

> "At once there rose so wild a yell
> Within that dark and narrow dell,
> As all the fiends from heaven that fell
> Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell!"

In 1811, Scott, whose income was now enough to support him in comfort, purchased one hundred acres of land on the Tweed, for £4,000, half of which he borrowed from

his brother, the other half being raised on the security of a poem, then unwritten, — "Rokeby." This place, Abbotsford, like Cedarcroft to Bayard Taylor, became his idol, and alas! his burden in later years. "The Tweed," says Lockhart, "was everything to him — a beautiful river, flowing broad and bright over a bed of milk-white pebbles, unless here and there where it darkened into a deep pool, overhung, as yet, only by the birches and alders which had survived the statelier growth of the primitive forest; and the first hour that he took possession he claimed for his farm the name of the adjoining ford, situated just above the influx of the classical tributary Gala. As might be guessed from the name of Abbotsford, these lands had all belonged of old to the great Abbey of Melrose."

The next year, 1812, through the intervention of Murray the publisher, a pleasant correspondence began between Scott and Lord Byron. When "Marmion" was published, Byron, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," spoke contemptuously of a man who wrote for pay.

> "Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
> The golden-crested, haughty Marmion, —
> . . . . . .
> For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
> And bid a long good-night to Marmion."

Bitter feelings naturally resulted, but these were forgotten when Byron wrote: "I feel sorry that you should have thought it worth while to notice the evil works of my nonage. . . . The Satire was written when I was very young and very angry, and fully bent on displaying my wrath and my wit, and now I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions."

Of "Rokeby," published in 1812, Lockhart says, "I question whether even in his prose there is anything more exquisitely wrought out, as well as fancied, than the whole contrast of the two rivals for the love of the heroine; and that heroine herself, too, has a very particular interest attached to her." Matilda, in "Rokeby," was Margaret Belches.

"The Bridal of Triermain," published in 1813, and "The Lord of the Isles," in 1815, were not as popular as the longer poems.

A week after the latter was published, Scott said to his friend Ballantyne, "What are people saying about 'The Lord of the Isles'?" As his friend did not reply at once, Scott added, "I see how it is, the result is given in one word—*Disappointment.* . . . Well, well, James, so be it—but you know we must not droop, for we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to something else;" and he turned cheerfully to prose.

In 1814, besides the publication of the works of Swift in nineteen volumes, the first of that remarkable series of novels appeared, "Waverley."

Scott's name was not affixed to it, though the novel was generally attributed to him. For the copyright, Constable offered him £700; but he declined, saying in case the novel should not be successful the sum offered was too much, and if it succeeded, too little. A compromise was effected by sharing the profits. The first of the three volumes had been written nine years before, but thrown aside because his friends, William Erskine and James Ballantyne, feared for its success. The novel sold well from the first, Scott and Constable each making out of the venture £612 during the first four months.

A year later, in 1815, "Guy Mannering," in three volumes, was published, "the work," as Scott used to say, "of six weeks at a Christmas." Two thousand copies were sold on the day of publication, and within three months five thousand more, at a guinea each. The public were delighted with the simple style, the high ideals of character, the glowing descriptions of natural scenery, and the dramatic handling of events.

In the spring of this year, 1815, Scott decided to take his wife on a brief vacation to London. Joanna Baillie wrote him: "Thank Heaven, you are coming at last. Make up your mind to be stared at only a little less than the Czar of Muscovy, or old Blücher."

During this visit he met Lord Byron for an hour or two almost daily, in Mr. Murray's drawing-room. "Report," says Scott, "had prepared me to meet a man of peculiar habits and a quick temper, and I had some doubts whether we were likely to suit each other in society. I was most agreeably disappointed in this respect. I found Lord Byron in the highest degree courteous, and even kind. . . .

"Lord Byron's reading did not seem to me to have been very extensive, either in poetry or history. Having the advantage of him in that respect, and possessing a good, competent share of such reading as is little read, I was sometimes able to put under his eye objects which had for him the interest of novelty. I remember particularly repeating to him the fine poem of Hardyknute, an imitation of the old Scottish ballad, with which he was so much affected that some one who was in the apartment asked me what I could possibly have been telling Byron by which he was so much agitated. . . .

"He was often melancholy — almost gloomy. When

I observed him in this humor, I used either to wait till it went off of its own accord, or till some natural and easy mode occurred of leading him into conversation, when the shadows almost always left his countenance, like the mist rising from a landscape. In conversation he was very animated."

The Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., invited Scott to Carlton House to dine, and, before the return to Edinburgh, sent him a gold snuff-box set in brilliants, with a medallion of his Royal Highness's head on the lid, "as a testimony of the high opinion his Royal Highness entertains of your genius and merit." The Prince had previously offered Scott the position of Poet Laureate, which, owing to his many duties, he felt obliged to decline, and the honor was bestowed upon Southey.

In July, 1815, Scott went to the Continent, more especially to visit the field of Waterloo, promising his publishers to write home a series of letters, which should be published with the title, "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk." On his return from Belgium he stayed in Paris for a short time, where he met the Duke of Wellington, from whom he received great kindness and confidence, then and afterwards, which he considered "the highest distinction of his life."

In three months Scott returned to his delighted family. Mrs. Scott had meantime made the drawing-room of the cottage ready for his coming, by new chintz furniture, and waited anxiously his commendation, but the man of letters did not note the change until it was pointed out to him.

The first edition of six thousand of "Paul's Letters," published in 1816, was soon exhausted, and second and third editions also. This year "The Antiquary" was

published, which was Scott's favorite among all his novels. He said, "It wants the romance of 'Waverley' and the adventure of 'Guy Mannering;' and yet there is some salvation about it, for if a man will paint from nature, he will be likely to amuse those who are daily looking at it."

This year also Scott prepared the historical part of the "Edinburgh Annual Register," and wrote the first series of "Tales of My Landlord;" "The Black Dwarf," and "Old Mortality."

Each novel was now welcomed and read with feverish interest. Lord Holland, when asked his opinion of the "Tales," replied: "Opinion! We did not one of us go to bed last night. Nothing slept but my gout." Hallam, the Honorable William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne, and many others thought it surpassed all the former novels of Scott. Heber, the brother of Reginald, said: "There are only two men in the world — Walter Scott and Lord Byron."

Byron himself wrote: "Scott is certainly the most wonderful writer of the day. His novels are a new literature in themselves." Goethe's daughter-in-law said: "When my father got hold of one of Scott's romances there was no speaking to him till he had finished the third volume. He was worse than any girl at a boarding-school with her first novel."

Major Scott died this year, 1816, leaving to his brother Walter £5,000. With this, and the money he was earning so rapidly, Scott had already increased his land to nearly one thousand acres. He had a passion for planting trees, and seeing himself the owner of a splendid estate to be entailed to his eldest son Walter, that the name of Scott might be honored. Though kindness

itself to his servants, and democratic in his relations with men, he yet had great pride in family, was a Tory in politics, and enjoyed the society of those who were prominent in political or commercial life.

"Scott often lamented," wrote one of his friends, "the injurious effects for literature and genius resulting from the influence of London celebrity on weaker minds, especially in the excitement of ambition for this subordinate and ephemeral reputation of the salon. 'It may be a pleasant gale to sail with,' he said, 'but it never yet led to a port that I should like to anchor in.' Nor did he willingly endure, either in London or Edinburgh, the little exclusive circle of literary society, much less their occasional fastidiousness and petty partialities. . . . 'If,' he said, 'I encounter men of the world, men of business, odd or striking characters of professional excellence in any department, I am in my element, for they cannot lionize me without my returning the compliment and learning something from them."

He wrote to his son Walter, years afterwards: "I have never remarked any one, be he soldier or divine or lawyer, that was exclusively attached to the narrow habits of his own profession, but what such person became a great twaddler in good society, besides, what is of much more importance, became narrow-minded, and ignorant of all general information."

In "Old Mortality" Scott drew a picture of the Covenanters, which was considered unfair by some persons, and was criticised by Dr. M'Crie, the biographer of John Knox. Scott replied at some length, in the "Quarterly Review," though usually he did not even read criticisms upon his works.

He once wrote to his friend Lady Louisa Stuart con-

cerning such criticism: "As for the consequences to the author, they can only affect his fortune or his temper; the former, such as it is, has long been fixed beyond shot of these sort of fowlers; and for my temper I considered always that by subjecting myself to the irritability which much greater authors have felt on occasions of literary dispute, I should be laying in a plentiful stock of unhappiness for the rest of my life. I therefore make it a rule never to read the attacks made upon me. I remember being capable of something like this sort of self-denial at a very early period of life, for I could not be six years old. I had been put into my bed in the nursery, and two servant-girls sat down by the embers of the fire, to have their own quiet chat, and the one began to tell a most dismal ghost story, of which I remember the commencement distinctly at this moment; but perceiving which way the tale was tending, and, though necessarily curious, being at the same time conscious that if I listened on I should be frightened out of my wits for the rest of the night, I had the force to cover up my head in the bedclothes, so that I could not hear another word that was said."

Within less than a month after "The Black Dwarf" and "Old Mortality" were published, a poem entitled "Harold the Dauntless" appeared, and the same year, 1817, "Rob Roy," in three volumes. The latter was written under painful circumstances.

In March of this year, as the result of overwork, Scott was attacked with severe illness, which continued more or less for two years. At a dinner-party he was seized with cramp which made him cry out in agony. He could get no relief save from opium, which produced consequent lassitude, so that "Rob Roy" was written either

in extreme pain or in the weariness which follows acute suffering. He had written thus rapidly because, over his partnership with the Ballantyne brothers hung numerous money obligations; and, as he said, he hungered and thirsted to see the end of those shabby borrowings among friends. Both James the publisher and John the bookseller had shown great energy in disposing of Scott's books, but apparently little financial ability.

"Rob Roy" was greatly liked, the first edition of ten thousand being sold in a fortnight, and repeated editions called for afterwards.

This year, 1817, among the many visitors at Abbotsford was our own Washington Irving, afterwards especially grateful to Scott because he induced John Murray to publish "The Sketch-Book."

Scott was always aiding some brother-author. Constable used to say, "I like well Scott's *ain bairns* — but Heaven preserve me from those of his fathering!"

Irving, in describing this visit, wrote: "The noise of my chaise had disturbed the quiet of the establishment. Out sallied the warder of the castle, a black greyhound, and, leaping on one of the blocks of stone, began a furious barking. This alarm brought out the whole garrison of dogs, all open-mouthed and vociferous. In a little while the lord of the castle himself made his appearance. I knew him at once by the likenesses that had been published of him. He came limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff, but moving rapidly and with vigor. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray stag-hound, of most grave demeanor, who took no part in the clamor of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception.

"Before Scott reached the gate he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and asking news of Campbell." [He had given Irving a letter of introduction to Scott.] "Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me warmly by the hand: 'Come, drive down, drive down to the house,' said he, 'ye're just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey.'

"I would have excused myself on the plea of having already made my breakfast. 'Hut, man,' he cried, 'a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch hills is warrant enough for a second breakfast.'"

Later in the day Scott and Irving started out for a ramble. "As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment hurried out to attend us. There was the old stag-hound Maida, that I have already mentioned, a noble animal; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild, thoughtless youngster, not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft, silken hair, long, pendent ears, and a mild eye, the parlor favorite. When in front of the house we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade.

"In our walks he would frequently pause in conversation to notice his dogs, and speak to them as if rational companions; and, indeed, there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a good degree of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of

us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavor to tease him into a gambol. The old dog would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them and tumble him in the dust, then giving a glance at us, as much as to say, 'You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense,' would resume his gravity and jog on as before."

In 1818, the second series of "Tales of my Landlord" — "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" — appeared in four volumes. Scott was now at the summit of his fame. His income from his books alone was not less than ten thousand pounds a year. His family had received from Mr. Carpenter, the brother of Mrs. Scott, a legacy of about forty thousand pounds, subject to life-rent, by Mrs. Carpenter. He was building a beautiful castle in the midst of his great estate. His presence was sought in every distinguished gathering. He rarely went to evening assemblies, however, as his early rising made early retiring a necessity. He entertained noted guests, and sometimes paid the accustomed penalty of greatness, through thoughtless users of his valuable time.

He used often to quote the maxim of an old lady in one of Miss Ferrier's novels, that a visit should never exceed three days, "The *rest* day — the *drest* day — and the *prest* day."

Still, he enjoyed company. "I have rarely, if ever," he said, "found any one out of whom I could not extract amusement or edification. . . . Still, however, from the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasure of being alone to wishing for visitors, and have

often taken a bannock and a bit of cheese to the wood or hill, to avoid dining with company. As I grew from boyhood to manhood I saw this would not do, and that to gain a place in men's esteem I must mix and bustle with them. . . . Still, if the question was eternal company, without the power of retiring within yourself, or solitary confinement for life, I should say, 'Turnkey, lock the cell.'"

Strange requests were made of him. A young lady from New York sent him a play in manuscript, desiring that he would procure for it a favorable reception at Drury Lane, and a handsome sum for the copyright from some noted publisher. Scott was charged five pounds for postage. Two weeks later the lady sent a duplicate package, fearing that the first might be lost at sea, as the winds were boisterous!

In 1819 the third series of "Tales of my Landlord" — "The Bride of Lammermoor" and "Legend of Montrose" — was published in four volumes, and "Ivanhoe." These can never be read without a feeling of sadness, when one recalls the circumstances under which they were written. Scott's old malady had returned. He was obliged to lie on the sofa and dictate to an amanuensis. When he groaned aloud on account of the pain, he would say to his secretary, who begged him to stop dictating, "Nay, Willie, only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen."

"When dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress," says Lockhart, "spirit seemed to triumph over matter — he arose from his couch and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and, as

it were, acting the parts. It was in this fashion that Scott produced the far greater portion of 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' the whole of the 'Legend of Montrose,' and almost the whole of 'Ivanhoe.'"

What will-power! What conquest over self!

Once he supposed himself near to death, and called his children about his bed. After giving them, one by one, some advice, he added, "For myself, my dears, I am unconscious of ever having done any man an injury, or omitted any fair opportunity of doing any man a benefit. I well know that no human life can appear otherwise than weak and filthy in the eyes of God; but I rely on the merits and intercession of our Redeemer. God bless you! Live so that you may all hope to meet each other in a better place hereafter. And now leave me, that I may turn my face to the wall."

He fell into a deep sleep, and finally, to the surprise of all his friends, recovered.

When "The Bride of Lammermoor" was published, Scott did not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation the book contained. Lockhart calls it "the most pure and powerful of all the tragedies that Scott ever penned." The plot of the book is doubtless familiar to all. Miss Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair, had engaged herself, without the knowledge of her parents, to Lord Rutherford, breaking a piece of gold with him, in pledge that they would keep their promise. Lady Stair insisted that her daughter should marry the wealthy David Dunbar of Baldoon. Lord Rutherford interfered, but the mother made her return the broken piece of gold and marry Dunbar.

"The bridal feast was followed by dancing, the bride

and bridegroom retired as usual, when of a sudden the most wild and piercing cries were heard from the nuptial chamber. It was then the custom, to prevent any coarse pleasantry which old times perhaps admitted, that the key of the nuptial chamber should be intrusted to the brideman. He was called upon, but refused at first to give it up, till the shrieks became so hideous that he was compelled to hasten with others to learn the cause.

"On opening the door, they found the bridegroom lying across the threshold, dreadfully wounded and streaming with blood. The bride was then sought for; she was in the corner of the large chimney, her night-clothes dabbled in gore. There she sat grinning at them, absolutely insane. The only words she spoke were, 'Tak' up your bonny bridegroom.' She survived this horrible scene little more than a fortnight, having been married on the 24th of August, and dying on the 12th of September, 1669.

"The unfortunate Baldoon recovered from his wounds, but sternly prohibited all inquiries respecting the manner in which he had received them. If a lady, he said, asked him any question upon the subject, he would neither answer her nor speak to her again while he lived; if a gentleman, he would consider it as a mortal affront, and demand satisfaction as having received such. He did not very long survive the dreadful catastrophe, having met with a fatal injury by a fall from his horse, as he rode between Leith and Holyrood House, of which he died the next day, 28 March, 1682." It was always believed by the Dalrymple family that the bridegroom was stabbed by Lord Rutherford, who had secreted himself in the bridal chamber.

"Ivanhoe" was received with more delight than any of Scott's previous novels. Lockhart considers it, as a work of art, "the first of all Scott's efforts, whether in prose or in verse; nor have the strength and splendor of his imagination been displayed to higher advantage than in some of the scenes of this romance."

No one can forget the brilliant description of the tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, or the siege and burning of Torquilstone, the castle of Front-de-Bœuf.

When blamed by some persons because he did not reward the love and kindness of Rebecca the Jewess with the hand of Ivanhoe, Scott said, "It is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions or attainment of our wishes. If a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly formed or ill-assorted passion as that of Rebecca for Ivanhoe, the reader will be apt to say, verily, virtue has had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will show that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifice of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give or take away."

Scott's eldest son, Walter, had now decided to enter the army, and his tall form and handsome face were sadly missed at Abbotsford. His father wrote him: "The girls were very dull after you left us; indeed, the night you went away, Anne had hysterics, which lasted

some time. Charles was also down in the mouth, and papa and mamma a little grave and dejected."

In 1820, "The Monastery," in three volumes, and "The Abbot," in three volumes, appeared.

April 2 of this year, King George conferred the baronetcy upon Scott, saying, as the poet kissed his hand according to custom, "I shall always reflect with pleasure on Sir Walter Scott's having been the first creation of my reign." The next month, the Vice-Chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge requested that he would attend the approaching commemorations and receive the honorary degree of Doctor in Civil Law, but he found it impossible to leave Scotland again that season. This year he was made President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

During the first month of 1821, "Kenilworth," in three volumes, was published, one of the most interesting and affecting of all Scott's tragedies, and later, "The Pirate," in three volumes. In scarcely more than twelve months, between December, 1819, and January, 1821, the four novels, "Ivanhoe," "The Monastery," "The Abbot," and "Kenilworth," had been published, for which he had already received at least ten thousand pounds, and now Constable agreed to give him five thousand guineas more for the remaining copyright of the four stories.

For the dramatic sketch of "Halidon Hill," written during two rainy mornings, Scott received from Constable £1,000 for the copyright. What wonder, with such an amount of money, Scott was building a castle for his home, entertaining the noted of the country, and being sought far and wide as the literary wonder of his time! And all this at fifty years of age.

"The Fortunes of Nigel" appeared in 1822; "Peveril of the Peak," in four volumes, "Quentin Durward," in

three volumes, and "St. Ronan's Well," in three volumes, in 1823.

To his son Charles, who had entered Brazenose College, Oxford, Sir Walter wrote: "I hope to hear that you are strenuously exerting yourself to hold an honorable situation among the students of your celebrated university. Your course will not be unmarked, as something is expected from the son of any literary person." Scott added, "I have little domestic news to tell you. Old Maida died quietly in his straw last week, after a good supper, which, considering his weak state, was rather a deliverance. He is buried below his monument," a mounting-stone in the form of Maida by the gate at Abbotsford.

The castle was at last finished in all its splendor. A writer thus describes it in 1825: "The house is more than one hundred and fifty feet long; has a tall tower at either end; the one not the least like the other; a myriad of indentations and parapets, most fantastic water-spouts; labelled windows, not a few of them painted glass; groups of Elizabethan chimneys. . . .

"The hall is about forty feet long by twenty in height and breadth. The walls are of richly carved oak, most part of it exceedingly dark, and brought, it seems, from the old Abbey of Dunfermline: the roof, a series of pointed arches of the same, each beam presenting in the centre a shield of arms, richly blazoned. . . . The floor of this hall is black and white marble, from the Hebrides, wrought lozenge-wise; and the upper walls are completely hung with arms and armor.

"The library, an oblong room, is some fifty feet by thirty. The roof is of carved oak — a very rich pattern — chiefly *à la* Roslin, and the book-cases, which are also

of richly carved oak, reach high up to the walls all round. The collection amounts, in this room, to some fifteen or twenty thousand volumes, arranged according to their subjects: British history and antiquities filling the whole of the chief wall; English poetry and drama, classics, and miscellanies, one end; foreign literature, chiefly French and German, the other. . . ."

The study is a small room, containing little else than a small writing-table, with a massive silver inkstand upon it, a black leather armchair, and a single chair besides. A light gallery is on three sides of the room, reached by a hanging stair of carved oak. Here, in a glass case, I saw the last suit which Sir Walter ever wore, a bottle-green coat, which looks blue under the glass, gray trousers and waistcoat, and white hat.

Abbotsford was opened for a large party at Christmas, 1824, followed by a ball January 7, 1825, in honor of the "pretty heiress of Lochore," who was engaged to the son, Walter, and married to him about a month later. Walter had been made a captain in the King's Hussars, for which position Sir Walter paid the large sum of £3,500. Scott was always very fond of his new daughter-in-law, Jane, though it must have been a serious disappointment that she had no children to bear the title and inherit the estate.

"Redgauntlet," in three volumes, was published in 1824; the "Tales of the Crusaders," "The Betrothed," "The Talisman," in four volumes, in 1825.

Nothing seemed wanting to Scott's happiness, when, suddenly, all was changed. Only a few months after Abbotsford was completed, a financial crash, in 1825, caused the failure of Constable, Ballantyne, and other large firms. The obligations of the latter house, in

which Scott was a silent partner, were £117,000, and Scott was, of course, held for the full amount. He had also mortgaged Abbotsford for £10,000 to help Constable, and this must be met. At first the author seemed overcome, but soon gained courage, and set himself to the herculean task of paying this by his pen. He notes in his diary: "A painful scene after dinner, and another after supper, endeavoring to convince these four dear creatures" (his wife and daughters) "that they must not look for miracles, but consider the misfortune as certain, and only to be lessened by patience and labor."

"I feel neither dishonored nor broken down by the bad — not really bad — news I have received. I have walked my last on the domains I have planted; sat the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well! . . . I am glad that, beyond my own family, who are, excepting Lady S., young and able to bear sorrow, of which this is the first taste to some of them, most of the hearts are past aching, which would have been inconsolable on this occasion. I do not mean that many will not seriously regret, and some, perhaps, lament, my misfortunes; but my dear mother, my almost sister, Christy Rutherford, poor Will Erskine — those would have been mourners, indeed. Well — exertion — exertion. O invention, rouse thyself! Man may be kind! May God be propitious!"

"Slept ill. . . . Then a dead sleep in the morning, and when the awakening comes, a strong feeling how well I could dispense with it for once and for ever. This passes away, however, as better and more dutiful thoughts arise in my mind. . . .

"I went to the Court for the first time to-day, and, like the man with the large nose, thought everybody was thinking of me and my mishaps. . . . It is singular to see the difference of men's manner whilst they strive to be kind or civil in their way of addressing me. Some smiled as they wished me good-day, as if to say, 'Think nothing about it, my lad, it is quite out of our thoughts.' Others greeted me with the affected gravity which one sees and despises at a funeral. The best-bred — all, I believe, meaning equally well — just shook hands and went on."

Friends came forward offering to assist; one of the most cordial being Sir William Forbes, who had married the author's first love. But Scott refused. He said, "Unless I die, I shall beat up against this foul weather. A penny I will not borrow from any one."

Scott now conveyed all his property to three trustees, for the benefit of his creditors. His house on Castle Street, Edinburgh, was sold by the trustees, and the furniture disposed of at auction; Scott reserving only a small picture, which was a gift, and a single article on which his mother used to set toast before a fire, which he said "is not worth five shillings of any one's money."

Abbotsford had been transferred to his eldest son about the time it was finished, so that Sir Walter retained only a life-interest.

Scott now worked harder than ever; his daily task being thirty printed pages of "Woodstock," until that novel was completed. He usually wrote till one o'clock; read or rested in the afternoon, and wrote again during the evening. Perhaps, in these sad days he felt an especial comfort in making his first love, Lady Forbes, the heroine of "Woodstock."

When this novel was finished, it sold for more than eight thousand pounds. "A matchless sale for less than three months' work," said Scott.

He had already begun the "Chronicles of the Canongate," and was making laborious researches for his "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." This was vastly more trying than his works of imagination. He gathered books in great numbers, the print often fine. "He read and noted," says Lockhart, "and indexed with the pertinacity of some pale compiler in the British Museum; but rose from such employment, not radiant and buoyant, as after he had been feasting himself among the teeming harvests of Fancy, but with an aching brow, and eyes on which the dimness of years had begun to plant some specks, before they were subjected again to that straining over small print and difficult manuscript which had, no doubt, been familiar to them in the early time."

Scott hated task-work. He wrote in his diary, "Never a being hated task-work as I hate it, from my infancy upwards, and yet I have done a great deal in my day. It is not that I am idle in my nature either. But propose to me to do one thing, and it is inconceivable the desire I have to do something else — not that it is more easy or more pleasant, but just because it is escaping from an imposed task."

While very orderly in his habits, he records in his diary, "I cannot conceive what possesses me, over every person besides, to mislay papers. I received a letter Saturday at e'en, enclosing a bill for £750;" and then he relates how he lost three hours of valuable time looking for it; had a joiner take his desk in pieces, and found it at last. "Where, is of little consequence; but this trick must be amended."

Four months after the failure, Lady Scott, who had been for some time in failing health, died, May 16. Scott wrote in his journal: "For myself, I scarce know how I feel — sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life; yet, when I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family — all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections. . . .

"Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gayety and pastime. No, no! She is sentient and conscious of my emotions somewhere, somehow; *where*, we cannot tell — *how*, we cannot tell; yet would I not, at this moment, renounce the mysterious yet certain hope that I shall see her in a better world, for all that this world can give me. . . . I remember the last sight of her: she raised herself in bed, and tried to turn her eyes after me, and said, with a sort of smile, 'You all have such melancholy faces.' These were the last words I ever heard her utter, and I hurried away, for she did not seem quite conscious of what she said; when I returned, immediately departing, she was in a deep sleep. It is deeper now. . . .

"Dull, drooping, cheerless, has this day been. . . . Then the solitude seemed so absolute; my poor Charlotte would have been in the room half a score of times to see if the fire burned, and to ask a hundred kind questions. Well, that is over — and, if it cannot be forgotten, must be remembered with patience. . . .

"A sleepless night. It is time I should be up and be doing, and a sleepless night sometimes furnishes good ideas. Alas! I have no companion now with whom I can communicate, to relieve the loneliness of these watches of the night. But I must not fail myself and my family, and the necessity of exertion becomes apparent. . . . I am afraid poor Charles found me weeping. . . . I think I feel my loss more than at the first blow. Poor Charles wishes to come back to stay here when his term ends at Oxford. I can see the motive. . . .

"I passed a piper in the street as I went to the Dean's, and could not help giving him a shilling to play *Pibroch a Donuil Dhu* for luck's sake: — what a child I am! . . . Gave a poor poetess £1. . . .

"To-day I began with a page and a half before breakfast. This is always the best way. You stand like a child going to be bathed, shivering and shaking till the first pitcherful is flung about your ears, and then are as blithe as a water wagtail. . . . Our time is like our money. When we change a guinea, the shillings escape as things of small account; when we break a day by idleness in the morning, the rest of the hours lose their importance in our eye. I set stoutly about seven this morning to Boney [Life of Bonaparte]. . . . I was thinking this morning that my time glided away in a singularly monotonous manner — like one of those dark gray days which neither promise sunshine nor threaten

rain — too melancholy for enjoyment, too tranquil for repining."

In the autumn of 1826 Scott went to London and Paris, to obtain from government papers necessary material for his Life of Napoleon. He dined with the Duke of Wellington, breakfasted with Rogers, met Canning, Peel, and many others.

Sir Walter suffered much from rheumatism during the winter of 1826. December 16 he wrote in his journal: "Another bad night. I remember I used to think a slight illness was a luxurious thing. My pillow was then softened by the hand of affection, and the little cares put in exercise to soothe the languor or pain were more flattering and pleasing than the consequences of the illness were disagreeable. . . . What is this world? — a dream within a dream; as we grow older, each step is an awakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood — the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary — the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. The grave the last sleep? No, it is the last and final awakening. . . .

"Our hope, heavenly and earthly, is poorly anchored if the cable parts upon the stream. I believe in God, who can change evil into good; and I am confident that what befalls us is always ultimately for the best."

The "Life of Bonaparte" was finally finished, and published in nine closely printed volumes about the middle of June, 1827. The work contained as much letter-press, says Lockhart, as "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Monastery," and "The Legend of Montrose." He began the "Life" two years before, but really spent only about one year upon it —

"the work of one twelvemonth — done in the midst of pain, sorrow, and ruin."

The first and second editions produced the large sum of £18,000 for the creditors, a remarkable amount to be earned in one year by the pen. From the proceeds of "Woodstock," and the essays he had written, together with the "Life of Napoleon," Scott had diminished the debt by £28,000 in eighteen months. And yet £89,000 more hung over him. But he would have paid it all had his life been spared. Heroic, noble-hearted Scott, working till his brain gave way to pay debts contracted by others!

He said of the "Life," "I could have done it better if I could have written at more leisure, and with a mind more at ease. . . . I have had as much happiness in my time as most men, and I must not complain now. . . . I consider the capacity to labor as part of the happiness I have enjoyed."

In July, 1827, he wrote in his journal, concerning a visit to St. Andrews: "I did not go up to St. Rule's tower, as on former occasions; this is a falling off, for when before did I remain sitting below when there was a steeple to be ascended? But the rheumatism has begun to change that vein for some time past, though I think this is the first decided sign of acquiescence in my lot. I sat down on a gravestone and recollected the first visit I made to St. Andrews, now thirty-four years ago. What changes in my feelings and my fortunes have since then taken place! — some for the better, many for the worse. I remembered the name I then carved in runic characters on the turf beside the castle-gate, and I asked why it should still agitate my heart. But my friends came down from the tower, and the

foolish idea was chased away." At fifty-six, then, the name of Margaret Belches was as dear to him as ever.

The "Chronicles of the Canongate," first series, — "The Two Drovers," "The Highland Widow," and "The Surgeon's Daughter," in two volumes, — was published in 1827; also his collected essays in six volumes, and "Tales of a Grandfather," first series, in three volumes. The reception of the latter work was more cordial than that of any novel since "Ivanhoe." The Tales were written more especially for his little grandson, John Hugh Lockhart, who died not long after.

By the close of 1827, two years after the failure, Scott had earned for his creditors the enormous sum of £40,000. No wonder that they passed a vote of thanks for his indefatigable industry. He wrote in his journal on Christmas, reflecting on the time of his failure: "I was then in doubt whether I should fly my country, or become avowedly bankrupt, and surrender up my library and household furniture, with the life-rent of my estate, to sale. A man of the world will say I had better done so. No doubt, had I taken this course at once, I might have employed the money I have made since the insolvency of Constable and Robinson's houses, in compounding my debts. But I could not have slept sound, as I now can under the comfortable impression of receiving the thanks of my creditors, and the conscious feeling of discharging my duty as a man of honor and honesty. I see before me a long, tedious, and dark path, but it leads to stainless reputation. If I die in the harrows, as is very likely, I shall die with honor; if I achieve my task, I shall have the thanks of all concerned, and the approbation of my own conscience."

In 1828, the second series of the "Chronicles of the

Canongate" — "The Fair Maid of Perth" — was published in three volumes, and the second series, in three volumes, of "Tales of a Grandfather."

In 1829, "Anne of Geierstein," in three volumes, "History of Scotland," the first volume, and "Tales of a Grandfather," third series, in three volumes, were published. This year also, Scott prepared new introductions and notes for a full set of the Waverley Novels, which had a monthly sale of thirty-five thousand copies. Did ever a human being accomplish so much with his pen?

Near the close of this year, 1829, Thomas Purdie, a faithful servant, died. Scott wrote to a friend, "I have lost my old and faithful servant — my factotum — and am so much shocked that I really wish to be quit of the country and safe in town. I have this day laid him in the grave."

Scott's servants loved him most devotedly. The night a little hunch-backed tailor died, William Goodfellow, who lived on the farm, Scott came to see him, found him asleep, and spoke tenderly of the sufferer. "At the sound of his voice the dying tailor unclosed his eyes, and eagerly and wistfully sat up, clasping his hands with an expression of rapturous gratefulness and devotion, that, in the midst of deformity, disease, pain, and wretchedness, was at once beautiful and sublime. He cried with a loud voice, 'The Lord bless and reward you!' and expired with the effort."

Irving relates that when he saw Melrose Abbey, Johnny Bower, who acted as guide, said of Scott, "He'll come here sometimes wi' great folks in his company, and the first I'll know of it is hearing his voice calling out, 'Johnny! Johnny Bower!' and when I go out I'm sure

to be greeted with a joke or a pleasant word. He'll stand an' crack an' laugh wi' me just like an auld wife, and *to think that* of a man that has such an awfu' knowledge o' history!"

He was also most kind to the children who roamed about his grounds. He said he would much rather they would come up to him with pockets full of nuts from his trees than run away from him through fear. "And as to the nuts," he added, "I can buy as many for half a crown as I could gather any year from the whole glen, however well watched and protected. . . . Nothing on earth would induce me to put up boards threatening prosecution, or cautioning one's fellow-creatures to beware of man-traps and spring-guns. . . . Round the house, of course, there is a set of walks set apart and kept private for the ladies, but over all the rest of my land any one may rove as he likes. I please myself with the reflection that many people of taste may be indulging their fancies in these grounds, and I often recollect how much of Burns's inspiration was probably due to his having near him the woods of Ballochmyle to ramble through at his will when he was a ragged callant."

Scott took great interest in those whom the world calls "common people." He once said to his daughter Anne, who spoke of something as *vulgar*, "My love, you speak like a very young lady; do you know, after all, the meaning of this word *vulgar?* 'Tis only *common;* nothing that is common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt, and when you have lived to my years you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is *uncommon.*"

On February 15, 1830, Scott suffered his first attack

of paralysis, falling at full length upon the floor of his drawing-room. He gradually recovered his speech, and worked as unremittingly as during 1829. This year "The Doom of Devorgoil," and "Auchindrane," a volume of "Demonology and Witchcraft," the fourth series of "Tales of a Grandfather," History of France, — in three volumes, — and the second volume of the History of Scotland, were published. For both volumes of the latter history, Scott received £1,500. His friends urged him not to write while his health was so precarious, but he considered himself "as the bond-slave of his creditors."

When Lockhart, who realized that Scott's mind as well as body was failing, remonstrated with him, he replied, "I understand you, and I thank you from my heart, but I must tell you at once how it is with me. I am not sure that I am quite myself in all things, but I am sure that in one point there is no change. I mean that I foresee distinctly that if I were to be idle I should go mad. In comparison to this, death is no risk to shrink from."

About the middle of April, 1831, a second stroke of apoplectic paralysis came to Scott; yet he struggled on, employing an amanuensis. In the following August, the fourth series of "Tales of My Landlord" — "Count Robert of Paris," and "Castle Dangerous," in four volumes — was finished.

Urged by his friends, Scott consented to spend the winter in Italy, the government courteously placing a frigate at his disposal for his voyage to the Mediterranean. He was now comforted by the illusion that his debts were all paid. He seems to have known that his mind was not in its former condition, for he notes in his journal, "A total prostration of bodily strength is my chief complaint. I cannot walk half a mile. There is,

besides, some mental confusion, with the extent of which I am not, perhaps, fully acquainted. I am, perhaps, setting. I am myself inclined to think so, and, like a day that has been admired as a fine one, the light of it sets down amid mists and storms. I neither regret nor fear the approach of death, if it is coming."

Scott spent the winter in Naples, in spite of all remonstrance giving several hours each morning to the composition of a new novel, "The Siege of Malta," which was never printed. He had intended to return home through the Tyrol and Germany, chiefly that he might see Goethe at Weimar, but the great German died on March 22. Scott exclaimed, "Alas for Goethe! But he at least died at home. Let us to Abbotsford."

He left Naples on April 16, reaching London June 13, where he was very ill, having had another serious attack four days previously. So intense was the interest of all classes in the great man, that working-men gathered at the corner of Jermyn Street, and asked of a passer-by, "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?"

He lay in a state of stupor in St. James's Hotel, in Jermyn Street. "During the whole of this period of apparent helplessness, the great features of his character could not be mistaken. He always exhibited great self-possession, and acted his part with wonderful power whenever visited, though he relapsed the next moment into the stupor from which strange voices had roused him. A gentleman stumbled over a chair in his dark room: he immediately started up, and, though unconscious that it was a friend, expressed as much concern and feeling as if he had never been laboring under the irritability of disease."

As soon as it was possible, he was carried to Abbotsford. He lay in a stupor most of the way, but when he came in sight of his beloved home he was so greatly excited that it required three persons to keep him in the carriage. As soon as he was lifted into the house, the dogs assembled about him and licked his hands. He alternately sobbed and smiled upon them till he fell asleep.

In the morning he felt better, and desired to be wheeled about his garden, looking in silence upon the full-blown roses, and then asked to be wheeled about his house. "I have seen much," he said, "but nothing like my ain house. Give me one turn more!"

The next morning he requested Lockhart to read to him, and when his son-in-law asked what book, Scott replied, "Need you ask? There is but one." And Lockhart read the fourteenth chapter of St. John, to which Scott listened attentively, and said, "Well, this is a great comfort."

A few days later he asked to be taken to his study. "Now give me my pen," he said, "and leave me for a little while to myself." His daughter, Mrs. Lockhart, put the pen in his hand, but the fingers could not close over it, and it dropped upon the paper, while great tears rolled down Sir Walter's cheeks.

He lingered till September 21. Four days previously he asked for Lockhart, in a moment of consciousness. When he came, Scott said, "Lockhart, I may have but a moment to speak to you. My dear, be a good man — be virtuous — be religious — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

"Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" asked Lockhart.

"No," he replied, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night — God bless you all!"

He scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, save for an instant on the arrival of his sons. All his children knelt about the bed, and at half-past one his eldest son kissed and closed his father's eyes in death.

Scott was buried about half-past five o'clock on the evening of September 26, 1832, in Dryburgh Abbey, by the side of his wife. His old domestics and foresters, by their special request, bore the coffin to the hearse, and from the hearse to the grave. The courtyard and all the precincts of Abbotsford were crowded with spectators, almost all in mourning. The train of carriages extended over a mile. When the coffin was carried into the abbey, "one deep sob burst from a thousand lips."

The great-hearted, heroic man died at the age of sixty-one, six years after his financial calamity. He had worked to the last, and had paid more than half the debt; about fifty-four thousand pounds of the one hundred and seventeen thousand pounds remaining. This was paid by his life insurance of twenty-two thousand pounds, and by his publisher, Mr. Cadell, advancing the balance, and taking Sir Walter's copyright as security till the claim should be cancelled. In May, 1847, the estate was at last unfettered, and passed into the hands of the son of Lockhart. His pen had at last preserved for his descendants the beautiful home which he had so dearly prized. He had spent upon this home about seventy-one thousand pounds, and had earned by his pen, it is estimated, over two hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Scott's children did not long survive him. Anne died June, 1833; Sophia Lockhart, May 17, 1837; Charles, private secretary to Sir John M'Neill, who had been sent to the Court of Persia, died at Teheran, October 28, 1841; the second Sir Walter died near the Cape of Good Hope, on his return to England from India, February 8, 1847; John Gibson Lockhart, the devoted son-in-law, in 1854. Both of Lockhart's sons died before him, and his only daughter, Charlotte, who inherited the estate, and married James Robert Hope, who added the name of Scott to his own, died October 26, 1858.

The following letter, dated January 4, 1889, through the courtesy of Hon. Wallace Bruce, United States Consul at Edinburgh, gives the present ownership of Abbotsford:

"It happened that I had just returned from Abbotsford, where I enjoyed the hospitality of a friend whose residence, known as 'Boleside,' crowns the hill still shaded by the great trees underneath which Walter Scott used to picnic, and referred to by him in his Introduction (1830) to 'The Monastery.' We had talked over the same matter included in your questions, but, in order to be accurate and beyond the chance of mistake, I submitted the questions to him, and you can therefore be entirely sure of your authority to date.

"First. The present owner of the Abbotsford estate is the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. She was the only child of Lockhart's daughter, Mrs. Hope Scott. Her maiden name (viz., Lockhart's granddaughter and Walter Scott's great-granddaughter) was Mary Monica Hope Scott. She was married on 21st July, 1874, to the Hon. Joseph Constable Maxwell, brother of the present Lord Herries.

"There has been no revival of the baronetcy, which became extinct by the death of Sir Walter's son (the

second Sir Walter). Mrs. Maxwell Scott has several children — the eldest being a son, Walter Joseph, born April 10, 1875."

A beautiful Gothic monument was erected to the memory of Scott in his native city, Edinburgh, through subscriptions amounting to more than fifteen thousand pounds. Over his grave and that of his wife, in Dryburgh Abbey, is an oblong block of Aberdeen granite, from a design by Sir Francis Chantrey.

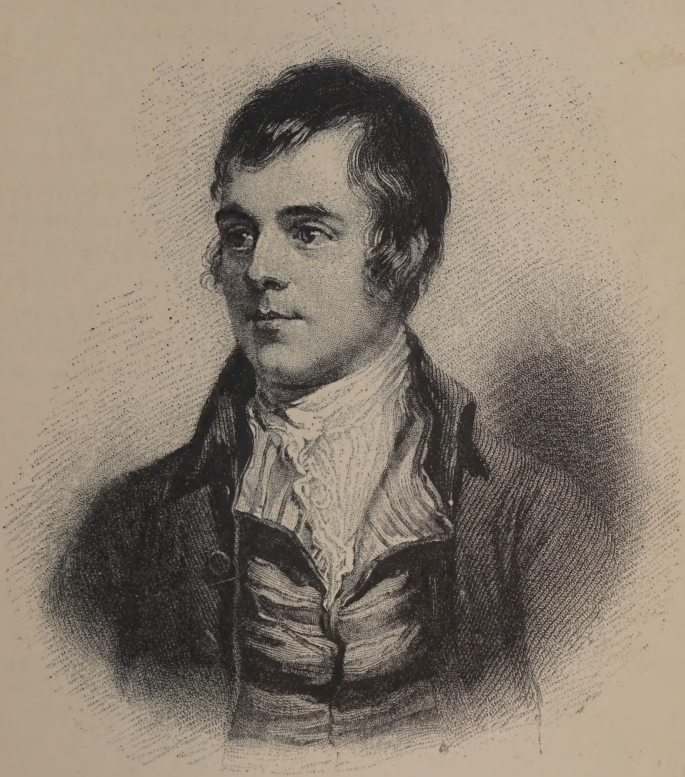
Greater than all Scott's other monuments are his immortal works; and his heroic life is as pathetic and sublime as any of his romances. The family which he strove to establish faded as flowers cut down by the mower's scythe, but his own name is as perennial as the Scottish heather, of which he said, "If I did not see it once a year, *I think I should die.*" He conquered all circumstances — death only could conquer him.

ROBERT BURNS.

CHARLES KINGSLEY said: "Four faces among the portraits of modern men, great or small, strike us as supremely beautiful — not merely in expression, but in the form and proportion and harmony of features — Shakespeare, Raphael, Goethe, Burns. One would expect it to be so, for the mind makes the body, not the body the mind, and the inward beauty seldom fails to express itself in the outward as a visible sign of the invisible grace or disgrace of the wearer.

"Placing them side by side, we must be allowed to demand for that of Robert Burns an honorable station among them. Of Shakespeare's we do not speak, for it seems to us to combine in itself the elements of all the other three: but of the rest we question whether Burns be not, after all, if not the noblest, still the most lovable — the most like what we should wish that of a teacher of men to be. . . .

"The features certainly are not as regular or well proportioned as they might be; there is no superabundance of the charm of mere animal health in the outline or color; but the marks of intellectual beauty in the face are of the highest order, capable of being but too triumphant among a people of deep thought and feeling. The lips ripe, yet not coarse or loose, full of passion and the faculty of enjoyment, are parted, as if forced to speak by the inner fulness of the heart; the



Robert Burns.

features are rounded, rich, and tender, and yet the bones show through, massively and manfully, everywhere; the eyes laugh out upon you with boundless good-humor and sweetness, with simple, eager, gentle surprise — a gleam as of the morning star looking forth upon the wonder of a new-born world."

Robert Burns, whom Principal Shairp, professor of poetry in the University of Oxford, calls "the greatest song-writer that Scotland, perhaps the world, has known," was born January 25, 1759, about two miles from Ayr, Scotland.

The home was a clay cottage built by the father, William Burns, an honest, hard-working, God-fearing farmer.

The house consisted of a kitchen in one end, with a concealed bed in it, and a room in the other end with a fireplace; a small home, indeed, to shelter a wife and several children. The mother, formerly Agnes Brown, the daughter of a farmer, was a bright, happy-tempered woman, whose memory was stored with old songs and ballads, which she sang to her little flock.

When Robert was seven years old, the family moved to Mount Oliphant and leased a farm. He and his brother Gilbert were soon obliged to do work far beyond their years, which caused stooping shoulders and nervous strain. "For several years," says Gilbert, "butcher's meat was a stranger in the house." But there was affection in the home, and comfort in the evenings when the kind father gathered his children around him and taught them, not only from schoolbooks, but read to them from the "Spectator," odd plays of Shakespeare, Pope's "Homer," "Locke on the Human Understanding," and "Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin."

There was also in the house a collection of songs, of which Robert says: "I pored over them driving my cart or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian."

Poverty and seven children, with consequent toil and privation, which Robert described years afterwards as "the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley slave," finally did what they have done over and over again in the history of the world — broke the health of the true-hearted Scotchman, William Burns, and laid him in his grave.

The family had moved to a larger farm, where, says Robert, in his brief autobiography, "for four years we lived comfortably; but a difference commencing between him and his landlord as to terms, after three years' tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, my father was just saved from the horrors of a jail by a consumption which, after two years' promises, kindly stepped in and carried him away to 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.'"

In these early years of poverty, two books made a particularly deep impression upon Robert: "The two first books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were 'The Life of Hannibal,' and 'The History of Sir William Wallace;' [loaned him by a blacksmith]. Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest."

The boy used to shed tears as he read of Wallace, and as he explored every den and dell where the hero was said to have lodged, his "heart glowed with a wish to be able to make a song on him in some measure equal to his merits." That he realized his youthful desire, who can deny who has read that soul-stirring song, "Bruce's Address to his troops before the Battle of Bannockburn:" —

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow,
Let us do or die!"

The ambitious ploughboy wrote his first poem at fifteen, "Handsome Nell:" —

"Oh, once I loved a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that virtue warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Baith decent and genteel,
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart,
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control."

Robert and a girl of fourteen were working in the harvest-field together. "She was," he says, "a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, ginhorse prudence, and bookworm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell. . . . Indeed I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her when returning in the evening from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp, and, especially, why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles.

"Among her love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who read Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song which was said to be composed by a country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could shear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry. . . . I composed it in a wild enthusiasm of passion, and to this hour I never recollect it but my heart melts, my blood sallies at the remembrance."

At nineteen, Robert went to Kirkoswald, on the Carrick coast, to learn mensuration and surveying, but a charming girl next door to the school "overset his trigonometry." He could not study, and went home to think of her and write: —

"Now westlin' winds, and slaughtering guns,
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The muir-cock springs on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather.
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove a' night
To muse upon my charmer."

When Burns was twenty-three a serious disappointment came to him. He had fallen in love with Ellison Begbie, daughter of a small farmer, about two miles from their home. To her are addressed "On Cessnock Banks there lives a lass," "Peggy Alison," and "Mary Morison."

"But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' e'en."

These lines showed her a girl whose intelligence would have been a power over Burns, could he have won her. He said long afterwards that she was the one most likely to have made a pleasant partner for life, but for some reason she refused to marry him.

"Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die;
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison."

Burns became disheartened and depressed. He was about starting for Irvine to learn the trade of flax-dressing, when this disappointment came. At Irvine his shop burned, his partner in trade robbed him, and, worst

of all, the country youth formed the acquaintance of some dissolute men. One especially, a sailor, had a great fascination for the poet; he was immoral, and "here," says Burns, "his friendship did me a mischief." Evil companions began his ruin. "The migration to Irvine," says Principal Shairp, "was to him the descent to Avernus, from which he never afterwards, in the actual conduct of life, however often in his hours of inspiration, escaped to breathe again the pure upper air."

At this time, says Burns, "for three months I was in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by the hopeless wretches who have got their mittimus — Depart from me, ye cursed!"

On the death of the father, Robert and Gilbert took their mother and younger brothers and sisters to a farm at Mossgiel. Robert made new resolutions to be wise and prudent, but for two years the crops failed, and he became discouraged.

Meantime he had gained considerable reputation as a poet. He wrote "Holy Fair," a burlesque lamentation on two reverend Calvinists, and "Holy Willie's Prayer," both satires on the strict Calvinism of the times; the rollicking "Jolly Beggars;" and the tender-hearted lines "To a Mouse," on turning her up in her nest with the plough, November, 1785: —

> "But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
> In proving foresight may be vain:
> The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
> Gang aft agley,
> An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
> For promised joy."

This year, 1785, when he was twenty-six, he wrote his charming "Epistle to Davie:" —

"It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in making muckle mair:
It's no in books, it's no in tear,
To mak us truly blest!
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The *heart* ay'es the part aye,
That makes us right or wrang."

"The Mountain Daisy" was written in April, 1786, on turning one down with the plough:—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date:
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!"

Just before this poem, that exquisite home picture was sketched, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," in which Burns describes his own father and family:—

"Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days:

There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere."

Burns wept more than once while he was composing this by his father's fireside.

Lockhart says: "'The Cotter's Saturday Night' is, of all Burns's pieces, the one whose exclusion from the collection would be most injurious, if not to the genius of the poet, at least to the character of the man. In spite of many feeble lines and some heavy stanzas, it appears to me that even his genius would suffer more in estimation by being contemplated in the absence of this poem than of any other single poem he has left us."

Of the "Jolly Beggars" Matthew Arnold wrote: "In the world of the 'Jolly Beggars' there is more than hideousness and squalor, there is bestiality; yet the piece is a superb poetic success. It has a breadth, truth, and power which make the famous scene in Auerbach's Cellar, of Goethe's 'Faust,' seem artificial and tame beside it, and which are only matched by Shakespeare and Aristophanes."

All these poems were written in a small garret in the farmhouse at Mossgiel. "Thither, when he had returned from his day's work, the poet used to retire, and seat himself at a small deal table, lighted by a narrow skylight in the roof, to transcribe the verses which he had composed in the fields. His favorite time for composition was at the plough. Long years afterwards his sister, Mrs. Begg, used to tell how, when her brother had gone forth again to field-work, she would steal up to the garret

and search the drawer of the deal table for the verses which Robert had newly transcribed."

In 1786 occurred two of the saddest things in Burns's life: the death of Highland Mary, and his irregular marriage with Jean Armour. The former was Mary Campbell, from Argyleshire, a true-hearted, noble girl; "the object," says Lockhart, "of by far the deepest passion that ever Burns knew." At that time she was in the service of his friend, Gavin Hamilton, and after her engagement to Burns, went to the home of her father in the Highlands, to make ready for her wedding. On the second Sunday in May, 1786, they met on the banks of the river Ayr, and standing, one on either side of the stream, they laved their hands in it, holding a Bible between them, and vowing eternal fidelity to each other. Mary gave him a small Bible in one volume, while he gave her a more dainty one in two volumes. He had written in the gift to her the texts of Scripture, Lev. xix. 12, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, I am the Lord;" and Matt. v. 33, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths."

They parted and never met again. In October of the same year, coming to see Burns, she stopped at Greenock to care for a sick brother, took the fever and died before Burns had even heard of her illness. From this shock the poet never recovered, and it clouded his whole life. How beautiful is the poem "Highland Mary," written in October, 1792, six years after her death!

"Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!

There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there they langest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

. . . . .

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
The heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary."

He wrote years after to his faithful friend, Mrs. Dunlop, "Alas! Who would wish for many years? What is it but to drag existence until our joys gradually expire, and leave us in a night of misery, like the gloom which blots out the stars, one by one, from the face of heaven, and leaves us without a ray of comfort in the howling waste?"

After he was married, he wrote the exquisite lyric which will live forever, "To Mary in Heaven." Every October he grew depressed and wretched. In 1789, on the anniversary of Mary's death, October 20, he was observed by his wife to "grow sad about something, and to wander solitary on the banks of the Nith, and about his farmyard, in the extremest agitation of mind, nearly the whole night. He screened himself on the lee-side of a cornstack from the cutting edge of the night wind, and lingered till approaching dawn wiped out the stars, one by one, from the firmament." Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, gazing upon a beautiful planet. She prevailed upon him to come into the house from the cold, when he at once sat down and wrote these pathetic lines, "To Mary in Heaven:" —

"Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn!
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
Oh, Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, the hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray;
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

The years 1785 and 1786 brought to Burns his unfortunate love affair with Jean Armour. She was the daughter of a respectable master-mason, a sweet-tempered girl, uneducated, who idolized the poet, but whose

will in things moral seems to have been as weak as his own.

Her father compelled her to destroy the document which gave proof of their secret and irregular marriage; made Burns appear before the church to answer for his misdeeds, and attempted to arrest him and put him in jail; so that, driven to the verge of insanity, the poet resolved to emigrate to the West Indies. It is believed that Highland Mary came into his life about the time that Jean Armour was made by her father to give him up, and he was writing "The Lament."

Over Jean's desertion, he says in his autobiography: —

"This was a most melancholy affair, which I cannot bear to reflect on, and had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost their chart and mistaken the reckoning of nationality. I gave up my part of the farm to my brother, and made what little preparation was in my power for Jamaica. But, before leaving my native country forever, I resolved to publish my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power; I thought they had merit; and it was a delicious idea that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears."

The first edition consisted of six hundred copies; three hundred and fifty had been subscribed for before publication, and the remainder were sold in about two months. Burns received twenty pounds as his share of the profits.

The poems were eagerly read. Old and young, high and low, grave and gay, learned and ignorant, were alike delighted, agitated, transported. "I was at that time," says Robert Heron, "resident in Galloway, contiguous

to Ayrshire, and I can well remember how even plough-boys and maid-servants would have gladly bestowed the wages they earned most hardly, and which they wanted to purchase necessary clothing, if they might procure the works of Burns."

Several persons in the higher ranks of society now sought to know the Ayrshire ploughman, among them Dugald Stewart, of the University of Edinburgh. He was passing the summer at Catrine, on the Ayr, a few miles from Burns's farm. Professor Stewart says: "Burns's manners were then, as they continued ever afterwards, simple, manly and independent; strongly expressive of conscious genius and worth, but without anything that indicated forwardness, arrogance or vanity. He took his share in conversation, but not more than belonged to him, and listened with apparent attention and deference on subjects where his want of education deprived him of the means of information. . . . From his conversation I should have pronounced him fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities. He was passionately fond of the beauties of nature, and I recollect he once told me, when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind which none could understand who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and worth which cottages contained."

Walter Scott said that Burns's manner was especially deferential to women. Burns once wrote a friend: "Woman is the blood-royal of life; let there be slight degrees of precedency among them — but let them be ALL sacred."

Others besides Dugald Stewart became interested in

Burns, and wrote such kind letters from Edinburgh that he determined to visit that city, abandon his proposed exile in the West Indies, and be what he had ever longed to be — a poet. He had written in his commonplace book two years before this: "Obscure I am, obscure I must be, though no young poet's nor young soldier's heart ever beat more fondly for fame than mine."

Burns rode from Mossgiel to Edinburgh on a pony lent him by a friend. The first night of the two days' journey he stayed at a farmhouse in Covington-Mains, all the farmers gathering to meet him. He reached Edinburgh November 28, 1786, and soon was welcomed at the tables of all the celebrities. His power of conversation astonished everybody. "The attentions he received from all ranks and descriptions of persons would have turned any head but his own," says Stewart. His wit and impassioned eloquence were a delight. "His countenance was not of that elegant cast which is most frequent among the upper ranks, but it was manly and intelligent, and marked by a thoughtful gravity which shaded at times into sternness. In his large dark eye the most striking index of his genius resided. It was full of mind."

Burns was, of course, poor still, but he had at last found the approval which he knew his genius merited. During this whole winter he lived with a lad whom he had formerly known, sharing his single room and bed, for which they paid three shillings a week. The following April, 1787, a second edition of the poems appeared in a handsome volume, from which Burns ultimately received five hundred pounds, though he had to wait through several months for its payment. Of this he

gave his brother Gilbert, who was in pecuniary trouble, one hundred and eighty pounds. Robert came back to Mossgiel bringing silk enough to make bonnets and cloaks for his mother and three sisters, and gowns for his mother and youngest sister. His country friends received him as though he were a lord, but their servility, especially that of the Armour family, displeased him. Towards Jean, however, his feelings were different. On meeting her the old affection revived, and they were soon as intimate as ever.

Burns made several journeys on his pony this summer, writing some songs, among them,

"How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,"

to Miss Charlotte Hamilton; and

"Where, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,"

to her cousin, Miss Margaret Chalmers.

The next winter he again visited Edinburgh, remaining from October, 1787, to March, 1788. In the middle of the season he was thrown from a coach and sprained his leg. During several weeks he was in very low spirits, "wishing I were dead, but I'm no' like to die," he wrote. "I fear I am something undone, but I hope for the best. Come, stubborn Pride and unshrinking Resolution, accompany me through this, to me, miserable world! I have a hundred times wished that one could resign life, as an officer resigns a commission; for I would not take in any poor wretch by selling out. Lately I was a sixpenny private, and, God knows, a miserable soldier enough; now I march to the campaign, a starving cadet — a little more conspicuously wretched."

These weeks were enlivened by an acquaintance with

Mrs. Agnes M'Lehose, an educated woman of good family, a strict Presbyterian, herself a writer, vivacious and sympathetic. She had married at seventeen a man who afterwards deserted her and her two boys, proving himself utterly unworthy. Between her and Burns there grew a very strong attachment, which would have ended in marriage probably had either been free. She had what Burns needed, "the mind, too, that hits one's taste, as the joys of heaven do a saint," as he wrote her; such a woman would have been a companion for Burns, and probably have exerted a strong influence over him, while the means she possessed, though limited, would have kept him from the abject poverty of the following years.

Their letters to each other, he calling himself Sylvander and her Clarinda, were published after her death, in 1841, by her grandson. She never ceased to love the poet. She said, "There was an electricity about him which only touches and pervades a few cast in nature's finest mould. . . . This day I can never forget. Parted with Burns in the year 1791, never more to meet in this world. Oh, may we meet in heaven!"

In the latter part of March, 1788, he said good-by to Edinburgh and Clarinda, took a farm at Ellisland, about five or six miles above Dumfries, and married Jean Armour, thus legitimizing his twin children. She had already been turned out of doors by her indignant father for her blind trust in the poet, her second pair of twins dying just before their marriage.

Burns wrote to his friend Mrs. Dunlop concerning Jean: "The most placid good-nature and sweetness of disposition: a warm heart gratefully devoted with all its powers to love me; vigorous health and sprightly

cheerfulness, set off to the best advantage by a more than commonly handsome figure; these, I think, in a woman may make a good wife, though she should never have read a page but the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, nor have danced in a brighter assembly than a penny pay wedding. . . .

"Circumstanced as I am, I could never have got a female partner for life who could have entered into my favorite studies, relished my favorite authors, etc., without probably entailing on me at the same time expensive living, fantastic caprice, perhaps apish affectation, with all the other blessed boarding-school acquirements, which are sometimes to be found among females of the upper ranks, but almost universally pervade the masses of the would-be-gentry."

Herein Burns made a great mistake. With his mind, save for his wrong-doing, he could and should have married a person who could be his companion mentally; who, if she loved him, would adapt her life to his circumstances, with sufficient force of character to guide a brilliant, warm-hearted genius.

He often said the most bewitching thing in woman is "a highly polished mind with charming delicacy of soul," "cheaply purchased at the expense of every other earthly good."

Jean Armour made a kind and patient wife, and a devoted mother to his children, and Burns did his duty in marrying her; but he paid the penalty of his early follies in a life of unremitting labor and grinding poverty. Professor Shairp says, "With his marriage to his Ayrshire wife, Burns had bid farewell to Edinburgh, and to whatever high hopes it may have, at any time, kindled within him, and had returned to a condition somewhat

nearer to that in which he was born. With what feelings did he pass from this brilliant interlude and turn the corner which led him back to the dreary road of commonplace drudgery, which he hoped to have escaped? There can be little doubt that his feelings were those of bitter disappointment."

It is said that he was not as well received in Edinburgh society the second winter as he had been the first, and that he was not select in his company; but it must be remembered that drinking was the fashion of the times, and Burns was not alone in this failing.

He was proud, and felt keenly his poverty. He wrote to Mrs. Dunlop, from Ellisland: "When I skulk into a corner, lest the rattling equipage of some gaping blockhead should mangle me in the mire, I am tempted to exclaim, 'What merits has he had, or what demerit have I had, in some previous state of existence, that he is ushered into this state of being with the sceptre of rule and the keys of riches in his puny fist, and I am kicked into the world, the sport of folly, or the victim of pride?'"

He wrote in his commonplace-book: "I am such a coward in life, so tired of the service, that I would almost at any time, with Milton's Adam, 'gladly lay me in my mother's lap, and be at peace.' But a wife and children bind me to struggle with the stream, till some sudden squall overset the silly vessel, or in the listless return of years its own craziness reduce it to wreck."

The house at Ellisland was a very small one, and the farm brought little reward. The crop the first year was a failure, but Burns managed to make ends meet by his salary of fifty pounds a year as gauger, though he disliked the unpopular position. Smuggling was very com-

mon in Scotland at this time, both in the matter of brewing and of selling beer and whiskey without license. Burns had to survey ten parishes, riding about two hundred miles a week. He wrote to a friend, "I know not how the word exciseman, or the still more opprobrious gauger, will sound in your ears. I, too, have seen the day when my auditory nerves would have felt very delicately on this subject, but a wife and children are things which have a wonderful power in blunting this kind of sensations."

Again he wrote in 1789, "My poor distracted mind is so torn, so jaded, so racked and bedevilled . . . to make one guinea do the business of three, that I detest, abhor, and swoon at the very word business, though no less than four letters of my very short surname are in it."

During this year he wrote, "John Anderson, my Jo, John," two or three drinking songs, and "Lines on a Wounded Hare." "One summer morning lately, as I was out pretty early in the fields, sowing some grass-seeds, I heard the burst of a shot from a neighboring plantation, and presently a poor little wounded hare came hirpling by me; you will guess my indignation at the inhuman fellow who could shoot a hare at this season, when all of them have young ones. Indeed, there is something in the business of destroying, for our sport, individuals in the animal creation, that do not injure us materially, which I could never reconcile to my ideas of virtue."

Burns threatened to throw the boy who shot the hare into the river, but found vent for his feelings in the poem beginning, —

> "Inhuman man! curse on thy barbarous act,
> And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye!"

The "Tale of Tam o' Shanter," which Burns regarded as his masterpiece, was written in one day, in the fall of 1790. The poet had spent the morning by the bank of the Ayr, and in the afternoon the wife joined him with her children. "He was busily engaged *crooning to himself;* and Mrs. Burns, perceiving that her presence was an interruption, loitered behind with her little ones among the broom. Her attention was presently attracted by the strange and wild gesticulations of the bard, who was now seen at some distance, agonized with an ungovernable access of joy. He was reciting very loud, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, those animated verses which he had just conceived, —

> 'Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans
> A' plump and strappin' in their teens.'

"I wish ye had seen him," said his wife. "He was in such ecstasy that the tears were happing down his cheeks." Tam is supposed to have been Douglas Graham, a farmer, whose wife, Helen McTaggart, was a great scold. Their tombstones are pointed out in Kirkoswald kirkyard. Burns meditated writing some long dramatic poem on the life of Bruce, but he never had the time or freedom from care which made it possible.

Save for the crushing grip of poverty, "half-sister of death," as the poet called her, the Burns home was a happy one. Each evening he gathered his family about him for worship, after the Scottish custom. He was fond of Jean, his wife, as this beautiful poem shows: —

> "Of a' the airts the wind can blow,
> I dearly like the west,
> For there the bonnie lassie lives,
> The lass that I lo'e best.

Tho' wild woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between,
Baith day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flower,
Sae lovely, sweet, and fair;
I hear her voice in ilka bird
Wi' music charm the air;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean."

In March, 1791, Burns wrote that charming song, which Shairp calls "a genuine love-song, straight from the heart," "The Banks o' Doon." He wrote to a friend: "While here I sat, sad and solitary, by the side of a fire, in a little country inn, and drying my wet clothes, in pops a poor fellow of a sodger, and tells me he is going to Ayr. By heavens! say I to myself, with a tide of good spirits, which the magic of that sound, 'Auld Toon o' Ayr,' conjured up, I will send my last song to Mr. Ballantine."

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return."

After three years at Ellisland, having sunk on the farm the proceeds of the second edition of his poems, his stock

and agricultural implements were sold at auction, and the poet moved his family to Dumfries. Here he received seventy pounds a year for excise duties, instead of fifty as at Ellisland, but this was meagre, indeed, for the support of a wife and several children. He had made many friends at Ellisland, from whom he hated to separate. All admired him for his genius, and loved him for his kindness of heart. He had superintended the formation of a parish subscription library, and was its treasurer and librarian.

About the time that Burns settled at Dumfries, he made his last visit to Edinburgh, to see Clarinda, who was to sail for the West Indies to meet her husband. Two letters only had passed between them since his marriage. Their meeting was a brief and probably sad one, and is commemorated in a song which Scott said "is worth a thousand romances," and is one of the most beautiful which Burns ever wrote.

"Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

"I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

Byron greatly admired this song, and made the last four lines a motto for the "Bride of Abydos." Burns also wrote for Clarinda, "My Nannie's Awa'."

Mrs. M'Lehose, having found her truant husband still unworthy, returned to Edinburgh, and died at the age of eighty-two, much beloved by the people. This episode may have been trying to Mrs. Burns, but she married knowing fully her husband's nature, and was never heard to complain.

In a letter written the first year at Dumfries, he thus speaks of his daily life: "Hurry of business, grinding the faces of the publican and the sinner on the merciless wheels of the excise, making ballads, and then drinking and singing them; and, over and above all, correcting the press of two different publications."

That Burns had great temptations to drink is evident. Lockhart says: "From the castle to the cottage, every door flew open at his approach; and the old system of hospitality then flourishing, rendered it difficult for the most soberly inclined guest to rise from any man's board in the same trim that he sat down to it. The farmer, if Burns was seen passing, left his reapers and trotted by the side of Jenny Geddes (his horse) until he could persuade the bard that the day was hot enough to demand an extra libation. If he entered an inn at midnight, after all the inmates were in bed, the news of his arrival circulated from the cellar to the garret; and ere ten minutes had elapsed, the landlord and all his guests were assembled round the ingle. . . . The highest gentry of the neighborhood, when bent on special merriment, did not think the occasion complete unless the wit and eloquence of Burns were called in to enliven their carousals."

In his second year at Dumfries, Burns wrote to his noble friend, Mrs. Dunlop: "Against this [hard drinking] I have again and again bent my resolution, and have greatly succeeded. Taverns I have totally abandoned — it is the private parties in the family way among the hard-drinking gentlemen of the county that do me the mischief; but even this I have more than half given over."

Alas! that Burns was but one of many victims to a bad social custom. The accomplished writer, Andrew Lang, says of Burns in his "Letters to Dead Authors": "No poet since the Psalmist of Israel ever gave the world more assurance of a man; none lived a life more strenuous, engaged in an eternal conflict of the passions, and by them overcome — 'mighty, and mightily fallen.'"

The Rev. James Gray, who knew Burns well, thought the stories of his drinking were greatly exaggerated. "To the last day of his life, his judgment, his memory, his imagination were fresh and vigorous as when he composed 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' The truth is that Burns was seldom intoxicated. The drunkard soon becomes besotted, and is shunned even by the convivial. Had he been so he could not long have continued the idol of every party. . . . He was courted by all classes of men for the fascinating powers of his conversation, but over his social scene uncontrolled passion never presided. Over the social bowl his wit flashed for hours together, penetrating whatever it struck, like the fire from heaven; but even in the hour of thoughtless gayety and merriment, I never knew it tainted by indecency. . . . To the very end of his life, reading was his favorite amusement. I have never known any

man so intimately acquainted with the elegant English authors. He seemed to have the poets by heart. . . . He superintended the education of his children with a degree of care that I have never seen surpassed by any parent in any rank of life whatever. In the bosom of his family he spent many a delightful hour in directing the studies of his eldest son, a boy of uncommon talents. I have frequently found him explaining to this youth, then not more than nine years of age, the English poets, from Shakespeare to Gray, or storing his mind with examples of heroic virtue, as they live in the pages of our most celebrated English historians."

It is sad to recall that in these years of poverty, Burns received little or nothing for his poems. To James Johnson, who was engaged in collecting the songs of Scotland in a work called the "Musical Museum," Burns gratuitously contributed not less than one hundred and eighty-four songs, original, altered or collected.

For George Thomson, who edited a collection of Scottish melodies, Burns wrote sixty songs while in Dumfries, refusing to take remuneration, as Thomson was not rich, and Burns rejoiced in the patriotic work of his friend. When the poet died, Thomson returned all the songs — only six had been published — to Burns's family.

One of his letters to Thomson shows the manner in which he composed his poetry. "My way is — I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression; then choose my theme; begin one stanza; when that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in nature around me that are in unison and harmony with the cogitations of

my fancy and workings of my bosom; humming every now and then the air with the verses I have framed. When I feel my Muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fireside of my study, and there commit my effusions to paper, swinging at intervals on the hind legs of my elbow-chair, by way of calling forth my own critical strictures as my pen goes on."

Allan Cunningham says: "While he lived in Dumfries he had three favorite walks — on the Dock-green, by the river side; among the ruins of Lincluden College; and towards the Martingdon-ford, on the north side of the Nith. This latter place was secluded, commanded a view of the distant hills and the romantic towers of Lincluden, and afforded soft greensward banks to rest upon, within sight and sound of the stream. As soon as he was heard to hum to himself, his wife saw that he had something in his mind, and was prepared to see him snatch up his hat, and set silently off for his musing-ground. When by himself, and in the open air, his ideas arranged themselves in their natural order; words came at will, and he seldom returned without having finished a song. . . . The autumn was his favorite season, and the twilight his favorite hour of study."

The poet wrote to Mrs. Dunlop: "This day — the first Sunday of May — a breezy, blue-skied noon sometime about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end of autumn, these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday. . . . I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I

never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild, mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry.

"Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities — a God that made all things — man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave!"

In 1793, Burns wrote his war ode, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," — "the best," says Carlyle, "that was ever written by any pen."

Concerning this, Burns wrote: "There is a tradition which I have met with in many places in Scotland, that the old air, 'Hey, tuttie taitie,' was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my yesternight's evening walk, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning." Burns sympathized with the French in their struggles for a republic, and wrought these feelings into his thrilling verses.

In November, 1794, and January, 1795, Burns wrote those two well-known songs, "Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair," and "A man's a man for a' that."

"Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be puir for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.
. . . . . .
Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that;
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that."

During these years the poet's health began to fail. He had been hoping and expecting the position of collector with a salary of two hundred pounds a year, but it did not come in time. He said, "A life of literary leisure, with a decent competency, is the summit of my wishes."

His poverty was a source of constant anxiety. He wrote Mrs. Dunlop, "I cannot describe to you the anxious, sleepless hours these ties [husband and father] give me. I see a train of helpless little folks; me and my exertions all their stay; and on what a brittle thread does the life of man hang! If I am nipt off at the command of fate, even in all the vigor of manhood as I am, — such things happen every day, — gracious God! what would become of my little flock! 'Tis here that I envy you people of fortune. A father on his death-bed, taking an everlasting leave of his children, has, indeed, woe enough; but the man of competent fortune leaves his sons and

daughters independency and friends, while I — but I shall run distracted if I think any longer on the subject."

He wrote to Cunningham, "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased? Canst thou speak peace and rest to a soul tossed on a sea of troubles, without one friendly star to guide her course, and dreading that the next surge may overwhelm her? Canst thou give to a frame, tremblingly alive to the tortures of suspense, the stability and hardihood of the rock that braves the blast?"

A pension might have been obtained for Burns, as it has been for other writers in England, but it was not. We are prone, in this world, to do almost all things else before becoming "our brother's keeper." We let persons starve, and later build monuments to their memory, and all because we are very busy, selfishly busy, about our own lives.

In January, 1796, he wrote again to Mrs. Dunlop, "I have lately drunk deep of the cup of affliction. The autumn robbed me of my only daughter and darling child, and that at a distance, too, and so rapidly as to put it out of my power to pay the last duties to her. I had scarcely begun to recover from that shock, when I became myself the victim of a most severe rheumatic fever, and long the die spun doubtful; until, after many weeks of a sick-bed, it seems to have turned up life, and I am beginning to crawl across my room, and once, indeed, have been before my own door in the street."

In May, Burns was again confined to his bed. His wife being ill, Jessie Lewars, a young girl, daughter of an exciseman, came to the house and cared for the dying poet. He wrote her in gratitude — he probably could give her little else — that lovely song which Mendelssohn so admired that he set it to music, —

"Oh! wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or, were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or, were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen."

In July, he went to Brow, to try the effects of sea-bathing. From here he wrote the following pitiful letter to Thomson: "After all my boasted independence, curst necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel scoundrel of a haberdasher, to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me into jail. Do, for God's sake, send that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive me this earnestness, but the horrors of a jail have made me half distracted. I do not ask all this gratuitously, for upon returning health, I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds' worth of the neatest song-gems you have seen. I tried my hand on Rothermurchie this morning. The measure is so difficult that it is impossible to infuse much genius into the lines. They are on the other side. Forgive, forgive me!"

On the other side was written the last song of the sensitive, dying man, —

> "Fairest maid on Devon banks,
> Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
> Wilt thou lay that frown aside
> And smile as thou wert wont to do?"

Thomson at once sent the ten pounds to Burns; five with which to pay the haberdasher, and five for the promised songs. A night or two before he left Brow, he visited the widow of the minister of Ruthwell. Her daughter, Miss Craig, fearing that the bright light of the setting sun as it came into the window would be too strong for the invalid, rose to let down the blinds. "Thank you, my dear, for your kind attention," said the poet; "but oh! let him shine; he will not shine long for me."

When he returned on July 18, the anxiety of the people was very great. They gathered in groups on the street, and asked, in whispers, about *their* poet. "His good-humor," says Cunningham, "was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bedside with his eyes wet, and said, 'John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me.' He repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough." He lay in delirium much of the time for three days after his return from the seashore, and on the fourth day, July 21, 1796, sunk away, his four children standing sadly about the bed.

As soon as he was dead, Scotland awoke to the fact that a great poet was gone, and people asked themselves whether something could not have been done to prolong that gifted life beyond thirty-seven years. Alas! that they asked too late.

There was a large public funeral in Dumfries, with soldiers and muffled drums, and high and low in the procession. Says Allan Cunningham, "The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave, went step by step with the chief mourners. They might amount to ten or twelve thousand. Not a voice was heard. . . . It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and persuasions and opinions, mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sung of their loves and joys and domestic endearments, with a truth and a tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled. . . .

"I found myself at the brink of the poet's grave, into which he was about to descend forever. There was a pause among the mourners, as if loath to part with his remains, and when he was at last lowered, and the first shovelful of earth sounded on his coffin lid, I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual."

While the body of Burns was being laid in the grave his last son was born: he died in infancy.

Over seven hundred pounds were at once collected for the family of Burns, so that through this and the sale of his life and works the children were well educated.

Nineteen years after his death, in 1815, the body was removed to another part of St. Michael's churchyard, and a large mausoleum erected over it. When the grave was opened, the form of Burns seemed as though just laid therein, but it soon crumbled to dust. In March, 1834, the mausoleum was opened that Jean might be laid beside her husband. The last surviving son, Colonel Burns, was buried in the churchyard in 1872. At Ayr, the poet's birthplace, a large stone monument was erected,

combining Grecian and Roman architecture; a circular temple with Corinthian columns, supporting a dome sixty feet high. Inside the monument are Jean's wedding ring, two wineglasses given to Burns by Clarinda, the Bible given to him by Highland Mary, and the first Edinburgh edition of his poems. There is also a large monument to his memory in Edinburgh.

Burns wrote out of his own great heart, and therefore touched the hearts of the human race. "His poems," says Professor Shairp, "appeal to all ranks; they touch all ages; they cheer toilworn men under every clime." Burns had abounding sympathy and helpfulness. He said, "God knows I am no saint; I have a host of follies and sins to answer for; but if I could, and I believe I do it as far as I can, I would wipe away all tears from any eyes." He had great charity and compassion; more for others than he had for himself.

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord — its various tone,
Each spring — its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*."

He had two qualities indispensable in a poet: love of country, and love of nature. He says in one of his letters, "There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more — I do not know if I should call it pleasure — but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me — than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood in a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion: my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to *Him*, who, to use the pompous language of the Hebrew Bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.'"

Carlyle wrote, "We love Burns, and we pity him; and love and pity are prone to magnify. . . . True and genial as his poetry must appear, it is not chiefly as a poet, but as a man, that he interests and affects us. He was often advised to write a tragedy; time and means were not lent him for this; but through life he enacted a tragedy, and one of the deepest. We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly sad a scene; whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe, and perish on his rock 'amid the melancholy main,' presented to the reflecting mind such a 'spectacle of pity and fear' as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler, and, perhaps, greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer round him, till only death opened him an outlet. . . .

"And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise dues upon tallow, and gauging ale-barrels! In such toils was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted: and a hundred years may pass on before another such is given us to waste.

"Independently of the essential gift of poetic feeling, a certain rugged, sterling worth pervades whatever Burns has written: a virtue, as of green fields and mountain breezes, dwells in his poetry; it is redolent of natural life and hardy, natural men. There is a decisive strength in him; and yet a sweet, native gracefulness: he is tender, and he is vehement. Yet, without constraint or too visible effort, he melts the heart or inflames it, with a power which seems habitual and familiar to him. We see in him the gentleness, the trembling pity of a woman, with the deep earnestness, the force and passionate ardor of a hero. . . .

"His songs are already part of the mother tongue, not of Scotland only, but of Britain, and of the millions that in all the ends of the earth speak a British language. . . . Strictly speaking, perhaps no British man has so deeply affected the thoughts and feelings of so many men as this solitary and altogether private individual, with means apparently the humblest."

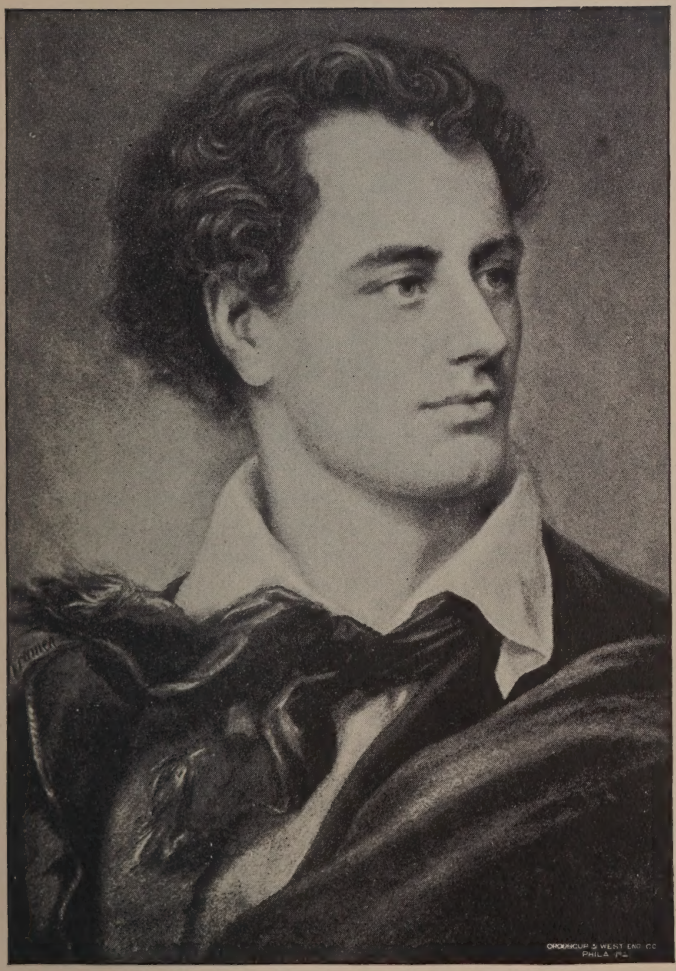
LORD BYRON.

"NATURE, after having endowed her chosen children with the grand qualities which lead to glory, obliges them to merit these gifts by their labors and their struggles. Thus there is always an abyss in the depths of all genius. A crown of stars cannot be placed upon the brow unless there is at the same time a crown of thorns around the heart. One cannot enter the temple to transcribe an immortal name, but at the cost of writing it in the blood of one's veins. . . . There is no tragedy comparable to the tragedy of Byron's own heart."

Thus writes the great lover of liberty, Emilio Castelar.

George Gordon Noël Byron was born January 22, 1788, in Hollis Street, London. His father, John Byron, was an educated, unprincipled man, called "Mad Jack," who ran away with and married the wife of the Duke of Leeds, and after the birth of his daughter, Augusta, and the death of his wife, married Catherine Gordon of Gight, spent her money, and abandoned her and her infant. He died when his son was three years old.

Mrs. Byron, an impetuous, unhappy woman, though loving her child ardently, nearly spoiled all that was lovable in him, by her injudicious training. Lame from his birth, like Sir Walter Scott, one foot being an inch and a half shorter than the other, she called him "a



LORD BYRON.

lame brat," and "a little dog," when angry with him, and flung a poker at his head. Parents who use no self-control must expect none in their children.

When not quite five years old, young Byron was sent to a day-school in Aberdeen, his mother having removed thither from London. He learned little, and was sent to a clergyman named Ross, under whom, Byron said years afterwards, "I made astonishing progress, and I recollect to this day his mild manners and good-natured pains-taking. The moment I could read, my grand passion was history, and, why I know not, but I was particularly taken with the battle near the Lake Regillus, in the Roman History, put into my hands the first. . . . When standing on the heights of Tusculum, and looking down upon the little round lake that was once Regillus, and which dots the immense expanse below, I remembered my young enthusiasm and my old instructor. Afterward, I had a very serious, saturnine, but kind young man, named Paterson, for a tutor. He was the son of my shoemaker, but a good scholar, as is common with the Scotch. He was a rigid Presbyterian also. With him I began Latin, in Rudiman's grammar, and continued till I went to the grammar school."

When Byron was eight years old, after an attack of scarlet fever, he was taken by his mother to the Highlands, about forty miles up the Dee from Aberdeen. "From this period," he says, "I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, years afterward, in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon, at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe."

In "The Island," which he wrote a year or two before his death, he says, —

> "He who first met the Highlands' swelling blue,
> Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
> Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
> And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
> Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mine,
> Ador'd the Alp, and lov'd the Apennine. . .
> The infant rapture still survived the boy,
> And Loch na Garr with Ida look'd o'er Troy,
> Mixed Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
> And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount."

At this time, before he was eight, he had his first child-love. In 1813 he wrote in his journal, "I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion nor know the meaning of the word. And the effect! My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour; and at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day, 'Oh, Byron! I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abercromby, and your old sweetheart, Mary Duff, is married to a Mr. Co.' And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions, and alarmed my mother so much that, after I grew better, she generally avoided the subject. . . . How very pretty is the perfect image of her in my memory: her brown dark hair, and hazel eyes; her very dress! I should be quite grieved to see *her now;* the reality, however beautiful, would destroy, or at least confuse, the features of the lovely peri which then existed in her, and still lives in my imagination, at the

distance of more than sixteen years. I am now twenty-five and odd months."

When Byron was ten years old, the fifth Lord Byron died at Newstead Abbey, and the title and property passed to George Gordon, the sixth Lord Byron. Mrs. Byron sold her household furniture for seventy-five pounds, and started with her boy and maid for the Abbey. At the toll-gate, the proud mother, who affected to be ignorant, asked the keeper, "And who is the next heir?"

"They say," was the reply, "it is a little boy who lives at Aberdeen."

"And this is he, bless him!" exclaimed the maid, who was holding the young lord in her lap.

The gray stone, half-ruined abbey became very dear to the heart of the boy, and was described by him in his later days in "Don Juan," Canto XIII., —

"Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep and freshly fed
By a river, which its softened way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

. . . . . .

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still were stable,
The cells too and refectory, I ween:
An exquisite small chapel had been able
Still unimpaired, to decorate the scene;
The rest had been reform'd, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, joined
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur: but, when combined,
Formed a whole which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts."

Byron, always proud of family, knowing that his lineage could be traced back to the time of William the Conqueror, yet felt, in an unusual degree for a child, the new obligations which had come upon him. When addressed in school as "Dominus," unable to give the usual answer "adsum," he stood silent, and, at last, burst into tears.

He was placed, at this age, ten, under the medical care of a man named Lavander, who screwed his lame foot into a wooden machine and injured, instead of aided, the lad. That he might not lose time from his studies, a private tutor, Mr. Rogers, was engaged for his Vergil and Cicero. "It makes me uncomfortable, my lord," said the teacher, "to see you sitting there in such pain as I know you must be suffering."

"Never mind, Mr. Rogers," said the boy; "you shall not see any signs of it in me."

A year later, at eleven, he was removed to a school in London, where, says Dr. Glennie, the teacher, "Byron was playful, good-humored, and beloved by his companions." His unwise mother kept him out of school much of the time, and so quarrelled with the boy's guardian, Lord Carlisle, that he wrote Dr. Glennie, "I can have nothing more to do with Mrs. Byron; you must manage her as you can."

One of the scholars said, "Byron, your mother is a fool." "I know it," sadly answered the boy.

At this time, May Gray, the nurse, left the service of Mrs. Byron, and the boy, never able to do enough for the gentle woman, who had great influence over him, gave her his watch and a full-length portrait of himself, representing him standing with a bow and arrows in his hand, his hair falling over his shoulders.

At twelve the boy was sent to Harrow, one of the great schools of England, where, at first, he was very lonesome and unhappy. Like Burns, poetry and love began together with Byron. He says, "My first dash into poetry was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker (daughter and granddaughter of the two Admirals Parker), one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verses, but it would be difficult for me to forget her: her dark eyes, her long eyelashes, her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve; she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterward, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine and produced consumption. Her sister Augusta died of the same malady; and it was, indeed, in attending her that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her own death. My sister told me that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret colored through the paleness of mortality, to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister. . . . I knew nothing of her illness, being at Harrow and in the country, till she was gone. . . .

"I do not recollect scarcely anything equal to the *transparent* beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow — all beauty and peace.

"My passion had its usual effects upon me; I could not sleep, I could not eat, I could not rest. . . . But I was a fool then, and am not much wiser now."

His first published poem was an elegy on his cousin, written at fourteen: —

"Hush'd are the winds, and still the evening gloom,
Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,
Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's tomb,
And scatter flowers on the dust I love."

. . . . . .

It is believed that several poems written in 1811 and 1812, after his domestic afflictions, addressed to Thyrza, refer to this same beautiful cousin of his youth: —

"Without a stone to mark the spot,
And say, what Truth might well have said,
By all, save one, perchance forgot,
Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

. . . . . .

Teach me — too early taught by thee!
To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
On earth thy love was such to me;
It fain would form my hope in heaven!"

The second poem begins, —

"Away, away, ye notes of woe!"

Another, —

"One struggle more and I am free."

At Harrow, Byron sometimes worked earnestly, but gave more time to general reading than to hard study. He was not proficient in French or German, and disliked mathematics. There is a tomb in the churchyard at Harrow which overlooks Windsor, that is called "Byron's tomb," because here the boy sat alone for hours, some-

times building castles of fame, sometimes lonely and with sad forebodings. He formed many ardent friendships with his schoolmates, and was as tender as he was high-spirited. When one of the lads, afterwards Sir Robert Peel, was being beaten by an older boy, Byron approached, and, with his voice trembling between terror and indignation, asked, —

"How many stripes do you mean to inflict?"

"Why, you little rascal, what is that to you?" replied the tyrant.

"Because, if you please," said Byron, holding out his arm, "I will take half."

When visiting at Southwell, he saw a poor woman come out of a shop, sad because she could not buy a Bible, on account of the cost, eight shillings; Byron purchased it, ran after her, and gave it to her, happy in seeing her happy.

While at Harrow, Byron met, or, if he had met before, renewed his acquaintance with, Mary Ann Chaworth, living at Annesley, an estate adjoining Newstead. The heiress was pretty, intelligent, amiable, and very attractive. She, eighteen, two years his senior, played and sang to him the Welsh air of "Mary Anne," rowed with him in his boat, made excursions with him to Matlock and Castleton, waltzed at parties, which possibly made him hate waltzing,— he could not dance, of course, on account of his lameness,— enjoyed his ardent letters sent her through a confidant, gave him her ring to wear, and her picture, and — engaged herself to another, Mr. John Musters. That she did not return the love is evident, though she enjoyed receiving it. Byron, overhearing her say to her maid, "Do you think I care for that lame boy?" rushed out of the house, sprang upon his

horse, and rode, scarcely knowing whither, till he reached Newstead.

They met again, a year later, on the hill of Annesley, to say farewell.

"I suppose," he said, "the next time I see you, you will be Mrs. Chaworth?" (Mr. Musters had agreed to assume her family name, which he did, but soon gave it up.)

"I hope so," she replied.

In August, 1805, she married Mr. Musters, and shortly afterwards Byron wrote: —

"Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood strayed,
How the northern tempests warring,
Howl above thy tufted shade!"

Two years afterwards, in 1807, when he had indulged in some dissipation, he sent her these verses: —

"Oh! had my fate been joined with thine,
As once this pledge appear'd a token,
These follies had not then been mine,
For then my peace had not been broken.
. . . . . .
For once my soul, like thine, was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother:
But now thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another."

In 1808, he accepted an invitation to dine at Annesley, and was deeply affected at seeing the infant daughter of Mrs. Musters. He wrote in 1811, in his "Epistle to a Friend,"—

"I've seen my bride another's bride, —
I've seen her seated by his side, —
Have seen the infant which she bore,
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,
When she and I in youth have smiled,
As fond and faultless as her child."

When Byron left England for the first time, in 1809, when he was twenty-one, he addressed to Mrs. Musters that touching poem, —

"'Tis done, and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast;
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

. . . . .

As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

. . . . . .

I go — but wheresoe'er I flee,
There's not an eye will weep for me;
There's not a kind, congenial heart,
Where I can claim the meanest part;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one."

Mary Chaworth's union with John Musters proved a most unhappy one. . . . She saw, too late, the mistake she had made. In her sadness, she sent for Byron ; but Mrs. Leigh, his sister, dissuaded him, saying, —

"Don't go, for if you do you will certainly fall in love again, and there will be a scene."

It is probable that he never saw her after 1808. She grew despondent, a separation between husband and wife took place, she "passed under a cloud of mental darkness," and died in 1832, eight years after Byron.

"On the decease of Musters, in 1850," says Professor Nichol, "every relic of her ancient family was sold by

auction and scattered to the winds." Byron once wrote Moore, tracing the supposed disturbance of his faculties to the marriage of Miss Chaworth, "a marriage," he said, "for which she sacrificed the prospects of two very ancient families, and a heart which was hers from ten years old, and a head which has never been quite right since."

"She was," he wrote the year before he died, "the beau ideal of all that my youthful fancy could paint of beautiful. And I have taken all my fables about the celestial nature of women from the perfection my imagination created in her; and," he added bitterly, "I say created, for I found her, like the rest of her sex, anything but angelic."

His most pathetic reference to her is in the famous "Dream," that cry of the heart, written in 1816, amid a flood of tears, after his wife and he had separated.

"Our life is twofold: sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed,
Death and existence. . . .
I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,

. . . . . .

These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing — the one on all that was beneath,
Fair as herself — but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young, yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away;

He had no breath, no being, but in hers ;
She was his voice : he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words ; she was his sight,
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which color'd all his objects; — he had ceased
To live within himself ; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts
Which terminated all." . . .

Castelar well says, "Byron's malady was immortal. If he have not found, in another and happier world, the infinity, the eternal beauty, for which here he longed so vainly, his soul still suffers the inexhaustible thirst which consumes it, and that was at once his glory and his torment.

"Requited affection can alone make the happiness of a poet. Love balances the faculties, calms the passions, administers the opium of forgetfulness against adversity, and is an ecstasy, which reduces life to one point — the object beloved, in whom centres the universe. Scepticism no longer torments us, we have a belief; human ingratitude avails nothing, for we have one friendship; life's reality no more affrights us, it is changed into paradise in the presence of her whom we love. Death loses all its terrors if she but share our grave. Two souls have become united, and one heaven is created. . . . A life without love is a heaven without stars."

In 1805, the year in which Mary Chaworth was married, Byron entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in low spirits. He disliked to leave Harrow, and he wished to go to Oxford instead of Cambridge. He says, "I was so completely alone in the world that it half broke my spirits. . . . It was one of the deadliest and heaviest feelings of my life to feel that I was no longer a boy."

In the fall of 1806, when he was eighteen, the first issue of his juvenile poems was printed for private circulation. The next year, March, 1807, an enlarged volume appeared, with the title "Hours of Idleness." The poems were written, as the title suggests, in a college life somewhat idle as far as regular work was concerned, and yet the list of books which he had read showed that he had been far from idle. Ten histories of England; two, in Latin, of Scotland; three of Rome; besides Livy, Tacitus, Cæsar, Sallust, and others; seven of Greece; four of Sweden; and several of France, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Russia, Germany, Italy, Hindostan, America, and Africa.

In biography, he had read Charles XII., Tsar Peter, Catharine II., the lives of the leading English admirals, poets, statesmen, and soldiers; in philosophy, Paley, Locke, Bacon, Hume, Berkeley, Drummond, Beattie, and Bolingbroke; in poetry, all the British classics, and most modern poets; and he adds, "above four thousand novels." Like Burns, he read at meals; read everywhere.

The "Hours of Idleness" was harshly criticised by the Edinburgh Review, and the young poet, wounded by the criticism, retorted in the scathing poem, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It went rapidly through two editions, and was, of course, much talked about. Byron said, seven years later, "The greater part of this satire I most sincerely wish had never been written; not only on account of the injustice of much of the critical and some of the personal part of it, but the tone and temper are such as I cannot approve."

In his last year at Cambridge, 1808, his favorite dog, Boatswain, a Newfoundland, died of rabies, and was

buried in the garden at Newstead. Byron erected a monument over him, to one

> "Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
> Strength without Insolence,
> Courage without Ferocity,
> And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices."

Moore tells this story of Boatswain: "Mrs. Byron had a fox-terrier, called Gilpin, with whom her son's dog was perpetually at war, taking every opportunity of attacking and worrying him so violently that it was very much apprehended that he would kill the animal. Mrs. Byron therefore sent off her terrier to a tenant at Newstead, and, on the departure of Lord Byron for Cambridge, his friend Boatswain, with two other dogs, was intrusted to the care of a servant till his return.

"One morning the servant was much alarmed by the disappearance of Boatswain, and throughout the whole of the day he could hear no tidings of him. At last, towards evening, the stray dog arrived, accompanied by Gilpin, whom he led immediately to the kitchen fire, licking him and lavishing upon him every possible demonstration of joy. The fact was, he had been all the way to Newstead to fetch him, and, having now established his former foe under the roof once more, agreed so perfectly well with him hereafter, that he even protected him against the insults of other dogs (a task which the quarrelsomeness of the little terrier rendered no sinecure), and, if he but heard Gilpin's voice in distress, would fly instantly to his rescue."

Byron received his degree at Cambridge in March, 1808; celebrated his coming of age January 22, 1809; took his seat in the House of Lords in March of the same year; and on June 11 started out to view the great world,

which he had read about and so longed to see. He wrote his mother, "I am so convinced of the advantages of looking at mankind, instead of reading about them, and the bitter effects of staying at home, with all the narrow prejudices of an islander, that I think there should be a law amongst us to send our young men abroad for a term, among the few allies our wars have left us."

About the middle of July, Byron reached Lisbon, then journeyed to Malta, where he spent three weeks, and on November 21 reached Missolonghi, Greece, where, fifteen years later, he died. He visited Thebes, the ruins of Pindar's house, and on Christmas, 1809, had his first look at Athens, of which he wrote in "Childe Harold," Canto II., —

"Ancient of days! August Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?
Gone — glimmering through the dream of things that were:
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won, and passed away — is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power!"

He remained three months at Athens, lodging in the house of Theodora Macri, the widow of an English vice-consul, who had three pretty daughters; the eldest, Theresa, being the one to whom Byron addressed the familiar poem, —

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart," —

closing with the words in Greek, "My life, I love you!" It is not believed that Byron had for her other than a passing fancy. From Athens, he journeyed to

Smyrna and Constantinople, completing the second canto of "Childe Harold" at Smyrna, March 28, 1810. On May 3, he swam the Hellespont, from Sestos to Abydos, nearly a mile and a half, in an hour and ten minutes. Always fond of sports, he fired at an eaglet on the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto. "It was only wounded," he said, "and I tried to save it — the eye was so bright. But it pined and died in a few days; and I never did since, and never will, attempt the life of another bird."

He considered angling, like shooting, cruel. "The cruellest, the coldest, and the stupidest of pretended sports; . . . even net-fishing, trouting, etc., are more humane and useful. But angling! No angler can be a good man."

In June, 1811, after two years of travel, Byron set sail for England, writing to his friend Hodgson, "I am returning *home* without a hope, and almost without a desire." But he had written "Hints from Horace," the "Curse of Minerva," a poem of indignation at the removal of marbles from the Parthenon, by order of Lord Elgin, and "Childe Harold," about four thousand lines in all, so that he might look forward to a moderate degree of fame.

Before his arrival at Newstead, his mother died, August 1. He was deeply affected, for, despite their quarrels, they were much attached to each other. Before her burial, in the middle of the night, Mrs. By, her waiting-woman, hearing a noise in the death-chamber, entered, and found Lord Byron sitting beside the dead. "O Mrs. By," he exclaimed, weeping bitterly, "I had but one friend in the world, and she is gone."

He could not trust himself to attend the funeral. Five days later, his beloved college mate, Charles S. Matthews,

was drowned in the Cam, and soon four or five other dear friends died. Byron was also troubled about debts. Newstead was much encumbered when it came into his hands. He had borrowed money for his journey, at a high rate of interest, and now lawyers were pressing their claims. The autumn of 1811, when he wrote the poems to Thyrza, his deceased cousin, was a most sad and lonely season.

February 29 of the following year, the first and second cantos of "Childe Harold" appeared, published by Murray. The book ran through seven editions in four weeks, and Byron, as he himself said, "awoke one morning and found himself famous." For the copyright of this poem he received six hundred pounds, which he bestowed upon his literary friend, Mr. Dallas, as at that time a foolish sentiment prevailed against receiving pay for writing, or, indeed, against a lord's making money in anything that savored of business.

Of course, Byron, who now made three speeches in the House of Lords, one of these in behalf of Roman-Catholic emancipation, was the idol of London society. Of his personal appearance, Thomas Moore, his intimate friend, wrote: "Of his face, the beauty may be pronounced to have been of the highest order, as combining at once regularity of features, with the most varied and interesting expression. . . . His eyes, though of a light gray, were capable of all extremes of expression, from the most joyous hilarity to the deepest sadness; or from the very sunshine of benevolence to the most concentrated scorn or rage."

Walter Scott said: "His countenance is a thing to dream of." Lady Blessington wrote: "His head is particularly well formed: his forehead is high, and power-

fully indicative of his intellect: his eyes are full of expression. . . . His eyebrows are perfectly drawn, and his mouth is perfection. Many pictures have been painted of him, but the excessive beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor."

Byron, five feet eight inches and a half in height, had curling auburn hair, a singularly fair complexion, white teeth and hands, and a "voice like music." He wrote in "Don Juan," sketching his own likeness, —

> "The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice,
> An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

His manner, deferential to women, combined grace and gentleness, "not descending to be humble, but most fascinating." There was also something of a cold reserve in it. His love for children gave him a warmer welcome to many a home circle.

In about two months after the publication of "Childe Harold," the "Waltz" appeared, anonymously, and, a month later, the "Giaour," in eight-syllable verse, a Turkish tale, where a Mussulman throws a slave, Leila, for her infidelity, into the sea, and the girl is avenged by her lover, the Giaour.

When Scott's "Rokeby" appeared simultaneously with the "Giaour," "the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge ran races to catch the first copies, and laid bets as to which of the rivals would win."

In December of the same year, the "Bride of Abydos" was published, one of the most popular of his works, beginning,—

> "Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle."

This is also a Turkish story of the love and death of Zuleika and her lover, Selim.

The next month, January, 1814, the "Corsair" appeared. In this, Conrad, a pirate, who is beloved by Medora, in one of his expeditions, attacks Seyd Pasha, and is saved from death by Gulnare, a slave of Seyd. She kills her master, and is carried home by the grateful Conrad, who finds Medora dead. This was followed by "Lara," a sequel, published in August. Byron said that he wrote the "Bride" in four days, the "Corsair" in ten, and "Lara" while undressing after coming home from balls and masquerades.

Of the "Corsair," fourteen thousand copies were sold in a day. The proceeds of the "Giaour," the "Bride," and the "Corsair," each £525, were all given to Mr. Dallas. For "Lara," Byron received £700, and very wisely put the money into his own pocket.

The "Hebrew Melodies," written in December, 1814, at the request of his friend, Hon. D. Kinnaird, are well known; such as "She walks in beauty, like the night," and "The Destruction of Sennacherib," —

> "The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
> And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
> And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
> When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee."

While Byron was writing the Turkish tragedies for thousands to read, another heart tragedy was in progress. It was in 1813 that Byron first offered himself in marriage to Miss Milbanke. The year previous, he had met in society Lady Caroline Lamb, who, at nineteen (1805), had married Lord Melbourne. She was a beautiful and brilliant woman, very eccentric, and fell deeply in love with Byron, three years her junior. Her mother-in-law, Lady Melbourne, thought to mend matters

by introducing Byron to her niece, Anne Isabella Milbanke, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke. She was a well-educated, self-possessed, and pretty young woman of twenty, nearly four years younger than the poet. For a year or more, Lady Caroline and Byron seem to have been equally fond of each other. Then estrangement came; she tried to regain his affection, stabbed herself in his presence, offered her gratitude to any one who would kill him, protested in vain against his marriage with her cousin, Miss Milbanke, was separated from her husband and again reconciled to him, wrote scathing novels about Lord Byron, yet idolized him in her heart, hovered for years on the border of madness, and when, July 12, 1824, while driving in her carriage, she met the funeral procession of Byron, she shrieked, fainted, and became insane, dying in January, 1828.

After Miss Milbanke's first refusal of Byron, in 1813, they corresponded, and towards the close of the following year, 1814, his second offer was accepted. He had great respect for her talents, and said, "She is so good a person that I wish I were a better."

He admired her for her mind and her modesty. "Often he has been heard to say that he could never have loved a silly woman, however beautiful," writes La Guiccioli. Byron once said to the Countess of Blessington, "What constitutes true beauty for me is the soul looking through the eyes. Sometimes women that were called beautiful have been pointed out to me that could never in the least have excited my feelings, because they wanted physiognomy, or expression, which is the same thing; while others, scarcely noticed, quite struck and attracted me by their expression of face."

Byron and Miss Milbanke were married at Seaham

House, the seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke, January 2, 1815. Byron had believed that "a wife would be his salvation," but when the day came he was disturbed by melancholy reflections. Moore says "he wandered about the grounds alone, till he was summoned for the ceremony, and joined, for the first time on that day, his bride and her family. He knelt down — he repeated the words after the clergyman; but a mist was before his eyes, — his thoughts were elsewhere; and he was but awakened by the congratulations of the bystanders, to find that he was — married."

For a time they seemed happy, but soon there were evidences of incompatibility. She desired regularity in their household life; — he, devoted to books, did not wish to be disturbed when writing, and preferred his irregular meals and irregular sleep, usually writing till two or three o'clock in the morning. Neither seems to have bent the will to the other. She wrote pages of description about his character, which irritated him. She became jealous of him, and caused his writing-desk to be broken open, to see what letters or pictures it contained, "sending the compromising contents to the persons for whom they were least intended." To the end of his life, he declared that he gave her no cause to distrust him, and Byron never hesitated to tell the whole truth about himself. She believed he was not sound in mind, and, it is asserted, sent a lawyer and doctor to test him by his conversation, and said that she feared for her life.

His creditors, supposing he had married rich, as he had not — whatever Miss Milbanke possessed had been settled on herself — served seven or eight executions upon his house and furniture, soon after marriage. He

was quick-tempered and often irritable, but Fletcher, his servant, said: "Any woman could manage my lord, except my lady!"

On January 15, 1816, five weeks after his daughter Ada was born, Lady Byron left her husband to pay a visit to her family, and soon wrote him that she should never return to him. Byron, however blameworthy he may have been, was stunned by the intelligence and the social storm that followed. He was advised by his friends to keep away from the theatres, and even parliament, lest his carriage be broken by the mob. He wrote later, "The press was active and scurrilous. My name — which had been a knightly or a noble one since my fathers helped to conquer the kingdom for William the Norman — was tainted. I felt that if what was whispered and muttered and murmured was true, I was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for me. I withdrew; but this was not enough. In other countries — in Switzerland, in the shadow of the Alps, and by the blue depth of the lakes — I was pursued and breathed upon by the same blight. I crossed the mountains, but it was the same; so I went a little farther, and settled myself by the waves of the Adriatic, like the stag at bay, who betakes himself to the waters."

He made several attempts at reconciliation, but they were repulsed by Lady Byron. Had they buried their differences, as thousands of persons do, for the sake of their children and for the well-being of society, perhaps it would have been better for both and for the world.

April 25, three months after his wife left him, he said good-by to Newstead (sold two years later for ninety thousand pounds, most of which went to cancel mort-

gages and debts), and started for Switzerland. He had just published the memorable lines to his wife, —

> "Fare thee well! and if forever,
> Still forever, fare *thee well!*
> Even though unforgiving, never
> 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel."

"The Siege of Corinth," founded on the siege of that city when the Turks took it from Menotti, and "Parisina," who was beheaded by her husband, the Marquis of Este, were published in 1816, just before Byron went to Switzerland. For each he received £525.

At Geneva he became the intimate friend of the Shelleys. At Ouchy, in two days, June 26–27, he wrote the beautiful "Prisoner of Chillon." He had also finished at this time the masterly third canto in "Childe Harold," beginning, —

> "Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child,
> Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart?
> When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
> And then we parted, — not as now we part,
> But with a hope" . . .

In this canto occurs that oft-quoted and vivid description of the battle of Waterloo, —

> "There was a sound of revelry by night,
> And Belgium's capital had gathered then
> Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
> The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
> A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
> Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
> Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again,
> And all went merry as a marriage bell:
> But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
>
> . . . . . .

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, 'The foe! they come! they come!'"

Who does not recall "Clear, placid Leman!" and the pathetic lines, —

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me!"

The fourth canto was written the following year, 1817, after he had gone to Italy, and the whole published early in 1818. For the third canto he received £1,575, and for the fourth £2,000. It abounds in brilliant passages on Venice, Florence, and Rome, and closes with the well-nigh faultless apostrophe to the ocean, —

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain."

Professor Nichol says, "The third and fourth cantos of Childe Harold placed him on another platform, that of the Dii Majores of English verse. . . . No familiarity can detract from 'Waterloo,' which holds its own by Barbour's 'Bannockburn' and Scott's 'Flodden.' Sir Walter, referring to the climax of the opening, and the pathetic lament of the closing lines, generously doubts whether any verses in English surpass these in vigor. . . . His 'Venice' may be set beside the masterpieces of Ruskin's prose. They are together the joint pride of Italy and England. . . . Byron has made himself so

master of the glories and the wrecks of Rome, that almost everything else that has been said of them seems superfluous. Hawthorne, in his 'Marble Faun,' comes nearest to him; but Byron's Gladiator and Apollo, if not his Laocoön, are unequalled."

> "I see before me the Gladiator lie:
> He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
> Consents to death, but conquers agony,
> And his drooped head sinks gradually low."

"Manfred," "The Lament of Tasso," "Beppo," "Mazeppa," and the first part of "Don Juan," were written in 1817 and 1818. Concerning "Manfred," Byron wrote Murray, his publisher, "It is in three acts, but of a very wild, metaphysical, and inexplicable kind. Almost all the persons, but two or three, are spirits of the earth and air or the waters; the scene is in the Alps; the hero is a kind of magician, who is tormented by a species of remorse, the cause of which is left unexplained; he wanders about invoking these spirits, which appear to him, and are of no use; he at last goes to the very abode of the evil principle, *in propria persona*, to evocate a ghost, which appears, and gives him an ambiguous and disagreeable answer; and in the third act he is found by his attendants dying in a tower where he had studied his art."

Taine calls "Manfred" "twin-brother of the greatest poem of the age, Goethe's 'Faust.'" Nichol thinks "the Colosseum its masterpiece of description; the appeal, 'Astarte, my beloved, speak to me,' its nearest approach to pathos." Byron's favorite passage was the invocation to the sun, in the third act. "Beppo" is a social satire; "Mazeppa," a marvellous description of a

wild ride on horseback, related to King Charles of Sweden.

"Marino Faliero," a historical tragedy of Venice, was written in 1820; begun in April and finished in July. It was put upon the stage at Drury Lane Theatre in the following year, but was not successful as a play, and was soon withdrawn.

"Sardanapalus," a historical tragedy, was written in May, 1821, and dedicated to Goethe. In this drama a beautiful slave, Myrrha, voluntarily dies on the funeral pile with Sardanapalus, King of Nineveh. The "Two Foscari," another Venetian tragedy, was composed between June 11 and July 10, 1821, at Ravenna.

"Cain," dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, was begun in July and finished in September. "This," says Nichol, "is the author's highest contribution to the metaphysical poetry of the century. In 'Cain,' Byron grapples with the perplexities of a belief which he never either accepted or rejected, and with the yet deeper problems of life and death, of good and ill. . . . Between this and the 'Cenci' lies the award of the greatest single performance in dramatic shape of our century." Sir Egerton Brydges says, "There are speeches in the mouth of Cain and Adah, especially regarding their child, which nothing in English poetry, but the 'wood-notes wild' of Shakespeare, ever equalled."

Shelley thought "Cain" "contains finer poetry than has appeared in England since 'Paradise Lost;'" and Scott, that he "had matched Milton on his own ground." The poem was bitterly condemned in England on account of its scepticism, though greatly admired in Germany, and converted into an oratorio. Byron said, however, "I am no enemy to religion, but the contrary." For "Cain,"

"Sardanapalus," and "Foscari," Byron received £1,100; for "Mazeppa" and the "Prisoner of Chillon," £525 each; for "Manfred" and the "Lament of Tasso," £315 each; for "Marino Faliero," £1,050.

"Werner," a drama from the German, at the close of the Thirty Years' War; "The Deformed Transformed," a story founded partly on a novel, "The Three Brothers," and partly on "Faust;" and a "Vision of Judgment," followed. The latter, suggested by a poem with the same title from Southey, who had alluded to Byron as the "chief of the Satanic School, inspired by the spirits of Moloch and Belial," is one of the most telling pieces of satire ever written. The publisher, Mr. John Hunt, — Murray and Longman refused to publish it, — was prosecuted and fined.

Professor Nichol thinks "Byron had few of the powers of a great dramatist, he had little architectural imagination, or capacity to conceive and build up a whole. His works are mainly masses of fine, splendid, or humorous writing, heaped together; the parts are seldom forged into one, or connected by any indissoluble link."

In 1822, Byron suffered a great shock in the death of his illegitimate child Allegra, five years and three months old. Her mother was a Miss Clairmont, daughter of the same father as Mary Shelley, with whom she lived in Geneva. Byron, against the wishes of the mother, had the child placed in a Roman-Catholic school, where she died, April 20. She is buried beneath the elm-tree in the churchyard at Harrow, where her father used to sit in his boyhood, and where he wrote, —

> "Here might I sleep, where all my hopes arose;
> Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose:
> Forever stretched beneath this mantling shade,
> Prest by the turf where once my childhood play'd,

Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
Mixed with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved."

On Allegra's tombstone are the words, —

"I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me."

As he was never permitted to see his child Ada, he had looked forward to great happiness with Allegra in the coming years.

Byron's life in Italy had been far from moral. His "temporary idols," as Nichol calls them, were Mariana, the wife of a merchant of Venice, and Margarita, the wife of a baker. In the early part of 1819, in Venice, Byron became acquainted with Countess Theresa Guiccioli, and his love for her seems to have continued while he lived. She was seventeen, the third wife of a rich count of sixty. Beautiful in face, with golden hair and blue eyes, well educated, warm-hearted, gentle and refined in manner, and, withal, amiable, she undoubtedly made Byron a happier man than he had been for years. On her removal to Ravenna with the count, she became dangerously ill, and Byron was sent for. He started, writing on his way the beautiful stanzas to the River Po, —

"River, that rollest by the ancient walls,
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
Walks by thy brink, and there, perchance, recalls
A faint and fleeting memory of me:
. . . . . .
She will look on thee — I have looked on thee,
Full of that thought; and from that moment, ne'er
Thy waters could I dream of, name, or see,
Without the inseparable sigh for her!"

After several months, the countess obtained a papal decree of separation from her husband, with alimony, on condition that she should live in her father's home,

a pledge which was soon broken. Her family, the Gambas, were compelled to fly to Pisa, on account of their republican sentiments, and thither Lord Byron went also. La Guiccioli had the good sense to be patient with Byron's habit of spending late hours at his desk, and encouraged him to some of his best work. No doubt, she is the devoted and constant Myrrha, in "Sardanapalus," and the Aurora Raby in "Don Juan." Though he said later that his "attachment had not the blindness of the beginning," there is evidence that he wrote her tenderly to the last, and no other seems to have succeeded her in his heart. John Cordy Jeaffreson, in his "Real Lord Byron," believes they had grown somewhat tired of each other.

The Gambas, being constantly suspected of revolutionary feelings, were finally banished from Tuscany, and the countess and Byron went to live in the Villa Saluzzo, at Albaro, a mile east of Genoa. The Shelleys and Walter Savage Landor lived near; the Earl and Countess of Blessington, who wrote "Conversations with Lord Byron," lived in the Villa Paradiso.

In July, 1822, at Pisa, Byron resumed the composition of "Don Juan," which he had laid aside for a year, as La Guiccioli did not like it. When Byron told her it would live longer than "Childe Harold," she said, "I would rather have the fame of 'Childe Harold' for three years than an immortality of 'Don Juan!'" He now promised to make it purer, and wrote Cantos XII.–XVI. at Genoa, in 1823. The poem was never finished. Byron said, "In 'Don Juan,' I take a vicious and unprincipled character, and lead him through those ranks of society whose accomplishments cover and cloak their vices, and paint the natural effects."

Shelley thought this poem placed Byron far above all the poets of the day, and Scott said it had the variety of Shakespeare. Taine said, "Never was seen in such a clear glass the birth of lively thought, the tumult of great genius, the inner life of a genuine poet, always impassioned, inexhaustibly fertile and creative, in whom, suddenly, successively, finished and adorned, bloomed all human emotions and ideas — sad, gay, lofty, low, hustling one another, mutually impeding one another, like swarms of insects who go humming and feeding on flowers and in the mud."

Nichol says, "He has swept into the pages of his poem the experience of thirty years of a life so crowded with vitality that our sense of the plethora of power which it exhibits makes us ready to condone its lapses. . . . His command over the verse itself is almost miraculous; he glides from extreme to extreme, from punning to pathos, from melancholy to mad merriment, sighing or laughing by the way at his readers or at himself, or at the stanzas." For this poem, Byron received £3,050.

Byron, though one of the aristocracy, believed in republics. He said, "The king-times are fast finishing. There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist, but the peoples will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it. Give me a republic. Look in the history of the earth, — Rome, Greece, Venice, Holland, France, America, our too short Commonwealth — and compare it with what they did under masters." He often meditated coming to America, which, with Shelley, he thought the hope of the future.

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?

Yes — one — the first — the last — the best —
The Cincinnatus of the west,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one."

Such a spirit as Byron's could but long to see the Italians free. "Whatever I can do," he said, "by money, means, or person, I will venture freely for their freedom." The projects of 1820 failed, and his mind turned towards Greece, then in the midst of her struggle for independence. Some have urged that he went thither to aid her simply for the sake of fame; others, that he had been privately offered a kingship: but the real truth doubtless is, that, restless though the great man was by nature, his heart yearned always for human freedom.

Just before he left Genoa for Greece, July 14, 1823, in the brig Hercules, with arms, medicines, and fifty thousand Spanish dollars in coin and bills, he called to bid the Blessingtons farewell. He said sadly, "I have a sort of boding that we see each other for the last time, as something tells me I shall never again return from Greece;" and he leaned his head on the sofa and burst into tears.

During the voyage, Byron read Scott's "Life of Swift," Grimm's "Correspondence," La Rochefoucauld and Las Casas. For some months he remained at or about Cephalonia, trying to conciliate and harmonize the various factions, republican, monarchic, and others.

On January 5, 1824, he arrived at Missolonghi, whither he had been called by Prince Mavrocordatos, one of the most patriotic leaders. His coming was welcomed by guns and music; for the Greeks looked to him as their deliverer. He brought to Missolonghi £4,000, his own

personal loan. On January 22, his thirty-sixth birthday, he wrote the familiar verses, —

"'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move;
Yet though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone:
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone!

. . . . . .

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honorable death
Is here — up' to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out, less often sought than found,
A soldier's grave — for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest."

Byron had been appointed to the command of an intended expedition against Lepanto, taking into his service five hundred Suliotes. After a time these mutinied, and were dismissed. On March 30, he was presented with the freedom of the city of Missolonghi. On April 9, he took a long ride with his devoted friend, Gamba, the brother of the Countess Guiccioli, and caught his death-cold. On the 11th a rheumatic fever set in. He became delirious. He fancied he was leading the army to the attack on Lepanto, and exclaimed, "Forward! forward! follow me!" Once he said, "My hour is come! I do not care for death. But why did I not go home before I came here?" He had once been ready to start for England, but was detained by the illness of the Countess.

Again he said, "There are things which make the world dear to me; for the rest, I am content to die."

On the evening of April 18, knowing that his end was near, he called his servant Fletcher, and began talking indistinctly. "Oh, my poor dear child! My dear Ada! My God! could I but have seen her! Give her my blessing, and my dear Augusta and her children. And you will go to Lady Byron and say — tell her everything; you are friends with her."

Byron was so affected that the servant could not understand. "Then all is lost, for it is now too late," said the dying man. He made further efforts to speak, but could only say, "My sister! My child!" At six o'clock he said, "Now I shall go to sleep." He never spoke afterwards, and, at the end of twenty-four unconscious hours, opened his eyes once, and closed them at the instant of death, April 19, 6.15 P.M.

Greece was, indeed, in sorrow. All offices and shops were closed, and general mourning for twenty-one days was proclaimed. Different cities contended for his body, and Athens wished him to be buried in the Temple of Theseus. He was carried to England, lay in state for two days at Sir Edward Knatchbull's house in Great George Street, and was buried July 16, in the village church at Hucknall. A tablet was erected to his memory by his sister, the Hon. Augusta Maria Leigh. His relations applied for permission to inter the body in Westminster Abbey, but were refused.

John Morley well says, "Though he may have no place in our own minster, he assuredly belongs to the band of far-shining men, of whom Pericles declared the whole world to be the tomb."

Byron's death caused many heart-aches in England.

Thomas Carlyle said, "Poor Byron! alas, for Byron! The news of his death came upon my heart like a mass of lead; and yet, the thought of it sends a painful twinge through all my being, as if I had lost a brother. O God! that so many souls of mud and clay should fill up their base existence to its utmost bound; and this, the noblest spirit in Europe, should sink before half his course was run. Late so full of fire and generous passion and proud purposes; and now forever dumb and cold. Poor Byron! and but a young man, still struggling amidst the perplexities and sorrows and aberrations of a mind not arrived at maturity, or settled in its proper place in life. Had he been spared to the age of threescore and ten, what might he not have done? what might he not have been? But we shall hear his voice no more."

Byron left most of his property to his sister and her children; he contemplated leaving £10,000 to La Guiccioli, but she declined it. She afterwards went back to her husband, and in 1851 married the wealthy Marquis de Boissy, the peer of France under Louis Philippe, and senator under the Second Empire. For his half-sister, Augusta, who died in 1851, Byron always cherished the truest affection. A letter to her, unfinished, lay near his death-bed. He wrote her after the separation from his wife, —

"When all around grew drear and dark,
And reason half withheld her ray, —
And hope but shed a dying spark,
Which more misled my lonely way;

. . . . . .

When fortune changed, and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose and set not to the last.

. . . . . .

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
And teach it what to brave or brook, —
There's more in one soft word of thine
Than in the world's defied rebuke."

After he had left England he wrote her in July, 1816, —

"Though the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in *thee*.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me;
Though woman, thou didst not forsake;
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me;
Though slandered, thou never couldst shake;
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me;
Though parted, it was not to fly;
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor, mute, that the world might belie."

In October, 1816, was written the famous "Epistle to Augusta," —

"My sister! my sweet sister, if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness, to answer mine.
. . . . . .
There yet are two things in my destiny, —
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.
. . . . . .
For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine:
We were and are — I am, even as thou art —
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;

It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined — let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last!"

The daughter, Augusta-Ada, was brought up with as little knowledge of Lord Byron as possible. She married Earl Lovelace when she was nineteen, and became the mother of three children. She came to idolize her father's memory, and at her death, in 1852, at the age of thirty-six, the same as her father's, at her request, was buried beside him. Lady Byron died in 1860.

Countess Guiccioli says in her "Recollections of Lord Byron," "Both at Ravenna and at Pisa he was miserable if he did not hear from Ada [through his sister, Mrs. Leigh]. Whenever he received any portraits of her, or a piece of her hair, these were solemn days of rejoicing for him, but they usually increased his melancholy. When in Greece he heard of Ada's illness, he was seized with such anxiety that he could no longer give his attention to anything. . . .

"The persecution to which he was subjected for having written 'Don Juan' having made him fear, one day at Pisa, that its effect upon his daughter might be to diminish her affection for him, he said, 'I am so jealous of my daughter's entire sympathy, that were this work, "Don Juan" (written to while away hours of pain and sorrow), to diminish her affection for me, I would never write a word more; and would to God I had not written a word of it!'" And, with all its beauties, it were better unwritten.

Lord Byron, with all his failings, had many noble qualities. He was generous, courageous, devoted to his friends, tender to animals, and easily led towards good

instead of evil by those whom he loved. His servants idolized him. Fletcher wrote Murray: "Pray forgive this scribbling, for I scarcely know what I do or say. I have served Lord Byron for twenty years, and his lordship was always to me rather a father than a master. I am too distressed to be able to give you any particulars about his death."

Shelley thought Byron gave half his fortune in alms at Genoa. He founded at his own expense a hospital at Missolonghi. Count Gamba said in Italy he often sent as much as two or three hundred dollars to each of many poor families, they never knowing who was their benefactor.

He was not consistent with himself. He thought love "an illusion, never lasting but often fatal;" and yet his earnest love for Mary Chaworth lasted till the end of life, and he has given us many examples of unchanging affection, such as Zuleika and Selim and Myrrha and Sardanapalus.

With all his brilliancy and kindness, he permitted himself to be the sport of circumstances. He said at thirty-three, at midnight, "I go to my bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long and to so little purpose."

> "And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
> 'Tis that I may not weep,"

he says in "Don Juan."

> "Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
> My whole life was a contest since the day
> That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
> The gift — a fate, or will, that walk'd astray."

Instead of rising above disappointments, as a great nature should, Byron became misanthropic over them.

Pleasure did not bring happiness; he died as he lived, a lonely, sad-hearted man.

Of his works there are various estimates, but all concede his greatness. Goethe said, "He is undoubtedly to be regarded as the greatest talent of our century." Dr. Karl Elze, the noted German, places Byron "among the four unsurpassed poets of England: Shakespeare in dramatic, Milton in reflective poetry — so far as this may be regarded as a special class; Scott in epic, and Byron in lyrical poetry — the latter being understood in its most comprehensive sense as subjective poetry." He thinks his influence over French, Spanish, Russian, and Italian literature, even German, very great indeed. Byron's works have been translated into French, German, Italian, Danish, Polish, Spanish, and Russian. Macaulay called him "the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century. We have little doubt that, after the closest scrutiny, there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language."

> "I twine
> My hopes of being remembered in my line
> With my land's language,"

Byron wrote in "Childe Harold."

Matthew Arnold says, in "Essays in Criticism," "True, as a man, Byron could not manage himself, could not guide his ways aright, but was all astray. . . . True, also, as a poet, he has no fine and exact sense for word and structure and rhythm; he has not the artist's nature and gifts. Yet a personality of Byron's force counts for so much in life, and a rhetorician of Byron's force counts for so much in literature." (Goethe spoke of the personality of Byron as such, "for its eminence, as has never been yet, and such as is not likely to come

again.") . . . "Along with his astounding power and passion," says Mr. Arnold, "he had a strong and deep sense for what is beautiful in nature, and for what is beautiful in human action and suffering. When he warms to his work, when he is inspired, Nature herself seems to take the pen from him as she took it from Wordsworth, and to write for him as she wrote for Wordsworth, though in a different fashion, with her own penetrating simplicity. . . . But these two, Wordsworth and Byron, stand, it seems to me, first and foremost in actual performance, a glorious pair among the English poets of this century. Keats had probably, indeed, a more consummate poetic gift than either of these, but he died having produced too little and being as yet too immature to rival them." R. H. Stoddard thinks "the glory of Scott was the last red tints of a setting sun, and the glory of Wordsworth the mild radiance of a rising moon, when Byron came like a comet and paled their ineffectual fires."

Swinburne writes: "One native and incurable defect grew up and strengthened side by side with his noblest qualities: a feeble and faulty sense of metre. No poet of equal or inferior rank ever had so bad an ear. His smoother cadences are often vulgar and facile: his fresher notes are often incomplete and inharmonious. . . . His work and Shelley's, beyond that of all our other poets, recall or suggest the wide and high things of nature, the large likeness of the elements, the immeasurable liberty and the stormy strength of waters and winds. They are strongest when they touch upon these; and it is worth remark how few are the poets of whom this can be said. Here, as elsewhere, Shakespeare is supreme when it pleased him; but it pleased him

rarely." Mr. Swinburne adds that the "splendid and imperishable excellence which covers all Byron's offences and outweighs all his defects" is "the excellence of sincerity and strength. . . .

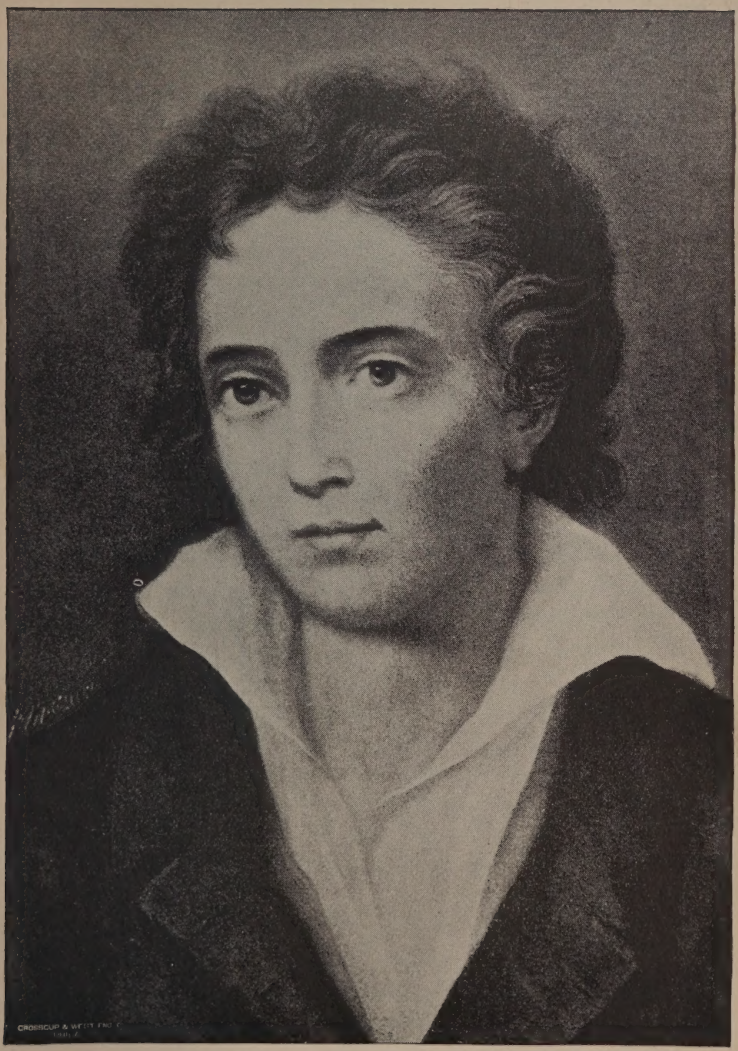
"Few can ever have gone wearier to the grave; none with less fear. He had done enough to earn his rest. Forgetful now and set free forever from all faults and foes, he passed through the doorway of no ignoble death, out of the reach of time, out of sight of love, out of hearing of hatred, beyond the blows of England and the praise of Greece. In the full strength of spirit and of body, his destiny overtook him and made an end of all his labors. He had seen and borne and achieved more than most men on record."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ON August 4, 1792, at Field Place, near Horsham, in Sussex county, was born Percy Bysshe Shelley, one of the greatest of poets, who lived one of the saddest of lives. His grandfather, Sir Bysshe Shelley, Bart., was a handsome, wealthy man, who, writes Professor Dowden, in his Life of the poet, "invited no friendships and lived apart from persons of his own station, fearing not God nor regarding man, but enlarging his rent-roll, and adding to his thousands in the funds." His father, Timothy Shelley, failed to understand his sensitive, brilliant son, and embittered his life, producing hatred as a natural result. He was a member of the House of Commons; "a kindly, capricious, well-meaning, ill-doing, wrong-headed man," "everything," as John Addington Symonds says, "which the poet's father ought not to have been."

The mother, Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Pilfold, was a woman of rare beauty, "mild and tolerant," her son called her, "yet narrow-minded."

Young Bysshe passed a happy childhood with his four sisters and brother John. He was an affectionate and courageous child, never concealing his faults; with "figure slight and beautiful, skin like snow, and bright ringlets covering his head. . . . The luminous, large blue eyes had at one time a dreamy softness, at another



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

a fixed, wild beauty, or under the influence of excitement became restlessly brilliant."

His sister says, "Bysshe would frequently come to the nursery and was full of a peculiar kind of pranks. One piece of mischief for which he was rebuked was running a stick through the ceiling of a low passage to find some new chamber, which could be made effective for some flights of his vivid imagination. The tales to which we have sat and listened, evening after evening, seated on his knee, when we came to the dining-room for dessert, were anticipated with that pleasing dread, which so excites the minds of children, and fastens so strongly and indelibly on the memory.

"There was a spacious garret under the roof of Field Place, and a room which had been closed for years, excepting an entrance made by the removal of a board in the garret floor. This unknown land was made the fancied habitation of an alchemist, old and gray, with a long beard. Books and a lamp, with all the attributes of a picturesque fancy, were poured into our listening ears. . . . Bysshe was certainly fond of eccentric amusements, but they delighted us, as children, quite as much as if our minds had been naturally attuned to the same tastes; for we dressed ourselves in strange costumes to personate spirits or fiends, and Bysshe would take a fire-stove and fill it with some inflammable liquid and carry it flaming into the kitchen and to the back door.. . .

"When my brother commenced his studies in chemistry, and practised electricity upon us, I confess my pleasure in it was entirely negatived by terror at its effects. Whenever he came to me with his piece of folded brown packing-paper under his arm, and a bit of

wire and a bottle, my heart would sink with fear at his approach; but shame kept me silent, and, with as many others as he could collect, we were placed hand in hand round the nursery table, to be electrified. . . .

"He was, at a later period, in the habit of walking out at night, and the prosaic minds of ordinary mortals could not understand the pleasure to be derived from contemplating the stars, when he probably was repeating to himself lines which were so soon to astonish those who looked on him as a boy. The old servant of the family would follow him, and say that 'Master Bysshe only took a walk and came back again.'"

When Shelley was ten years old, he went to school at Sion House, Brentford, an academy kept by Dr. Greenlaw. Here, says his friend, Captain Medwin, "he passed among his schoolfellows as a strange and unsocial being, for when a holiday relieved us from our tasks, and the other boys were engaged in such sports as the narrow limits of our prison-court allowed, Shelley, who entered into none of them, would pace backwards and forwards — I think I see him now — along the southern wall, indulging in various vague and undefined ideas; the chaotic elements, if I may say so, of what afterwards produced so beautiful a world."

At school, when not indulging in reverie, or in his favorite amusement, novel-reading, the boy learned the classic languages as if by intuition. All his life he was a passionate admirer of the works of the Greek dramatists.

Concerning these early years, Shelley wrote in his beautiful dedication of "The Revolt of Islam" to his wife Mary, "child of love and light," —

"Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear Friend, when first
The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.
I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep: a fresh May-dawn it was,
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
And wept, I know not why: until there rose
From the near schoolroom, voices, that, alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes, —
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands and looked around,
But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground.
So, without shame, I spake: —'I will be wise
And just, and free and mild, if in me lies
Such power, for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
Without reproach or check.' I then controlled
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore,
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
I cared to learn, but from that secret store
Wrought linked armor for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war among mankind;
Thus power and hope were strengthened more and more
Within me; till there came upon my mind
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined."

Though seeming to care little for most of his classmates, Shelley formed a few passionate attachments. He thus spoke of one of these friendships: "The object of these sentiments was a boy about my own age, of a character eminently generous, brave, and gentle. . . . There was a delicacy and a simplicity in his manners, inexpressibly attractive. . . . The tones of his voice were so soft and winning that every word pierced into my heart;

and their pathos was so deep that in listening to him the tears have involuntarily gushed from my eyes. . . . I recollect thinking my friend exquisitely beautiful. Every night when we parted to go to bed, we kissed each other like children, as we still were."

At twelve, Shelley went to Eton. "Refusing to fag," says Mary Shelley in her notes to the poet's works, "he was treated with revolting cruelty by masters and boys; this roused, instead of taming, his spirit, and he rejected the duty of obedience when it was enforced by menaces and punishments."

He was called "Mad Shelley" by the boys, from his excitable temper. "I have seen him," says a schoolfellow, "surrounded, hooted, baited, like a maddened bull, and at this distance of time I seem to hear ringing in my ears the cry which Shelley was wont to utter in his paroxysm of revengeful anger."

Says another, "Shelley used to be fond of composing poems and dramas, and the boys often invited him to rehearse these productions, with a mock interest, and then, just when he thought the audience were thoroughly enraptured, burst out into fits of laughter. Though the trick had been played him frequently, he still could always be easily induced to incur its repetition."

Shelley still experimented in chemistry and electricity; set fire to the trunk of an old tree with a burning-glass and gunpowder; and gave a tutor, who came suddenly into his room, a severe shock from a highly charged Leyden jar.

For Dr. Keate, the head-master at Eton, who is said to have whipped eighty boys on a single occasion, "working with decision and dexterity till long past midnight," Shelley had no love; but for Dr. Lind, a phy-

sician, one of the tutors in philosophy and science, he had a lasting affection. "This man," Shelley said, "was exactly what an old man ought to be. Free, calm-spirited, full of benevolence and even of youthful ardor; his eye seemed to burn with supernatural spirit beneath his brow, shaded by his venerable white locks; he was tall, vigorous, and healthy in his body; tempered, as it had ever been, by his amiable mind. I owe to that man far, ah! far more than I owe to my father; he loved me, and I shall never forget our long talks, when he breathed the spirit of the kindest tolerance and the purest wisdom.

"Once, when I was very ill during the holidays, as I was recovering from a fever which had attacked my brain, a servant overheard my father consult about sending me to a private madhouse. I was a favorite among all our servants, so this fellow came and told me as I lay sick in bed. My horror was beyond words, and I might soon have been mad indeed, if they had proceeded in their iniquitous plan. I had one hope. I was master of three pounds in money, and, with the servant's help, I contrived to send an express to Dr. Lind. He came, and I shall never forget his manner on that occasion. His profession gave him authority; his love for me, ardor. He dared my father to execute his purpose, and his menaces had the desired effect." Years afterward Shelley made Dr. Lind the Zonoras of "Prince Athanase," and the hermit of "The Revolt of Islam."

"Prince Athanase had one beloved friend;
An old, old man, with hair of silver white,
And lips where heavenly smiles would hang and blend
With his wise words, and eyes whose arrowy light
Shone like the reflex of a thousand minds."

At eighteen, Shelley removed from Eton to Oxford. Just before he left Eton he finished writing a novel which he called "Zastrozzi," an "incoherent medley of mad sentiment," for which he received forty pounds. A portion of this money he used in furnishing a banquet for eight of his boyish friends.

He had written, with his sister Helen, a play, which, being sent to Matthews, the comedian, was returned, with the courteous reply that it would not do for acting. He composed, with his cousin Medwin, a dramatic narrative poem on the Wandering Jew. The manuscript was sent to Thomas Campbell for his opinion, and was returned with the ungracious comment that there were only two good lines in the poem, —

> "It seemed as if some angel's sigh
> Had breathed the plaintive symphony."

Not discouraged, Shelley sent the poem to Ballantyne & Co., Sir Walter Scott's publishers. After the usual long delay, the firm replied that "they did not doubt the success of the poem, but it was, perhaps, better suited to the liberal feelings of the English than the bigoted spirit which yet pervades many cultivated minds in this country."

Shelley then applied to Mr. Stockdale, of Pall Mall, but the manuscript was declined, and was not brought out until some years after the poet's death. Stockdale, however, published a book for Shelley at this time, entitled "Original Poems by Victor and Cazire." Victor was Shelley, but who Cazire was is not known. Fourteen hundred and eighty copies were printed. A few days after the publication, Stockdale discovered that one of the poems was copied from the pages of Matthew

Gregory Lewis, author of "The Monk." Shelley at once ordered the whole edition destroyed, expressing resentment against the imposition practised upon him by his coadjutor.

The early months of his Oxford life were happy ones. Here Shelley met and became a lifelong friend of Thomas Jefferson Hogg, who afterwards wrote the poet's life. Hogg thus writes of their first meeting: "I happened one day to sit next a freshman at dinner; it was his first appearance in hall. His figure was slight, and his aspect remarkably youthful, even at our table, where all were very young. He seemed thoughtful and absent. He ate little and had no acquaintance with any one. I know not how we fell into conversation, for such familiarity was unusual."

They talked of the relative merits of German and Italian poetry, and adjourned to Hogg's room to continue the subject. "His clothes," says Hogg, "were expensive, and made according to the most approved mode of the day; but they were tumbled, rumpled, unbrushed. . . . His features, his whole face, and particularly his head, were, in fact, unusually small; yet the last *appeared* of a remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy, and in fits of absence, and in the agonies (if I may use the word) of anxious thought, he often rubbed it fiercely with his hands, or passed his fingers quickly through his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough. His features were not symmetrical (the mouth, perhaps, excepted), yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any other countenance. . . . I perceived that he took no note of time; if there

was a virtue of which he was utterly incapable, it was that homely but pleasing and useful one, punctuality."

After the first meeting, they usually spent their evenings together, often in Shelley's room. "Here," says Hogg, "books, boots, papers, shoes, philosophical instruments, clothes, pistols, linen, crockery, ammunition, and vials innumerable, with money, stockings, prints, crucibles, bags, and boxes, were scattered on the floor, and in every place; as if the young chemist, in order to analyze the mystery of creation, had endeavored first to reconstruct the primeval chaos. The tables, and especially the carpet, were already stained with large spots of various hues, which frequently proclaimed the agency of fire. An electrical machine, an air-pump, the galvanic trough, a solar microscope, and large jars and receivers, were conspicuous amidst the mass of matter.

"Upon the table by his side were some books lying open, several letters, a bundle of new pens, and a bottle of japan ink, that served as an inkstand; a piece of deal, lately part of the lid of a box, with many chips, and a handsome razor that had been used as a knife. There were bottles of soda-water, sugar, pieces of lemon, and the traces of an effervescent beverage. Two piles of books supported the tongs, and these upheld a small glass retort above an argand lamp. I had not been seated many minutes before the liquor in the vessel boiled over, adding fresh stains to the table, and rising in fumes with a disagreeable odor. Shelley snatched the glass quickly, and, dashing it in pieces among the ashes under the grate, increased the unpleasant and penetrating effluvium. . . . His hands, his boots, and his furniture were stained and corroded by mineral acids. . . . To his infinite diversion, I used always to examine every

drinking-vessel narrowly, and often to rinse it carefully, after that evening when we were taking tea by firelight, and, my attention being attracted by the sound of something in the cup into which I was about to pour tea, I was induced to look into it. I found a seven-shilling piece, partly dissolved by the *aqua regia* in which it was immersed. . . .

"I was enabled to continue my studies in the evening in consequence of a very remarkable peculiarity. My young and energetic friend was then overcome by extreme drowsiness, which speedily and completely vanquished him; he would sleep from two to four hours, often so soundly that his slumbers resembled a deep lethargy; he lay occasionally upon the sofa, but more commonly stretched upon the rug before a large fire, like a cat; and his little round head was exposed to such a fierce heat that I used to wonder how he was able to bear it. Sometimes I have interposed some shelter, but rarely with any permanent effect; for the sleeper usually contrived to turn himself, and to roll again into the spot where the fire glowed the brightest. His torpor was generally profound, but he would sometimes discourse incoherently for a long while in his sleep.

"At six, he would suddenly compose himself, even in the midst of an animated narrative or of earnest discussion; and he would lie buried in entire forgetfulness, in a sweet and mighty oblivion, until ten, when he would suddenly start up, and, rubbing his eyes with great violence, and passing his fingers swiftly through his long hair, would enter at once into a vehement argument, or begin to recite verses, either of his own composition or from the works of others, with a rapidity and an energy that were often quite painful." When the college clock

struck two, Hogg, in spite of Shelley's remonstrance, would retire for the night.

At one in the afternoon, the friends usually took a long walk, lingering in the woods or by the river. A pocket edition of Plato, of Plutarch, and of Euripides were his constant companions.

"He was to be found," says Hogg, "book in hand at all hours; reading in season and out of season; at table, in bed — and especially during a walk; not only in the quiet country and in retired paths; not only at Oxford, in the public walks and High Street, but in the most crowded thoroughfares of London. Nor was he less absorbed by the volume that was often before him in Cheapside, in Cranbourne Alley, or in Bond Street, than in a lonely lane or a secluded library. Sometimes a vulgar fellow would attempt to insult or annoy the eccentric student in passing. Shelley always avoided the malignant interruption by slipping aside with his vast and quiet agility. . . .

"I never beheld eyes that devoured the page more voraciously than his; I am convinced that two-thirds of the period of day and night were often employed in reading. It is no exaggeration to affirm that out of the twenty-four hours he frequently read sixteen."

He disliked mathematics and jurisprudence, but delighted in poetry and philosophy. Especially did he enjoy Locke's "Essay Concerning Human Understanding," Hume's Essays, and the French materialists.

During this first year at Oxford, 1810, Shelley published a burlesque poem, "Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson; being poems found amongst the papers of that noted female, who attempted the life of the King in 1786. Edited by John Fitz-Victor." In the

fall of 1810, a second romance by Shelley appeared, "St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian: by a gentleman of Oxford University." Both this and "Zastrozzi" were condemned by the critics.

This year had been made especially happy by Shelley's love for his cousin, Harriet Grove. "When I call to mind," wrote Medwin, "all the women I have ever seen and admired, I know of none that surpassed, few that could compare with her, in beauty. I think of her as of some picture of Raphael's, or as one of Shakespeare's women." She was animated, intellectual, and lovable, and Shelley gave her the worship of a young, ardent, pure heart. He had written to her frequently, upon the theological and philosophical subjects in which he was so deeply interested. She, like himself, was eager to search into hidden things, if not really sceptical; while he, as Symonds says, "passed at Oxford by one leap from a state of indifferentism with regard to Christianity into an attitude of vehement antagonism."

Harriet and her parents became alarmed at the irreligion of her lover, and the engagement was broken. To Shelley, though only eighteen, the blow was staggering. He wandered nearly all night in the snow in a graveyard, at Christmas. Having gone home for the holidays, he wrote to his friend: "I am afraid there is selfishness in the passion of love, for I cannot avoid feeling every instant as if my soul was bursting; but I *will* feel no more. It is selfish. I would feel for others, but for myself — oh! how much rather would I expire in the struggle! Yes, that were a relief! Is suicide wrong? I slept with a loaded pistol and some poison last night, but did not die."

A little later, Harriet engaged herself to another, and

then Shelley wrote Hogg: "She is gone! She is lost to me forever! She married! Married to a clod of earth; she will become as insensible herself; all of those fine capabilities will moulder. Let us speak no more of the subject. Do not deprive me of the little remains of peace which yet linger: that which arises from endeavors to make others happy."

Harriet Grove did not marry until the close of the year 1811. Shelley bore her no ill-will, but he became more than ever angered against "the wretch Intolerance," which had spoiled his dreams of happiness. "Why should the theological beliefs or disbeliefs, at which he had honestly arrived, be held to disqualify him as a son, a brother, a lover?" he argued. His parents feared the influence of his irreligious views upon his sisters, and this added another sorrow.

Stung by what he considered intolerance, and believing in "complete, entire, universal, and unlimited" liberty, a thing hardly possible as society is now constituted, as soon as he had returned to college, he published a small pamphlet entitled "The Necessity of Atheism." The document consisted of Hume's and other arguments against the existence of a Deity. It was on sale for "at least twenty minutes" in Oxford, when, the college authorities becoming aware of the heterodox publication, the whole issue was committed to the flames, and Shelley and his friend Hogg summarily expelled. Shelley, who easily might have predicted the result, felt the sentence keenly, especially as it alienated him from his family, and destroyed the last hope of a reconciliation with his cousin, Harriet Grove. He could no longer find a home at Field Place, and at once sought for lodgings in London.

He and Hogg settled at No. 15 Poland Street. He was without money to buy food, except as his sisters saved their pocket-money for him. Timothy Shelley, hurt and angered by his son's headstrong course, had withdrawn all aid from him, and the breach between them grew wider and wider. If the father could have reasoned with the son, who unwisely thought to reform the world in a day, and have shown him the folly of undue haste, and the danger of tearing down a generally accepted faith, hoping that the world would worship love and beauty instead, perhaps the two might have helped each other — the one have become less narrow, the other less broad.

Shelley had, says Symonds, "faith in the duty and desirability of overthrowing idols; faith in the gospel of liberty, fraternity, equality; faith in the divine beauty of nature: faith in a love that rules the universe; faith in the perfectibility of man: faith in the omnipresent soul, whereof our souls are atoms; faith in affection, as the ruling and co-ordinating substance of morality."

Shelley's life testified to his abounding generosity, his love for the oppressed, his care for the smallest animal, his self-sacrifice. Hogg says he never found Shelley wanting, "even in the most minute particular, in the infinite and various observances of pure, entire, and perfect gentility."

He was lonely, and rebellious as well, in the London lodgings. His college course was spoiled. He had thought of taking the profession of medicine, or following in the footsteps of his father in the House of Commons, but now all was changed. He said, "Future, present, past, is all a mist; it seems as if I had begun existence anew under auspices so unfavorable."

In this desolate state of mind, he visited his sisters at school at Clapham Common. There the youth of eighteen met Harriet Westbrook, the school friend of his sisters. She was a girl of sixteen, with much personal beauty, brilliant pink and white complexion, and a cheerful temper. She was pleased with the handsome young poet, who sent her a copy of "St. Irvyne." A correspondence followed, and soon Shelley began to think that, with her mind opening to his wider knowledge, he could make her "one of the good, the disinterested, the free." Her father, who had acquired a competency as a tavern-keeper, welcomed the heir of a baronetcy to his house, probably, with especial pleasure. Thus the expulsion from college and the loss of Harriet Grove were made somewhat more bearable. He wrote to Charles Grove that, now that his happiness had been blighted, the only thing worth living for was self-sacrifice.

Harriet Westbrook was deeply in love with Shelley. She had been sent back to school by her father against her will, and confided this fact to the "believer in liberty," who thought such exercise of power on the part of a parent unjustifiable. In August, he wrote to Hogg: "I advised her to resist. She wrote to say that resistance was useless, but that she would fly with me, and threw herself upon my protection. We shall have £200 a year" (a compromise had been effected between father and son, whereby this amount was to be given yearly); "when we find it run short, we must live, I suppose, upon love!"

The result was that Shelley eloped with Harriet Westbrook, he nineteen, and she sixteen, and they were married in Edinburgh, August 28, 1811. Both bitterly repented their folly when it was too late; Shelley paid dearly for his "self-sacrifice."

Timothy Shelley was more than ever indignant with this marriage, so far removed from his own social circle, and at once ceased to send funds. Neither would Mr. Westbrook aid his daughter, and the young couple felt the iron grasp of poverty. Love does not suffice for daily food save in poetry, and had it not been for the generosity of Shelley's uncle, the outlook would have been dismal. Captain Pilford provided for their necessities, and finally obtained from Timothy the renewal of the allowance of £200 a year, which he gave, he said, "to prevent his son from cheating strangers!"

For a time the months went by pleasantly. Shelley taught Harriet Latin, and set her at work on the translation of a French story. She also read much aloud. On their removal from Edinburgh to York, Harriet's elder sister, Eliza, made her home with them. She was much older than Harriet, and was, perhaps, unduly severe in her rule over the husband and wife, scarcely more than children. She carried the purse, and wisely, probably, as Shelley all his life seemed to have little sagacity in pecuniary matters.

They soon moved to Keswick, where Shelley saw but little of Wordsworth or Coleridge. He liked Southey at first, but afterwards disliked him, thinking him too much bound by conservatism. Finding that they were still in pecuniary straits, Mr. Westbrook now allowed his daughter £200 a year. At Keswick began Shelley's correspondence with William Godwin, the philosopher, whose "Political Justice" the poet had studied, while in college, with the greatest admiration. He entreated Godwin to become his philosopher, his guide and friend. This position was gladly accepted; how gladly, the future showed, when Shelley spent thousands of dollars

for Godwin's support, his philosophy not providing bread for his family.

Shelley could not rest at Keswick, while so many in the world were not receiving justice. An Irish editor, having been sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment for plain speech about Lord Castlereagh, Shelley wrote a poem in his behalf, and received for the incarcerated man nearly one hundred pounds. Stirred with enthusiasm for the Irish, Shelley wrote an "Address to the Irish People," and set sail February 3, 1812, with Harriet and Eliza, for Dublin. They established themselves at 7 Lower Sackville Street, and began at once to distribute the address, which was expected to make the people morally and intellectually better. He pleaded for order instead of revolution, for Catholic emancipation and a repeal of the Union Act, and looked forward to the organization of an association of philanthropists which should regenerate Ireland. On February 27, Shelley wrote to a friend in England, —

"I have already sent four hundred of my Irish pamphlets into the world, and they have excited a sensation of wonder in Dublin. Eleven hundred yet remain for distribution. Copies have been sent to sixty public-houses. . . . Expectation is on the tiptoe. I send a man out every day to distribute copies, with instructions where and how to give them. . . . I stand at the balcony of our window, and watch till I see a man *who looks likely.* I throw a book to him."

Harriet adds to this letter, —

"I am sure you would laugh were you to see us give the pamphlets. We throw them out of window, and give them to men that we pass in the streets. For myself, I am ready to die of laughter when it is done,

and Percy looks so grave. Yesterday he put one into a woman's hood of a cloak."

At a large public meeting, Shelley spoke for an hour, and the words of the youth of nineteen would have had even more especial weight but for the assertion of Shelley's Irish servant, that his master was but fifteen years old.

In less than two months Shelley had given up the regeneration of Ireland; the police of Dublin, it is said, having hinted to him that it would be wise for him to return to England.

The Shelley trio, Percy, Harriet, and Eliza, settled for a time at Nantgwilt, North Wales, then at Lynmouth, on the Somersetshire coast, and later at Tan-yr-allt, near Tremadoc, North Wales. At Lynmouth, Shelley, still burning with the desire to regenerate society, used to seal in green bottles a "Declaration of Rights," which he had written in imitation of French revolutionary documents, and send the bottles out to sea, hoping that they would reach Ireland.

Early in May, 1813, the Shelleys settled in London. In the February preceding, a small edition, of two hundred and fifty copies, of "Queen Mab" was printed and distributed to those whom Shelley wished to influence. "It was begun," says Medwin, "at the close of 1809, and, soon after his expulsion from Oxford, was converted from 'a mere imaginative poem into a systematic attack on the institutions of society.'" He said in 1821, when it was given to the public without his consent: "I am a devoted enemy to religious, political, and domestic oppression; and I regret this publication, not so much from literary vanity as because I fear it is better fitted to injure than to serve the sacred cause of freedom."

It opens with the well-known lines, —

"How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!"

Professor Dowden says, "The good man, according to Shelley in 'Queen Mab,' is he who co-operates with nature, and has a share in its forward tendency; he is resolute yet meek, gentle but of unalterable will; he commands not nor obeys, but steers right on towards his goal, impelled by a quenchless desire of universal happiness, an enthusiasm of humanity. . . . It is more difficult to understand how Shelley, who did not willingly give pain to a worm, should eagerly wound devout religious spirits in their tenderest part. The explanation is that he could not, at this period, hold two truths together in his head, or two feelings together in his heart.

"Christianity, whence sprang wars, persecutions, bigotries, hypocrisies, intellectual tyranny, appeared to him to be an impious worm; it must be for the happiness of men that he should strive to wound the evil thing to the death. To all the noble and gentle lives, all the sweet and heroic deaths, which had clasped to their breasts the cross of Christ, Shelley, who could see but one side of things, was blind." The book "fatally injured Shelley's reputation," says Symonds.

In the London home, in June, 1813, a fair, blue-eyed child was born, which the parents named Ianthe, "violet-

blossom." "Shelley," writes Peacock, "was extremely fond of his child, and would walk up and down a room with it in his arms for a long time together, singing to it a monotonous melody of his own making, which ran on the repetition of a word of his own making. His song was 'Yáhmani, Yáhmani, Yáhmani, Yáhmani.' It did not please me, but, what was more important, it pleased the child, and lulled it when it was fretful."

When his baby was three months old, he wrote her a sonnet, beginning, —

> "I love thee, Baby! for thine own sweet sake:
> . . . . . .
> More dear art thou, O fair and fragile blossom;
> Dearest when most thy tender traits express
> The image of thy mother's loveliness."

Early in 1814, it became evident that the husband, now twenty-one, and the wife, eighteen, were drifting apart. Shelley's ideal woman was one of great intellectual power, united with deep affection; Harriet was not of kindred brain to his own. He once said to Peacock, "Every one must know that the partner of my life should be one who can feel poetry and understand philosophy. Harriet is a noble animal, but she can do neither." He was erratic and restless, and it is quite possible that having a genius for a husband did not bring all the happiness Harriet had looked forward to when she "threw herself upon his protection." The sister Eliza had become disagreeable to Shelley. "I hate her with my whole heart and soul," he wrote a friend. Debts, living beyond their income, had also embittered life. Both had found that they could not "live on love," as, when they eloped, he had written Hogg they should attempt to do when money failed.

The habits of the household were irregular. Shelley abjured animal food and alcohol, and lived mostly on bread and water. "When he felt hungry," writes Hogg, "he would dash into the first baker's shop, buy a loaf, and rush out again, bearing it under his arm: and he strode onward in his rapid course, breaking off pieces of bread and greedily swallowing them." As in college, when he read or wrote, a circle of bread crumbs would lie scattered about the floor. With his bread he ate raisins, carrying them loose in his waistcoat pocket.

"Shelley was fond of penny buns, but he never bought them unless he was put up to it. 'Get a shilling's worth of penny buns, Bysshe,' Harriet said, 'at some good confectioner's,' the situation of whose shop she described. He rushed out with incredible alacrity, 'like a wind god,' and in an instant returned, and was heard stumbling and tumbling up-stairs with the bag of buns, open at the top, in his hand. . . . We had our own tea," writes Hogg; "it usually lay spread out on an open paper upon a side table; others might help themselves, and probably they did so, but there was always some left for us."

On March 24, 1814, to prevent any possible doubt as to legal heirs, Shelley having been a minor when he was married in Edinburgh, he and Harriet were re-married in St. George's Church, London, her father, Mr. Westbrook, and one other person being witnesses. But they seemed no longer to be happy with each other. He was absorbed in Homer or Tacitus or Plato: he had studied Italian, and was reading Tasso, Ariosto, and Petrarch. Harriet had little or no interest in them. Shelley went to other homes for friendship, and doubtless Harriet grew cold in consequence. Alas! that they had not foreseen all

this; alas! that the little blue-eyed infant did not suffice to harmonize all the differences; alas! that Shelley, especially, was always seeking for an ideal, which, when possessed, proved too real for his poetic worship. How many things besides love are to be thought of before entering the marriage relation: harmony of tastes, intellectual companionship, suitable dispositions, ability to make those comfortable who have confided their lives to our keeping!

In May, 1814, Shelley wrote to Harriet, —

"Thy look of love has power to calm
The stormiest passion of my soul;
Thy gentle words are drops of balm
In life's too bitter bowl;
No grief is mine, but that alone
These choicest blessings I have known.

Be thou, then, one among mankind
Whose heart is harder not for state,
Thou only virtuous, gentle, kind,
Amid a world of hate:
And by a slight endurance seal
A fellow-being's lasting weal.

For pale with anguish is his cheek,
His breath comes fast, his eyes are dim,
Thy name is struggling ere he speak,
Weak is each trembling limb;
In mercy let him not endure
The misery of a fatal cure.

O trust for once no erring guide!
Bid the remorseless feeling flee;
'Tis malice, 'tis revenge, 'tis pride,
'Tis anything but thee;
O deign a nobler pride to prove,
And pity if thou canst not love."

Harriet had gone to Bath; Shelley, deeply in debt himself, was trying to raise three thousand pounds for

the philosopher Godwin, who was living with his second wife, in London. He had married, for his first wife, the brilliant Mary Wollstonecroft, by whom he had one daughter, Mary Godwin. In the household were Fanny Imlay, the daughter of Mary Wollstonecroft before she was deserted by Imlay and married to Godwin; Jane Clairmont, and her brother Charles, children of the second Mrs. Godwin, whose temper seems to have been badly spoiled by the necessities of the impecunious Godwin, if it had not been spoiled previously. When Shelley came to Godwin's home to learn from his chosen teacher, he met, in May or June, Mary Godwin, a girl of seventeen, very pale, and intellectual, earnest, sensitive, calm in manner, and of strong will-power, and fell hopelessly in love with her. Mary, unhappy in her home, used often to go to her mother's grave, in the churchyard of old St. Pancras, to read. Here, one day, Shelley poured out his sorrows to her — sorrows for which he was, perhaps, as much responsible as his wife — and Mary and he clasped hands in token of everlasting union. She had been reared in Godwin's school of free thought, as had Shelley. "A husband and wife ought to continue so long united as they love each other. . . . The present system of constraint does no more, in the majority of instances, than make hypocrites or often enemies."

In June, 1814, a month after the poem to Harriet, Shelley wrote to Mary Wollstonecroft Godwin the poem beginning, "Mine eyes were dim with tears unshed," —

> "Upon my heart thy accents sweet
> Of peace and pity fell like dew
> On flowers half dead; thy lips did meet
> Mine tremblingly; thy dark eyes threw
> Their soft persuasion on my brain,
> Charming away its dream of pain."

In July, Mary confessed that she loved Shelley "beyond all power of expression," and if she could not be his "she could never be another's." Shelley's friend Peacock says, "Between his old feelings towards Harriet, from whom he was not then separated, and his new passion for Mary, he showed in his looks, in his gestures, in his speech, the state of a mind, suffering, like a little kingdom, the nature of an insurrection. His eyes were bloodshot; his hair and dress disordered. He caught up a bottle of laudanum, and said, 'I never part from this.' He added, 'I am always repeating to myself four lines from Sophocles, —

> "'Man's happiest lot is not to be;
> And when we tread life's thorny steep,
> Most blest are they who, earliest free,
> Descend to death's eternal sleep.'"

Between four and five o'clock on the morning of July 28, 1814, unknown to Godwin and his wife, Shelley and Mary, taking with them Jane Clairmont, departed for the Continent, leaving the hapless Harriet and her blue-eyed Ianthe. A son was born to Harriet, Charles Bysshe Shelley, four months later. This boy died at the age of twelve. Ianthe married Mr. Esdaile, and died in 1876. Without doubt, as Mary Shelley says in her husband's Life, Shelley, "in all he did, at the time of doing it, believed himself justified to his own conscience." He thought Harriet untrue to him, although he exonerated her later. Neither he nor Mary Godwin thought marriage a necessity, and that a higher civilization would eventually do away with such bonds; he believed in a life of love above law.

It is easy to see what society would become if it adopted this Quixotic philosophy; if the Ianthes and

Charleses were to be left to grope their way in the world uncared for, whenever parents differed, and found mental affinities as a balm to their wounded spirits.

Froude says, "Shelley was still but twenty-two, Mary not yet seventeen. If they had been older, they would, perhaps, have felt more strongly the obligations of social rules, and the sin of acting on emotional theories of liberty." Matthew Arnold, after reading Professor Dowden's Life of Shelley, well says, "One feels sickened forever of the subject of irregular relations."

Shelley wrote to Harriet, after he had gone to the Continent — if it were any one else but Shelley, how strange the words would seem — "In me you will, at last, find one firm and constant friend, to whom your interests will be always dear — by whom your feelings will never wilfully be injured. From none can you expect this but me — all else are either unfeeling or selfish, or have beloved friends of their own." . . .

He urged her to come to Geneva and join himself and Mary! He added in the letter, "You shall know our adventures more detailed, if I do not hear at Neufchatel that I am soon to have the pleasure of communicating to you in person, and of welcoming you to some sweet retreat I will procure for you among the mountains. . . . With love to my sweet little Ianthe, ever most affectionately yours."

After six weeks on the Continent, Shelley and Mary returned with the half-sister Jane to London. They were out of money, — Shelley had sold his watch and chain for eight napoleons, five francs, to eke out the needs of the journey, — and debts pressed upon him more than ever. Shelley seems never to have asked himself how he should be able to support Mary, seeing

that he was also attempting to provide for Harriet and the children. Such lack of practical wisdom would seem impossible, did we not see the same thoughtlessness in every town and city in the land.

January 6, 1815, Sir Bysshe died, leaving two hundred thousand pounds, and, Shelley being the heir to the baronetcy and estate, an arrangement was made with his father Timothy whereby the son should receive an allowance of one thousand pounds a year. Two hundred pounds of this income he at once set aside for Harriet, to be paid annually.

Shelley and Mary now settled in a house, near Windsor Forest, where she zealously began the study of Greek, and he the composition of his poem "Alastor." A little girl, born to Mary on February 22, died March 6. A second child, a boy, named William, from Mary's father, was born January 24, 1816; the "Alastor," or "The Spirit of Solitude," was published in the following March.

Shelley says in his preface to the poem, "It represents a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius, led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. He drinks deep of the fountains of knowledge, and is still insatiate. The magnificence and beauty of the external world sinks profoundly into the frame of his conceptions, and affords their modifications a variety not to be exhausted. . . . But the period arrives when these objects cease to suffice. His mind is at length suddenly awakened, and thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself. He images to himself the Being whom he loves. Conversant with speculations of

the sublimest and most perfect natures, the vision in which he embodies his own imaginations unites all of wonderful, or wise, or beautiful, which the poet, the philosopher, or the lover could depicture. . . .

"The poet is represented as uniting these requisitions and attaching them to a single image. He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception. Blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave."

Rev. Stopford Brooke says: "Of all Shelley's longer poems, 'Alastor' leaves on the general reader the easiest impression of an artistic whole. The subject is one, and never varies from itself; it is closely clung to from beginning to end, and is deeply felt throughout. The poetry and its art, both imaginative and technical, are, of course, less great than they become in after works, but so far as unity of conception and steadiness of expression and form are concerned, even 'Adonais' is less artistic than 'Alastor.' Shelley's personality absorbs the poem. . . . The lines with which he closes the poem itself, 'It is a woe too deep for tears,' etc., are a cry of sorrow and reproach against one who desired to work for man, but who wasted life in pursuit of that unattainable beauty his soul could dream of but not realize."

Mrs. Shelley says he wrote the poem under the oak-shades of Windsor Park, under the expectation of speedy death, as "an eminent physician had pronounced that he was dying rapidly of a consumption." He recovered, however, "but through life was a martyr to pain and debility." "'Alastor' is the Greek name for a vengeful demon, driving its victim into desert places; and Shelley, prompted by Peacock, chose it for the title of a poem which describes the Nemesis of solitary souls."

The poem has much of that delicate imagination which later became so rich and prodigal that it is the wonder of all who love poetry.

> "Her voice was like the voice of his own soul
> Heard in the calm of thought; its music long,
> Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held
> His inmost sense suspended in its web
> Of many-colored woof and shifting hues.
>
> Evening came on,
> The beams of sunset hung their rainbow-hues
> High 'mid the shifting domes of sheeted spray
> That canopied his path o'er the waste deep;
> Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,
> Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks
> O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day;
> Night followed, clad with stars."

Shelley, though he was learning, as in "Julian and Maddalo," that

> "Most wretched men
> Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song,"

was still a boyish dreamer. He loved the sea,

> "Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound;"

he loved to watch the play of clouds, and the moon was to him, as she is to most lovers of the beautiful, a companion and a comforter. He would wander by a pond or a river and amuse himself with paper boats. Hogg says: "He twisted a morsel of paper into a form that a lively fancy might consider a likeness of a boat, and, committing it to the water, he anxiously watched the frail bark, which, if it was not soon swamped by the faint winds and miniature waves, gradually imbibed water through its porous sides, and sank. Sometimes, however, the fairy vessel performed its little voyage,

and reached the opposite shore of the puny ocean in safety. It is astonishing with what keen delight he engaged in this singular pursuit. It was not easy for an uninitiated spectator to bear with tolerable patience the vast delay, on the brink of a wretched pond upon a bleak common, and in the face of a cutting north-east wind, on returning to dinner from a long walk at sunset on a cold winter's day; nor was it easy to be so harsh as to interfere with a harmless gratification that was evidently exquisite. . . .

"So long as his paper lasted, he remained riveted to the spot, fascinated by this peculiar amusement; all waste paper was rapidly consumed, then the covers of letters, next letters of little value; the most precious contributions of the most esteemed correspondent, although eyed wistfully many times, and often returned to the pocket, were sure to be sent at last in pursuit of the former squadrons. Of the portable volumes which were the companions of his rambles — and he seldom went without a book — the fly-leaves were commonly wanting. . . . But learning was so sacred in his eyes, that he never trespassed further upon the integrity of the copy; the work itself was always respected." Once Shelley said, smiling, "How much I should like that we could get into one of these boats and be shipwrecked — it would be a death more to be desired than any other."

In the spring of 1816, Shelley and Mary Godwin, accompanied by Jane Clairmont, went a second time to Switzerland. At Geneva they were joined by Lord Byron, and for the remaining six years of Shelley's life the two, though very unlike, were friends. Byron said of Shelley, "He was the most gentle, the most amiable, and least worldly-minded person I ever met: full of

delicacy, disinterested beyond all other men, and possessing a degree of genius joined to simplicity as rare as it is admirable. He had formed to himself a *beau ideal* of all that is fine, high-minded, and noble, and he acted up to this ideal even to the very letter. . . . The best and least selfish man I ever knew."

In Shelley's poem, "Julian and Maddalo," the latter is Lord Byron, the former himself. In this poem is found the oft-quoted description of sunset: —

> "How beautiful is sunset, when the glow
> Of Heaven descends upon a land like thee,
> Thou paradise of exiles, Italy ! . . .
> We stood
> Looking upon the evening, and the flood
> Which lay between the city and the shore
> Paved with the image of the sky ; the hoar
> And airy Alps, towards the north, appeared
> Thro' mist, a heaven-sustaining bulwark, reared
> Between the east and west ; and half the sky
> Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
> Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
> Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
> Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
> Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
> Among the many-folded hills — they were
> Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,
> As seen from Lido through the harbor piles,
> The likeness of a clump of peakèd isles —
> And then, as if the earth and sea had been
> Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
> Those mountains towering, as from waves of flame,
> Around the vaporous sun, from which there came
> The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
> Their very peaks transparent."

While in Switzerland, Mary wrote a part of her weird novel, "Frankenstein." In September, the

Shelleys returned to England, and settled at Bath for the winter. Here Shelley was to feel more than ever,—

"Misery ! we have known each other,
Like a sister and a brother
Living in the same lone home,
Many years — we must live some
Hours or ages yet to come."

On October 6, Fanny Imlay, half-sister to Mary, gentle and lovable, feeling herself a burden, and, it is believed by some, much in love with Shelley, put an end to her life at Swansea, with laudanum. Shelley was much overcome by her sad fate. He afterwards wrote, —

"Her voice did quiver as we parted,
Yet knew I not that heart was broken
From which it came, and I departed,
Heeding not the words then spoken.
Misery — O misery,
This world is all too wide for thee."

On November 9, Harriet Shelley, having come to live in Queen Street, Brompton, drowned herself in the Serpentine river, and a month later her body was found in the stream. It is claimed that she had loved another after Shelley, and, being deserted by him also, she decided to take her own life, leaving Ianthe and Charles worse than orphans. Whether Shelley blamed himself or not, — the world certainly has blamed him, — Harriet's death was a great shock. He hastened to London to obtain the children and bring them to Mary. The courts of England, however, decided that, in view of Shelley's avowed opinions concerning marriage, leaving his family and living with another, — he had, however, married Mary, December 30, twenty days after the finding of Harriet's body, — the children should not be given

to him to rear. His atheistical opinions doubtless influenced Lord Eldon somewhat in his decision. He was permitted to visit his children twelve times a year, but to see them only in the presence of the persons with whom they lived. If the measures seemed severe, and Shelley now, more than ever, cursed the laws and the lawgivers, he surely must have seen that he had brought much of it upon himself, even though he "felt justified to his own conscience." The whole picture is not a pleasant one of a consummate genius attempting to live above law.

No wonder, as his friend Leigh Hunt said, these things "tore Shelley's being to pieces." To make matters worse, on January 12, Allegra, the daughter of Lord Byron and Jane Clairmont, was born, and both mother and child were dependent upon Shelley for support. Miss Clairmont does not appear to have been a pleasant companion for Mary, though Shelley was always especially kind to her, leaving her six thousand pounds in his will, the same as he left to each of his children. She died unmarried in 1879. To her is addressed the poem, "To Constantia, singing." She is said to have possessed much musical ability.

In February, the Shelleys moved to Great Marlow, and here, under the beech groves of Bisham, he wrote, in Spenserian stanza, "The Revolt of Islam," while Mary completed "Frankenstein." The first seven hundred and fifty copies of "The Revolt of Islam" were printed at Shelley's expense, he having attempted in vain to find a purchaser of the copyright. This poem, written in six months, was composed, says Mrs. Shelley, "in his boat, as it floated under the beech groves of Bisham, or during wanderings in the neighboring country, which is

distinguished for peculiar beauty. . . . He chose for his hero a youth nourished in dreams of liberty, some of whose actions are in direct opposition to the opinions of the world; but who is animated throughout by an ardent love of virtue, and a resolution to confer the boons of political and intellectual freedom on his fellow-creatures. He created for this youth a woman such as he delighted to imagine, — full of enthusiasm for the same objects; and they both, with will unvanquished, and the deepest sense of the justice of their cause, met adversity and death."

Symonds says: "All Shelley's previous experiences, and all his aspirations — his passionate belief in friendship, his principle of the equality of women with men, his demand for bloodless revolution . . . his vegetarianism, his hatred of religious intolerance and tyranny — are blent together and concentrated in the glowing cantos of this wonderful romance. . . . The story relates the kindling of a nation to freedom at the cry of a young poet-prophet, the temporary triumph of the good cause, the final victory of despotic force, and the martyrdom of the hero, together with whom the heroine falls a willing victim. . . . Hooted down, derided, stigmatized, and howled at, it only served to intensify the prejudice with which the author of 'Queen Mab' had come to be regarded."

The poem was dedicated to Mary Shelley, —

"Thou Friend, whose presence on my wintry heart
Fell, like bright spring upon some herbless plain,
How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
Of Custom thou didst burst and rend in twain,
And walked as free as light the clouds among,
Which many an envious slave then breathed in vain

From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung
To wrest thee from the woes which had begirt it long.
. . . . . .
And what art thou? I know, but dare not speak:
Time may interpret to his silent years.
Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful cheek,
And in the light thine ample forehead wears,
And in thy sweetest smiles, and in thy tears,
And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy
Is whispered, to subdue my fondest fears:
And through thine eyes, even in thy soul, I see
A lamp of vestal fire burning internally."

"Prince Athanase" was also written at Marlow. In this he sketches himself, —

"a gentle, yet aspiring mind;
Just, innocent, with varied learning fed;"

The prince searches through the world for one whom he may love. He meets one who seems to be his ideal, but she disappoints him. He dies, but on his death-bed the true ideal, Mary, comes.

At Marlow, he also began "Rosalind and Helen," and finished it in Italy. Lionel, in the latter, is himself, —

"For love and life in him were twins,
Born at one birth; in every other
First life, then love its course begins,
Though they be children of one mother;
And so through this dark world they fleet
Divided, till in death they meet:
But he loved all things ever."

While at Marlow, his favorite volumes were the tragedies of Sophocles and Æschylus, Plato, Homer, and the Book of Job. "His want of faith in the letter, and his exceeding faith in the spirit, of Christianity," says Leigh Hunt, "formed a comment, the one on the other, very

formidable to those who chose to forget what Scripture itself observes on that point." The poor people at Marlow idolized him. He furnished blankets to the needy, went among the sick and the distressed, and was truly "his brother's keeper."

One evening, Leigh Hunt, returning from the opera, heard shrieks near his door. They came from a woman, poor, attended by her son, who was under a criminal charge. She had been found by Shelley in the snow, in a fit. He carried her from door to door, but nobody would take in a stranger. Finally, hastening to a handsome house, where he saw an elderly man stepping from a carriage, Shelley told his story. The elegant gentleman said to the generous poet, "There's no necessity for that sort of thing, sir; your conduct is extraordinary."

The high-bred Shelley, burning with indignation, replied, —

"I am sorry to say that *your* conduct is *not* extraordinary. . . . It is such men as you who madden the spirits and the patience of the poor and wretched; and if ever a convulsion comes in this country (which is very probable), recollect what I tell you: you will have your house, that you refuse to put this miserable woman into, burnt over your head."

Sheltered and fed by Shelley and Hunt, the poor woman recovered, and, with her son, was sent home the next day.

On March 11, 1818, Shelley said good-by to England and started for Italy, with his wife and two children, William and Clara, the latter having been born September 2 of the previous year, and Jane Clairmont with Allegra. They went to Milan, then to Venice, Rome, and in December settled at Naples. His letters to his

friend Peacock, at this time, Symonds regards "as the most perfect specimens of descriptive prose in the English language."

Little Clara died at Venice. At Naples, Shelley suffered from depression, partly from ill-health, but more it is probable, from an unfortunate romance. Medwin says that the night before Shelley went to the Continent, in the spring of 1816, a married lady, "young, handsome, and of noble connections," came to him, and offered to lay her fortune and fame at his feet, and help him in his efforts to lift the race. Shelley told his enthusiastic admirer that his heart belonged to another. The lady left her fashionable life, followed Shelley from place to place, though never obtruding herself upon him, and when he came to Naples, came there also, met him, and soon after died, at which Shelley was greatly grieved. He wrote at this time the sad poem, "Stanzas written in dejection near Naples."

"The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
. . . . . .
I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion.
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.
. . . . . .
Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care

Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

In the spring of 1819, the Shelleys settled in Rome, where Shelley worked on his "Prometheus Unbound," writing among the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, — he always worked out-of-doors if possible — and made translations from Homer and Euripides, from the Italian of Dante, the Spanish of Calderon, and from "Faust." He read the latter poem, he said, "always with sensations which no other composition excites. It deepens the gloom, and augments the rapidity of ideas, and would, therefore, seem to me an unfit study for any person who is a prey to the reproaches of memory, and the delusions of an imagination not to be restrained."

His love for the Iliad was strong. He was ever "astonished at the perpetually increasing magnificence of the last seven books. Homer then truly begins to be himself. The battle of Scamander, the funeral of Patroclus, and the high and solemn close of the whole bloody tale in tenderness and inexpiable sorrow, are wrought in a manner incomparable with anything of the same kind. The Odyssey is sweet, but there is nothing like this."

On June 7, their only child, William, died, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery, which Shelley thought the "most beautiful and solemn" he had ever beheld. "To see the sun shining on its bright grass," he wrote Peacock, "fresh, when we first visited it, with the autumnal dews, and hear the whispering of the wind among the leaves of the trees which have overgrown the

tomb of Cestius, and the soil which is stirring in the sun-warm earth, and to mark the tombs, mostly of women and young people who were buried there, one might, if one were to die, desire the sleep they seem to sleep."

The shock of William Shelley's death was terrible to his parents. The father had watched by his bedside sixty hours without rest. Mary became despondent, and seemed to live with her dead child rather than with her living husband.

"My dearest Mary, wherefore hast thou gone,
And left me in this dreary world alone!
Thy form is here, indeed — a lovely one —
But thou art fled, gone down the dreary road,
That leads to Sorrow's most obscure abode;
Thou sittest on the hearth of pale despair,
Where,
For thine own sake, I cannot follow thee."

To his William he began a poem, but never finished it, —

"My lost William, thou in whom
Some bright spirit lived,
. . . . . .
Where art thou, my gentle child?
Let me think thy spirit feeds,
With its life intense and mild,
The love of living leaves and weeds,
Among these tombs and ruins wild; —
Let me think that through low seeds
Of the sweet flowers and sunny grass,
Into their hues and scents may pass,
A portion — "

Leaving Rome, the city of their sorrow, the Shelleys went to Leghorn, where the poet wrote the drama of "The Cenci," at the suggestion of his wife. In the

autumn they moved to Florence, where, on November 12, their last child, Sir Percy Florence Shelley, was born. Here he wrote the last act of "Prometheus Unbound," and, in a wood that skirts the Arno outside of Florence, that wonderful poem, the "Ode to the West Wind," of which William Sharp says: "There is not in our language a lyrical poem more epically grand." Professor Dowden says, in it "there is a union of lyrical breadth with lyrical intensity unsurpassed in English song."

"Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be thou my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

Truly says Andrew Lang to Shelley in his "Letters to Dead Authors," "Your voice is as the voice of winds and tides, and, perhaps, more deathless than all of these, and only perishable with the perishing of the human spirit."

"The Cenci" was offered to Covent Garden Theatre and to Drury Lane, but refused on account of the repulsiveness of the story. The beautiful Beatrice Cenci killed her father, who was a monster of vice, and

she, with her stepmother and her brother, died on the scaffold. Mrs. Shelley regards the fifth act of "The Cenci" as the finest thing her husband ever wrote. "The Prometheus Unbound" fell still-born from the press. This was disheartening to a poet who had written, —

> "Chameleons feed on light and air:
> Poets' food is love and fame."

"Nothing is more difficult and unwelcome," said Shelley, a year before his death, "than to write without a confidence of finding readers. . . . It is impossible to compose, except under the strong excitement of an assurance of finding sympathy in what you write. . . . I can only print my writings by stinting myself in food."

Prometheus, in Shelley's drama, says Symonds, "is the humane vindicator of love, justice, and liberty, as opposed to Jove, the tyrannical oppressor, and creator of all evil by his selfish rule. Prometheus is the mind of man idealized, the spirit of our race, as Shelley thought it made to be. Jove is the incarnation of all that thwarts its free development. . . . Prometheus resists Jove to the uttermost; endures all torments, physical and moral, that the tyrant plagues him with, secure in his own strength, and calmly expectant of an hour which shall hurl Jove from heaven, and leave the spirit of good triumphant. That hour arrives: Jove disappears; the burdens of the world and men are suddenly removed; a new age of peace and freedom and illimitable energy begins; the whole universe partakes in emancipation; the spirit of the earth no longer groans in pain, but sings alternate love-songs

with his sister orb, the moon; Prometheus is re-united in indissoluble bonds to his old love, Asia."

As Mrs. Shelley says, "Through the whole poem there reigns a sort of calm and holy spirit of love; it soothes the tortured, and is hope to the expectant, till the prophecy is fulfilled, and Love, untainted by any evil, becomes the law of the world."

Of this poem, William Rossetti writes: "The immense scale and boundless scope of the conception; the marble majesty and extra-mundane passions of the personages; the sublimity of ethical aspiration; the radiance of ideal and poetic beauty which saturates every phase of the subject, and almost (as it were) wraps it from sight at times, and transforms it out of sense into spirit; the rolling river of great sound and lyrical rapture; form a combination not to be matched elsewhere, and scarcely to encounter competition."

Among the choicest passages in the Prometheus are the "Hymn to Asia," —

"Life of Life! thy lips enkindle,"

and Asia's answer, —

"My soul is an enchanted boat."

Professor J. C. Shairp says of these lyrics: "Exquisitely beautiful as they are, they are, however, beautiful as the mirage is beautiful, and as unsubstantial. There is nothing in the reality of things answering to Asia. She is not human, she is not divine. There is nothing moral in her — no will, no power to subdue evil: only an exquisite essence, a melting loveliness. There is in her no law, no righteousness; something which may enervate, nothing which can brace the soul."

This year, 1819, were also written the spirited "Songs

and Poems for the Men of England." He meditated writing a work, the "Philosophical View of Reform," which should show the progress and condition of society in England, France, Spain, Germany, and the United States, and the causes of such progress.

Like Byron, Shelley was deeply interested in America, and greatly admired Washington. "As a warrior and statesman," said Shelley, "he was righteous in all he did, unlike all who lived before or since; he never used his power but for the benefit of his fellow-creatures."

Shelley believed the "abolition of the national debt, disbanding of standing armies, cessation of tithes (due regard, however, being had to vested interests), the attainment of absolute freedom for opinions and their public expression, and the rendering of justice cheap, speedy, and secure," some of the measures needed for a better state of things in England.

In the early part of 1820, the Shelleys moved to Pisa, as his health seemed better in that city. Here he wrote one of his most popular lyrics, "Ode to a Skylark," the "Witch of Atlas," prodigal in its fancy, that piece of word-music, "The Cloud," and the exquisite "Sensitive Plant."

"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire:
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

. . . . . .

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

. . . . . .

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now."

The music seemed sweeter as the singer drew near the close of life. There was not so much of the restless, eager desire to make the world anew; he had been forced to learn a sublimer patience.

"The Cloud" will remain "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

. . . . . .

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof
The stars peep behind her and peer:
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

. . . . . .

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky:
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And, out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again."

The "Sensitive Plant" was prompted by the flowers which grew in Mrs. Shelley's drawing-room.

"A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night."

Shelley himself is the "companionless Sensitive Plant," which "desires what it has not, the beautiful!" Forever longing for something unattained; "always," as he said, "in love with something or other; the error, and I confess it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it, consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is, perhaps, eternal." From this longing resulted the fervid "Epipsychidion," written in 1821.

A beautiful and noble lady, Emilia Viviani, had been confined in a convent to await a marriage with a man whom she did not love. Both Shelley and his wife became very fond of her, and visited her often. To Shelley she seemed the ideal for which he had been searching all his life — the spiritual affinity. He loved Mary, but did not seem entirely satisfied with his

home life. How often we find and praise good qualities outside our homes, and forget to find and praise them inside our homes! Mrs. Shelley was troubled on account of the never-ending necessities of Godwin, her father, for whom Shelley had already pledged himself to pay about six thousand pounds; Claire was an annoyance; "Mary can't bear solitude, nor I society," said Shelley, "the quick coupled with the dead." Possibly Shelley expected too much of the uncultivated Harriet, too much of the cultivated Mary; possibly Mary expected too much of the platonic Shelley.

The poem to Emilia, "Epipsychidion," probably a diminutive of endearment, from *Epipsyche*, is one of the most beautiful love-poems in our language.

"Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of woman
All that is insupportable in thee
Of light, and love, and immortality!
Sweet Benediction in the eternal Curse!
Veiled glory of this lampless Universe!
. . . . . .
Art thou not void of guile,
A lovely soul formed to be blest and bless?
. . . . . .
A smile amid dark frowns? a gentle tone
Amid rude voices? a beloved light?
A Solitude, a Refuge, a delight?
. . . . . .
See where she stands! a mortal shape indued
With love, and life, and light, and deity,
And motion, which may change but cannot die;
An image of some bright eternity;
A shadow of some golden dream;
. . . . . .
In solitudes
Her voice came to me through the whispering woods,

And from the fountains, and the odors deep
Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring in their sleep
Of the sweet kisses which had lulled them there,
Breathed but of *her* to the enamoured air:
And from the breezes, whether low or loud,
And from the rain of every passing cloud,
And from the singing of the summer-birds,
And from all sounds, all silence."

The home of the lovers is to be

"An isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise.

. . . . . .

The light, clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
Which floats like mist, laden with unseen showers,
And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep;
And, from the moss, violets and jonquils peep,
And dart their arrowy odor through the brain
Till you might faint with that delicious pain."

Swinburne says of "Epipsychidion": "By the depth and exaltation of its dominant idea, by the rapture of the music and the glory of the color which clothe with sound and splendor the subtle and luminous body of its thought, by the harmony of its most passionate notes, and the humanity of its most godlike raptures, it holds a foremost place in the works of that poet who has now for two generations ruled and moulded the hearts and minds of all among his countrymen to whom the love of poetry has been more than a fancy or a fashion: who has led them by the light of his faith, by the spell of his hope, by the fire of his love, on the way of thought which he himself had followed in the track of the greatest who had gone before him — of Æschylus, of Lucretius, of Milton; . . . and of whom, whether we class him as second or as third among English poets, it

must be in either case conceded that he holds the same rank in lyric as Shakespeare in dramatic poetry — supreme, and without a second of his race."

Emilia Viviani married, lived unhappily, and died early. Shelley said later, "It is an idealized history of my life and feelings. . . . The person whom it celebrates was a cloud instead of a Juno." Disillusion came, and he saw that his goddess was mortal.

The news of Keats's death at Rome, February 23, 1821, produced the polished, stately, mournful "Adonais." It was a favorite with its author, who said, "I confess I should be surprised if *that* poem were born to an immortality of oblivion." Swinburne says, "There are, in the English language, three elegiac poems so great that they eclipse and efface all the elegiac poetry we know; all of Italian, all of Greek. . . . The "Thyrsis" of Matthew Arnold makes a third with "Lycidas" and "Adonais." . . . The first, however, remains first, and must remain; its five opening lines are to me the most musical in all known realms of verse; there is nothing like them; and it is more various, more simple, more large and sublime than the others; lovelier and fuller it cannot be." The portrait which Shelley drew of himself, in this poem, is striking and pitiful.

"Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell;
. . . . . .
A pard-like spirit beautiful and swift —
A love in desolation marked; a Power
Girt round with weakness;
. . . . . .
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart."

The life at Pisa had become pleasanter through some additional friends: Edward Williams, formerly of Eton, with his wife and child, and Edward John Trelawney, twenty-nine years of age, the younger son of an army officer.

Mrs. Williams was a person of great sweetness of nature, charitable, soothing, and musical. In Shelley's hours of depression, he found her cheerful presence a consolation. To her are addressed some of the sweetest love poems of this closing year of his life. They all passed through the hands of her husband to her. "The Invitation," "The Recollection," "To Jane," "The Magnetic Lady to her Patient," and "To a Lady with a Guitar," when he presented her with this instrument, —

> "Ariel to Miranda: — Take
> This slave of music, for the sake
> Of him who is the slave of thee."

His friend Trelawney tells how the latter was written. He found Shelley in a pine forest near the sea. "He was writing verses on a guitar. I picked up a fragment, but could only make out the first two lines. It was a frightful scrawl: words smeared out with his finger, and one upon the other, over and over in tiers, and all run together in most 'admired disorder;' it might have been taken for a sketch of a marsh overgrown with bulrushes, and the blots for wild ducks." Shelley said, "When my brain gets heated with thought, it soon boils, and throws off images and words faster than I can skim them off. In the morning, when cooled down, out of the rude sketch, as you justly call it, I shall attempt a drawing."

The poem to Edward Williams, written in 1821, is painfully sad:

"The serpent is shut out from paradise.
The wounded deer must seek the herd no more
In which its heart-cure lies.
. . . . . .
When I return to my cold home, you ask
Why I am not as I have ever been?
You spoil me for the task
Of acting a forced part on life's dull scene."

Richard Garnett says, referring to this unhappiness of Shelley: "Unquestionably the real cause of the imperfection of sympathy consisted in the impossibility of assuaging the cravings of an imagination perpetually outstripping all human conditions." Helen Moore, in her Life of Mrs. Shelley, says: "The friendship, the affectionate consideration, the unselfish thoughts, the gentle reasonableness of Shelley's love, still were hers; but the ardor, the *esprit*, the essence, had died away." To Mary, whatever slight clouds may have marred the sunshine of their lives, he was ever the "divine Shelley," "a superior being among men, a bright planetary spirit enshrined in an earthly temple."

As the warm weather came on, it was decided to leave Pisa for the Gulf of Spezzia. A house was found, called the Villa Magni, between Lerici and San Terenzio, and thither they came April 26, 1822, the Shelleys and Williamses living together, as two houses could not be obtained near each other. Here Shelley seemed happier than he had been for months. He sailed in his new boat which Byron had christened the Don Juan, but which Shelley called the Ariel, read Spanish, began to write "The Triumph of Life," and listened to Jane's guitar. To the "Indian Air," which she played, he composed the tender lines, "I arise from dreams of thee."

On July 1, Shelley set off with Williams, in the Ariel,

for Leghorn, to meet Leigh Hunt and his family. From Leghorn he drove to Pisa and saw them settled in Byron's Palazzo Lanfranchi. Williams was eager to return, and wrote Jane, his wife, in his last letter: "Take body and soul; for you are at once my heaven and earth." On Shelley's return to Leghorn, he set sail for his home at Lerici, with Williams and the sailor-boy Charles Vivian. Trelawney, detained on board Byron's boat, the Bolivar, in the Leghorn harbor, watched them start, at three in the afternoon. A tempest came up which did not last over twenty minutes, but in it Shelley and his friend went down.

On the third day after the storm, a water-keg and some bottles were found, which had been in Shelley's boat. On July 18, near Via Reggio, the body of Shelley was found, much decomposed, with a volume of Sophocles in one pocket of his jacket, and Keats's poems in the other, doubled back at "The Eve of St. Agnes," as if the reader had hastily thrust it away. The body of Williams was found four miles distant; the sailor-boy not till two weeks later.

The quarantine laws of the Italian coast forbade that bodies cast on the shore and buried in the sands should be disinterred. If the bodies were consumed by fire, and the ashes preserved, it seemed probable that there could be no objection to the removal of the sacred dust. An iron furnace having been made at Leghorn, August 15 the body of Williams was burned, and on August 16 the body of Shelley. Byron, Hunt, and some mounted dragoons were present.

"After the fire was well kindled," says Trelawney, "we repeated the ceremony of the previous day; and more wine was poured ever Shelley's dead body than he

had consumed during his life. This, with the oil and salt, made the yellow flames glisten and quiver. The heat from the sun and fire was so intense that the atmosphere was tremulous and wavy. . . . The fire was so fierce as to produce a white heat on the iron, and to reduce its contents to gray ashes. The only portions that were not consumed were some fragments of bones, the jaw, and the skull; but what surprised us all was that the heart remained entire. In snatching this relic from the fiery furnace, my hand was severely burned." Shelley's heart was given to Hunt, and later to Mrs. Shelley.

Byron could not look on the burning, and went off to his yacht.

The ashes of Shelley were placed in an oak box, lined with black velvet, sent to Rome, and buried in the Protestant cemetery; with these words on the stone:

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Cor Cordium

Natus IV. Aug. MDCCXCII
Obiit VIII. Jul. MDCCCXXII

"Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

The lines are from Shakespeare's "Tempest," Shelley's favorite play.

Stopford Brooke says: "The swift wind and the mysterious sea, the things he loved, slew their lover, — a common fate, — and we hear no more his singing. His work was done, and its twofold nature may well be imaged by the sea that received into its uninhabited

breast his uncompanioned spirit; for, while its central depths know only solitude, over its surface are always passing to and fro the life and the fortunes of humanity."

Matthew Arnold thus contrasts Shelley and Byron: "As a man, Shelley is, at a number of points, immeasurably Byron's superior; he is a beautiful and enchanting spirit, whose vision, when we call it up, has far more loveliness, more charm, for our soul than the vision of Byron. But all the personal charm of Shelley cannot hinder us from discovering, in his poetry, the incurable want, in general, of a sound subject matter, and the incurable fault, in consequence, of unsubstantiality."

Symonds regards Shelley "as the loftiest and most spontaneous singer of our language. Not only did he write the best lyrics, but the best tragedy, the best translations, and the best familiar poems, of his century."

Mary Shelley returned to England in 1823, and died eighteen years afterward, February 21, 1851. Shelley's son, Percy, succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of Timothy, in 1844, and died December 5, 1889, at Boscombe Manor, Bournemouth. He left no children. Mrs. Williams returned to England, and, in 1826, married Thomas Jefferson Hogg. Miss Clairmont died unmarried, in 1879.

. . . . . .

Had Shelley lived, what might the world not have received from his pen! There can be no question as to his transcendent genius, or his sublime faith in the nobility and brotherhood of man. He was unselfish. "He loved everything better than himself," says Trelawney. "He never complained of the world's neglect,

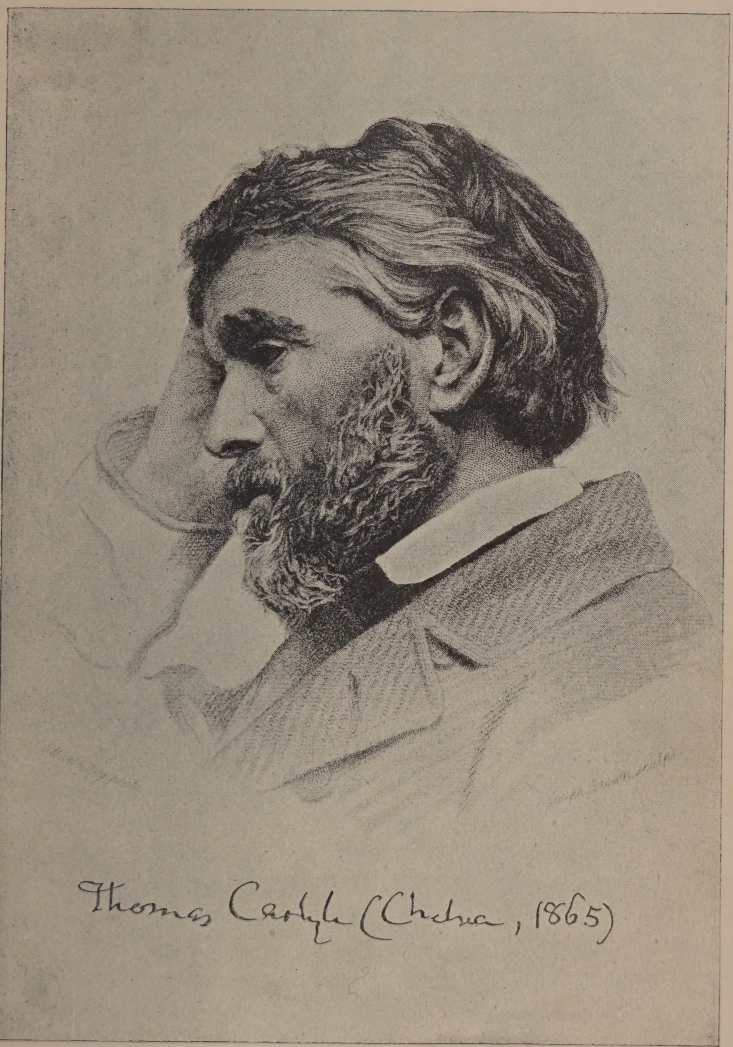
or expressed any other feeling than surprise at the rancorous abuse wasted on an author who had no readers."

Dead before thirty, and so much accomplished!

"Death has set his mark and seal
On all we are and all we feel,
On all we know and all we fear.

. . . . . .

All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves, must fade and perish;
Such is our rude mortal lot —
Love itself would, did they not."


Thomas Carlyle (Chelsea, 1865)

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE was born December 4, 1795, in Ecclefechan, Scotland, about sixteen miles north from Carlisle. His father, James Carlyle, was a mason, earning, at best, only one hundred pounds a year, for his wife and nine children, of whom Thomas was the eldest.

James had married, in his youth, his cousin, Janet, who died early, leaving one son, John; his second wife, Margaret Aitken, "a woman of to me the fairest descent," says Carlyle, "that of the pious, the just, and the wise," was the mother of four sons and five daughters, one of whom was called Janet, after the fair first wife. This girl died when an infant.

The barefooted children were fed on oatmeal, milk, and potatoes; the mother taught them to read, not being able to write — this she learned afterwards, that she might correspond with her idolized son, Thomas; the father taught them arithmetic.

In "Sartor Resartus," in the semi-autobiography of Carlyle, under the name of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, we see the child Thomas: "My first short-clothes were of yellow serge; or rather, I should say, my first short cloth, for the vesture was one and indivisible, reaching from neck to ankle, a mere body with four limbs. . . . Among the rainbow colors that glowed on my horizon lay, even in childhood, a dark ring of care, as yet no thicker than a thread, and often quite overshone; yet always it re-

appeared, nay, ever waxing broader and broader; till, in after years, it almost overshadowed my whole canopy, and threatened to engulf me in final night. It was the ring of necessity, whereby we are all begirt; happy he for whom a kind heavenly Sun brightens it into a ring of Duty, and plays round it with beautiful prismatic diffractions; yet ever, as basis and as bourn for our whole being, it is there."

"It was not a joyful life," says Carlyle of his childhood: "what life is? yet a safe and quiet one, above most others, or any other I have witnessed, a wholesome one. We were taciturn rather than talkative, but if little was said that little had generally a meaning. More remarkable man than my father, I have never met in my journey through life: sterling sincerity in thought, word, and deed."

The shy and thoughtful Thomas was sent to the Annan Grammar School at nine years of age, against the advice of a neighbor, who said to James Carlyle,—

"Educate a boy, and he grows up to despise his ignorant parents."

Years later, the son proved the falsity of such a statement.

His pious mother made Thomas promise that he would never return a blow. He says in "Sartor:" "My schoolfellows were boys, mostly rude boys, and obeyed the impulse of rude nature, which bids the deer-herd fall upon any stricken hart, the duck-flock put to death any broken-winged brother or sister, and, on all hands, the strong tyrannize over the weak." He hated the Annan Grammar School. Alas! that in any civilized land brute force, even among boys, should be tolerated by teachers or parents!

At fourteen, November 9, 1809, Thomas and another lad, Tom Smail, began their walk of more than eighty miles from Ecclefechan to enter the university at Edinburgh. They were too poor to pay for coach-hire, too poor to pay for other than the plainest food when there; oatmeal, potatoes, and a few eggs were sent from home, as a luxury. Could the lad then, in the wildest flight of his imagination, have dreamed that he should ever become rector of that university, with thousands listening to his earnest words?

He wrote, fifty-seven years later: "How strangely weird, how remote and wonderful, tinged with the hues of far-off love and sadness, is that journey! My mother and father walking with me in the dark, frosty November morning, through the village, to set us on our way; my dear and loving mother, her tremulous affection." . . .

At the university, Carlyle liked most of all mathematics; "Tacitus and Vergil became really interesting to me; Homer and Æschylus above all." But he did not care especially for the classics or philosophy.

Froude writes truly, "The teaching at a university is but half what is learned there; the other half, and the most important, is what young men learn from each other." "Among eleven hundred Christian youths," says Teufelsdröckh, "there will not be wanting some eleven eager to learn. By collision with such, a certain warmth, a certain polish was communicated; by instinct and by happy accident, I took less to rioting than to thinking and reading, which latter also I was free to do. Nay, from the chaos of that library I succeeded in fishing up more books than had been known to the keeper thereof."

The college life had much of privation in it, but, also,

much of high purpose and true integrity. On leaving Edinburgh, in 1814, he became mathematical teacher at Annan Academy, elected by competition. He received seventy pounds a year. He was a faithful teacher, though he heartily disliked his work; "a situation flatly contradictory to all ideals or wishes of mine." He shut himself from the society of the little country town, and pored over his books.

He read Newton's "Principia" till three in the morning; read Hume, Rousseau, Shakespeare, and others. He was discontented; he wrote to a friend: "Heaven knows that ever since I have been able to form a wish, the wish of being known has been the foremost. Oh, Fortune! thou that givest unto each his portion in this dirty planet, bestow (if it shall please thee) coronets, and crowns, and principalities, and purses, and puddings, and powers upon the great and noble and fat ones of the earth. Grant me that, with a heart of independence, unyielding to thy favors, and unbending to thy frowns, I may attain to literary fame; and though starvation be my lot, I will smile that I have not been born a king."

Poor, brave, young Thomas Carlyle! Starvation, almost, was to be his lot, but he won the great honor for which he labored, "literary fame;" won it because he had a message for his fellow-men, and wrote it out of his heart. He said years afterward, in his lecture on "Heroes and Hero Worship," which the *élite* of London crowded to hear: "I say of all priesthoods, aristocracies, governing classes at present extant in this world, there is no class comparable for importance to that priesthood of the writers of books. This is a fact which he who runs may read, — and draw inferences from. 'Literature will take care of itself,' answered Mr. Pitt, when applied to

for some help for Burns. 'Yes,' adds Mr. Southey, 'it will take care of itself: *and of you too*, if you do not look to it!'"

In the autumn of 1816, Carlyle was appointed master of a school in Kirkcaldy. Here he became the intimate friend of the eloquent Edward Irving, afterwards the celebrated preacher. They walked and talked together on the long, sandy beach by the sea. Carlyle wrote: "Blessed conquest of a friend in this world! That was mainly all the wealth I had for five or six years running, and it made my life in Kirkcaldy a happy season, in comparison, and a genially useful."

In Irving's study, he found many books which he read eagerly. "Gibbon's history," he says, "was, of all the books, the most impressive on me in my then stage of investigation and state of mind. His winged sarcasms, so quiet and yet so conclusively transpiercing and killing dead, were often admirable, potent, and illustrative to me."

Dr. Richard Garnett well says, —

"Gibbon must have done more for Carlyle than merely to unsettle his opinions. Carlyle must have learned from him how great a thing history is, and have remarked how much greater Gibbon himself would have been if his moral enthusiasm had been more nearly on a par with his industry and his artistic skill. It was Carlyle's mission to combine all these things; and the hours when he devoured Gibbon in Irving's study mark the time when he first consciously turned aside from abstract science to humanity."

Kirkcaldy had still another attraction for Carlyle. Here lived "the fair-complexioned, softly elegant, softly grave, witty, and comely" Margaret Gordon, the "Blumine" of "Sartor Resartus." "Peculiar among all

dames and damosels, glanced Blumine, there in her modesty, like a star among earthly lights, noblest maiden! whom he bent to in body and in soul; yet scarcely dared look at, for the presence filled him with painful yet sweetest embarrassment. . . . The hours seemed moments; holy was he and happy: the words from those sweetest lips came over him like dew on thirsty grass; all better feelings in his soul seemed to whisper, It is good for us to be here. At parting, the Blumine's hand was in his: in the balmy twilight, with the kind stars above them, he spoke something of meeting again, which was not contradicted; he pressed gently those small, soft fingers, and it seemed as if they were not hastily, not angrily, withdrawn. . . .

"Love is not altogether a delirium, yet has it many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the Infinite in the Finite, of the Idea made Real. . . . Was she not to him in very deed a morning-star; did not her presence bring with it airs from Heaven? As from Æolian harps in the breath of dawn, as from the Memnon's statue struck by the rosy finger of Aurora, unearthly music was around him, and lapped him into untried, balmy rest: pale Doubt fled away to the distance; life bloomed up with happiness and hope. . . .

"One morning he found his Morning-star all dimmed and dusky-red; the fair creature was silent, absent, she seemed to have been weeping. Alas, no longer a Morning-star, but a troublous skyey Portent, announcing that the Doomsday had dawned! She said, in a tremulous voice, They were to meet no more!"

Margaret Gordon's aunt had put an end to their acquaintance, and her last letter said, "A long, long adieu: one advice, and as a parting one, consider, value

it. Cultivate the milder dispositions of your heart. . . . In time, your abilities must be known. . . . Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved! Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men by kind and gentle manners."

More than twenty years later, Carlyle met her in Hyde Park, then Lady Bannerman, wife of the governor of Nova Scotia, "when her eyes (but that was all) said to me almost touchingly, Yes, yes, that is you."

Carlyle, having saved ninety pounds by his teaching at Kirkcaldy, removed to Edinburgh in December, 1818, and began the study of law. His parents had expected that he would be a minister, but, "grave prohibitive doubts" having arisen in his mind, he felt unwilling to enter that profession. He had also thought of becoming a civil engineer, but this project was abandoned. In Edinburgh, he earned a little by teaching, and Dr. Brewster, afterwards Sir David, gave him occasional employment on his encyclopædia.

He wrote sixteen articles, beginning with Montesquieu, and ending with Pitt. "Not much money in it," he said, "but a certain drill, and, still better, a sense of accomplishing something." He sent to the Edinburgh Review an article on "The Theory of Gravitation," which was not even acknowledged.

These months were far from happy. Carlyle says, "I was entirely unknown in Edinburgh circles, solitary, eating my own heart, fast losing my health, too, a prey to nameless struggles and miseries which have yet a kind of horror in them to my thoughts."

By long fasts and irregular meals, he had brought dyspepsia upon himself, from which he was a sufferer all the rest of his life. The only brightness in these dark

surroundings was the correspondence with his mother, his love for whom Froude is doubtless correct in saying was the "strongest personal passion which he experienced through all his life." To her no sacrifice was too great to be made, for "Tom." Whatever he earned, be it ever so little, he would share it with her. He wrote her, "If I had but one [sovereign], I cannot see how I could purchase more enjoyment with it than if I shared it with you." She was the one person who believed in him, prayed for him in agony when she thought him unbelieving, and in a transport of joy when she thought him safe in belief. She became ill if she did not hear from him as often as she expected. Now she wrote, "Have you got through the Bible yet? If you have, read it again. . . . Good-night, Tom, for it is a very stormy night, and I must away to the byre to milk. No more from Your old

"MINNIE."

Again, —

"Keep up your heart, my brave boy. . . . I have sent a little butter and a few cakes, with a box to bring home your clothes. Send them all home, that I may wash and sort them once more. Oh, man, could I but write! I'll tell ye a' when we meet. Do send me a long letter; it revives me greatly: and tell me honestly if you read your chapter e'en and morn, lad. . . . Tell me if there is anything you want in particular. I must run to pack the box, so I am

"Your affectionate mother,

"MARGARET CARLYLE."

And Thomas wrote back with his full heart, "I would not have you despair of your *ribe* of a boy. He *will* do something yet. He is a shy, stingy soul, and very likely

has a higher notion of his parts than others have. He is harmless, and possesses the virtue of his country, — thrift; so that, after all, things will yet be right in the end. My love to all the little ones. . . . I am meditating just now to come down to stay a while with you, accompanied with a cargo of books, Italian, German, and others. You will give me yonder little room, and you will waken me every morning about five or six o'clock. Then *such* study. I shall delve in the garden, too, and, in a word, become not only the wisest, but the strongest man in those regions. This is all *claver*, but it pleases one."

Carlyle had become deeply interested in the German language and literature. In January, 1821, he sent a translation from Schiller to some of the London publishers, and an abrupt "No" was returned.

This year, when he was twenty-six, he fought the battle of unbelief, an account of which he gives in "Sartor." "Doubt had darkened into unbelief: shade after shade goes grimly over your soul, till you have the fixed, starless, Tartarean black. . . . Is there no God, then? but, at best, an absentee God, sitting idle ever since the first Sabbath, at the outside of his universe, and seeing it go? Has the word 'duty' no meaning? . . . One circumstance I note; after all the nameless woe that Inquiry, which for me, what it is not always, was genuine love of truth, had wrought me, I nevertheless still loved Truth, and would bate no jot of my allegiance to her."

Carlyle was going down to bathe one day, after "three weeks of total sleeplessness, in which almost my one solace was that of a daily bathe on the sands between Leith and Protobello." The everlasting No of doubt said

to him, "Behold thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine (*the devil's*); to which my whole Me now made answer: *I* am not thine, but Free, and forever hate thee! It is from this hour that I incline to date my spiritual new birth, or Baphometic Fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man."

Carlyle never again lost faith in an all-wise, all-directing Creator, and believed "that all things work together for good to them that love God." He had already abandoned the law, as he found it "pointing towards nothing but money as wages for all that bog pool of disgust."

Matters did not look very bright for Thomas Carlyle. He was living now at the little home at Mainhill, a whitewashed house with three rooms, where the family of ten persons had moved to a farm; was translating the "Elements of Geometry," from the French of Legendre, studying Spanish and Italian, and earning a very small amount of money.

But in 1822 an opening came to him through the friendship of Edward Irving: the position of tutor in the family of a distinguished Anglo-Indian. There were three sons, — Charles Buller, who became a brilliant member of Parliament; Arthur, afterwards Sir Arthur, an Indian judge; and Reginald, later a clergyman. The salary was two hundred pounds yearly.

Carlyle hastened to Edinburgh, where the Bullers were living, and was happy at the prospect of "time for study, and convenience for it, and plenty of cash." He had long desired to send his brother John to the university, that he might become a physician, and now he could aid him.

But Thomas was still restless. Who is not that has

ambition? He wished to write a book, but what? Now he thought he would produce a novel, began, and did not feel himself fitted for it; now he meditated a history; and now a volume of essays. He wrote to John: "Well did old Crispus say, 'Truly that man lives and enjoys existence who is intent on some undertaking, and aims at some excellent attainment.' It is a fact certain that I must write a *book*. Would to Heaven that I had a subject which I could discuss, and at the same time loved to discuss. I cannot say, for certain, whether I have the smallest genius; but I know I have unrest enough to serve a parish. . . . If the edifice I create be but a dog-hutch, it is more honorable to have built a dog-hutch than to have dreamed of building a palace. Therefore, Jack, I mean to try if I can bestir myself."

Carlyle was now twenty-seven. He had met in June of the previous year, 1821, Jane Welsh, the daughter of Dr. Welsh, of Haddington. She was a descendant of John Knox, on her father's side, and of Wallace, on her mother's. Jane Baillie Welsh, an only child, was now twenty, a fair-complexioned young lady, with black hair, large black eyes, slight, graceful figure, and unusually gifted and brilliant in mind. She had been the pupil of Edward Irving, who watched over her development in Vergil and other studies, with deep solicitude, because he loved her.

Unfortunately, while Jane was quite young, Irving had half engaged himself to Isabella Martin, the daughter of the Kirkcaldy minister. When, later, he found that he and his brilliant pupil, who was writing tragedies at fourteen, loved each other, he tried to free himself from his former promise, but the Martin family were unwill-

ing to release him. A thousand times better for all parties had they done so, and each married from the highest affection! Irving married Miss Martin, — the struggle he went through "caused his faith and principles to totter," — tried to make the best of his circumstances, became the brilliant London preacher, then the believer in "tongues," half crazed, so thought the world, and died early.

When Irving could no longer teach Jane Welsh, on account of the pressure of ministerial duties, he asked his friend Carlyle to instruct her. She was eagerly studying, and ambitious to become an author. She read, at Carlyle's suggestion, books on German literature, and wrote to him her views upon them, always bright, original, and vigorous.

While the correspondence was going on, month after month, the interest was deepening on both sides. An intellectual comradeship was coming to be a necessity of two lives. Jane Welsh's father, whom she idolized, was dead; with her mother, of whom though very fond, she did not seem altogether happy; so that the friendship with the poor but brilliant student was all the more gratifying and helpful.

In the summer of 1823, she wrote Carlyle, "I love you. . . . All the best feelings of my nature are concerned in loving you. But, were you my brother, I should love you the same. No, your friend I will be; your truest, most devoted friend, while I breathe the breath of life. But your wife, never, never; not though you were as rich as Crœsus, as honored and renowned as you yet shall be."

And Carlyle wrote back, "You love me as a sister, and will not wed; I love you in all possible senses of the word, and will not wed any more than you."

Carlyle's "Life of Schiller" was now appearing in the London Magazine, and was republished in book form in 1825. His translation of "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" appeared in 1824, and, on being sent to Goethe, received his hearty praise and gratitude in a cordial letter. For this translation, Carlyle received one hundred and eighty pounds for the first edition. If a second edition was called for he was to receive two hundred and fifty pounds for a thousand copies, and then the book was to become his own property.

He wrote to Miss Welsh concerning translating, "It is not unpleasant work, nor is it pleasant. Original composition is ten times as laborious. It is an agitating, fiery, consuming business, when your heart is in it. I can easily conceive a man writing the soul out of him, — writing till it evaporate like the snuff of a farthing candle, — when the matter interests him properly."

From June, 1824, to March, 1825, Carlyle was most of the time in London, with the Bullers. Once he travelled with them to Paris, and the family at Mainhill were so worried, until they were assured of his safety, that nobody thought of laughing or singing. If any one happened to sing or laugh, he or she was reproached by Margaret Carlyle for "lightness of heart." His mother wrote, "Your father says I look as if I would eat your letters."

Well might Carlyle write to his mother, "I am grateful to you for kindness and true affection, such as no other heart will ever feel for me." He was right; other affections came into his life, others loved him, but no other woman ever lived for him as did Margaret Carlyle. No other days were half so precious to him as those when, in after years, when all England was praising him,

he and his mother rode together over the barren moors of Scotland, and smoked their pipes, while she told him she had read through "Wilhelm Meister" and the "French Revolution," and, if she did not quite grasp all, they were beautiful because "her Tom" wrote them. Sweet, uplifting motherhood! For Carlyle it was the one eternal spring in a life that had much of Sahara in it.

While in London, Carlyle met, for the first time, some of the distinguished men. Of Barry Cornwall he said, "He is a poet by the ear and the fancy, but his heart and intellect are not strong. He is a small poet." Coleridge he thought "a kind, good soul; full of religion, and affection, and poetry, and animal magnetism. His cardinal sin is that he wants *will*. He has no resolution. He shrinks from pain or labor in any of its shapes. . . . I reckon him a man of great and useless genius; a strange, not at all a great man." Of Thomas Campbell he said, "His poetic vein is failing, or has run out. He has a Glasgow wife, and their only son is in a state of idiotcy. I sympathized with him; I could have loved him, but he has forgot the way to love."

In Paris, he heard Cuvier lecture; he met Legendre, whose geometry he had translated, and who took him to a session of the Institute; Laplace, Poisson, the mathematician; heard Talma, the actor, and others.

With the money received for the translations and from the Bullers, Thomas was providing for John in college, and starting his brother Alexander in business as a farmer. "What any brethren of our father's house possess," he said, "I look on as common stock, from which all are entitled to draw whenever their convenience requires it. Feelings far nobler than pride are my guides in such matters."

He was tired of teaching, and regretted that he had no profession. When John grew weary of medicine and wished to be an author, Thomas wrote him, "To conquer our inclinations, of whatever sort, is a lesson which all men have to learn, and the man who learns it soonest will learn it easiest. . . . It is a noble thing to have a profession by the end: it makes a man independent of all mortals. He is richer than a lord, for no *external* change can destroy the possession which he has acquired for himself. . . . It is galling and heart-burning to live on the precarious windfalls of literature; and the idea that one has not time for practising an honest calling is stark delusion. . . . I could practise the most laborious doctor's occupation at this moment in less time than I am constrained to devote to toiling in that which cannot permanently profit, and serves only to make a scanty provision for the day that is passing over me."

In 1824, after two years with the Bullers, Carlyle resigned his position. "I was selling," he says, "the very quintessence of my spirit for two hundred pounds a year." He was suffering from dyspepsia, and allowed himself to complain to his family more than he ought.

He wrote to his father: "I often grieve for the uneasiness my complaining costs you and my dear mother, who is of feebler texture in that respect than you. By this time she must be beginning to understand me; to know that when I shout 'murder,' I am not always being killed. The truth is, complaint is the natural resource of uneasiness, and I have none that I care to complain to but you."

In 1825, the "Life of Schiller" appeared, which the great Goethe so much admired that he had it translated into German. Froude thinks, "Few literary biographies

in the English language equal it for grace, for brevity, for clearness of portraiture, and artist-like neglect of the unessentials."

Carlyle was now thirty years of age. He had sent "Schiller" to his mother, saying, "The point next to be considered is, what shall be done with the author of this mighty work? He is a deserving youth, with a clear conscience, but a bad, bad stomach. What shall be done with him?"

He had arranged with the publishers of "Wilhelm Meister" to furnish them with translations from Goethe, Tieck, Hoffman, Jean Paul, and others, which appeared in 1827, in four volumes, as "German Romance."

He decided now to live near Mainhill, and yet in a house where he could be quiet for his work. The farm of Hoddam Hill, two miles from Mainhill, was leased for one hundred pounds a year; Alick took charge of it, and Thomas came thither with his books. Here he made his daily stint ten pages of translation. "This year," he says, "I found that I had conquered all my scepticisms, agonizing doubtings, fearful wrestlings with these foul, vile, and soul-murdering wind-gods of my epoch . . . and was emerging free in spirit into the eternal blue of ether, where, blessed be Heaven, I have, for the spiritual part, ever since lived." Differences with the landlord broke up the Hoddam Hill home after a time.

Carlyle had now become engaged to the brilliant Jane Welsh. She could not be the wife of Irving, whom she admitted she had passionately loved, and of whom she said, "Had I married him, the 'tongues' would never have been heard." Very likely not. Her affection and good-sense would have kept his restless life in equilibrium. She might well appreciate the intellect of Carlyle, whom

Goethe spoke of "as a new moral force, the extent and effects of which it was impossible to predict." But she had told Carlyle plainly, "I love you, and I should be the most ungrateful and injudicious of mortals if I did not. But I am not *in love* with you; that is to say, my love for you is not a passion which overclouds my judgment and absorbs all my regards for myself and others. It is a simple, honest, serene affection, made up of admiration and sympathy, and better, perhaps, to found domestic enjoyment on than any other. In short, it is a love which *influences*, does not *make*, the destiny of a life." She was not satisfied with the precarious income of literature, and urged him to a "moderate but *settled* income."

"My heart is capable (I feel it is) of a love to which *no* deprivation would be a sacrifice, — a love which would overleap that reverence for opinion with which education and weakness have begirt my sex, would bear down all the restraints which *duty* and *expediency* might throw in the way, and carry every thought of my being impetuously along with it. But the all-perfect mortal who could inspire me with a love so extravagant is nowhere to be found, exists nowhere but in the romance of my own imagination. Perhaps it is better for me as it is. A passion like the torrent in the violence of its course might, perhaps, too, like the torrent, leave ruin and desolation behind."

Carlyle foresaw the dangers in the life of poverty which they would be almost sure to encounter. What property had been left Jane by her father, she had given to her mother for her lifetime, to revert to Carlyle himself, in the event of the death of Mrs. Welsh. In a manly way, he offered to release her from

her engagement. He wrote her: "If you judge it fit, I will take you to my heart this very week. If you judge it fit, I will this very week forswear you forever. More I cannot do; but all this, when I compare myself with you, it is my duty to do. . . . Look round with calm eyes on the persons you mention, and if there is any one among them whose wife you had rather be — I do not mean whom you love better than me, but whose wife, all things considered, you had rather be than mine — then I call upon you, I, your brother and friend through every fortune, to accept that man and leave me to my destiny.

"But if, on the contrary, my heart and hand, with the barren and perplexed destiny which promises to attend them, shall, after all, appear the best that this poor world can offer you, then take me and be content with me, and do not vex yourself with struggling to alter what is unalterable, — to make a man who is poor and sick suddenly become rich and healthy. You tell me you often weep when you think what is to become of us. It is unwise in you to weep. If you are reconciled to be *my* wife (not the wife of an ideal *me*, but the simple, actual, prosaic *me*), there is nothing frightful in the future. *I* look into it with more and more confidence and composure."

Neither could give up the other; so with hope, and yet with forebodings for the untried future, Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh were married October 17, 1826, he nearly thirty-two, and she twenty-five, and made their home in a cottage, 21 Comely Bank, Edinburgh.

For forty years they lived and struggled together, much of the time in poverty, often in sorrow. She helped nobly to economize, to make it possible for him

to become great, but she was not always happy. She said, near the close of her life, "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him, — and I am miserable."

Carlyle had allowed himself to complain early in life, and he did not refrain now. To fret before a mother was one thing — before a wife, quite another. With what tears of anguish he lamented this lack of self-control when it was too late! He had not learned from our own self-centred Emerson "not so much as to name sickness." The latter knew by intuition, if not by observation, that our best friends have no wish to hear of pains and dyspeptic imaginings. The world has little room for complainers of bodily ills, or grumblers at outward circumstances.

But the life went on pleasantly at Comely Bank. He wrote to his mother, "The house is a perfect model, furnished with every accommodation that heart could desire; and for my wife, I may say in my heart that she is far better than any wife, and loves me with a devotedness which it is a mystery to me how I have ever deserved. She is gay and happy as a lark, and looks with such soft cheerfulness into my gloomy countenance that new hope passes into me every time I meet her eye."

The cultivated of Edinburgh found a pleasant retreat at Comely Bank. Carlyle was shy, and for the most part averse to meeting people; but Mrs. Carlyle, with her wit and cheer and tact, was a general favorite. De Quincey, Sir William Hamilton, Wilson, — Christopher North, — and Jeffrey, of the Edinburgh Review, came to the cottage. The acquaintance of the last-named proved especially fortunate.

Carlyle was, as ever, reading Schelling, Kant, Heine,

Burton, Mendelssohn, Herder, and vexing himself over a book to be written. The translations did not sell. He felt, as did his wife, the need of a *settled* income, but there seemed to be no open door. The purse was growing lighter. When matters looked dismal indeed, Jeffrey offered to receive some essays from the pen of Carlyle.

He at once set to work on "Jean Paul," followed by an article on "German Literature," "Werner," Goethe's "Helena," and a longer one on Goethe himself. Goethe had been so pleased with the "Life of Schiller" and the volumes of German Romance, that he sent to Comely Bank his poems, in "five beautiful little volumes, for the valued marriage pair Carlyle; two other books for myself; then two medals, one of Goethe himself and another of his father and mother; and, lastly, the prettiest wrought-iron necklace, with a little figure of the poet's face set in gold, for 'my dear spouse,' and a most dashing pocketbook for me. In the box containing the necklace, and in each pocket of the pocketbook, were cards, each with a verse of poetry on it in the old master's own hand. . . . It was all extremely graceful," he writes his mother, "affectionate and patriarchal. You may conceive how much it pleased us. I believe a ribbon with the order of the Garter would scarcely have flattered either of us more."

The old need of a "settled income" still pressed itself upon the Carlyles. Efforts were made by friends to obtain the æsthetical professorship in London University, or that of moral philosophy in St. Andrew's University, but without avail. Carlyle seemed destined to work in literature, whether he starved or not.

At the end of eighteen months, Carlyle decided to

leave Comely Bank and go to Craigenputtock, a lonely farm which belonged to his wife, and which his brother Alick was now superintending. Carlyle said, "At the Craig, if we stick together as we have done, we may fairly bid defiance to the constable. Praised be Heaven! for, of all curses, that of being bailed for debt, or even frightened of falling into it, is surely the bitterest."

Craigenputtock is sixteen miles from Dumfries, seven hundred feet above the sea, "the dreariest spot in all the British dominions," says Froude. "The manor-house, solid and gaunt, and built to stand for centuries, lies on a slope, protected by a plantation of pines, and surrounded by a few acres of reclaimed grass land, — a green island in the midst of heathery hills, sheep-walks, and undrained peat-bogs."

No wonder Jane Carlyle hated to go to this lonely place to live, away from the delightful society of Edinburgh! When Carlyle had suggested it before their marriage, she had written him that she "could not spend a month there with an angel." She was not vigorous in body, and would find it difficult to keep servants.

Carlyle has been greatly blamed for taking his wife into this solitude, with no neighbor within a mile. Perhaps he could have earned enough money to keep hunger from the door in Edinburgh, but he dared not attempt it longer. He could write better, he thought, where it was quiet. His wife was always longing to write before marriage — why did she not now seize her opportunity, and give something to the world? She had trials, of course. She had great difficulty in making bread. "Knowing nothing about the process of fermentation or the heat of ovens, it came to pass that my loaf got put into the oven at the time that myself ought to

have been put into bed," she wrote to a friend; "and I remained the only person not asleep in a house in the middle of a desert." This was unfortunate, but other young wives have had similar experiences, and lived through them.

Mrs. Carlyle was busy, but she had time for music, for needlework, and could have written books if her *will* had been strong enough to overcome obstacles. She had will-power, but she did not use it for the one purpose to which she had hoped to consecrate her life. Probably she would have been happier if she had carried out her girlish plans of being an author. Society, no doubt, was a great comfort to Mrs. Carlyle, with her cheerful nature and brilliant mind, and her husband, buried in his books, had little time to give her. He wandered alone over the moors, absorbed in thought. He was too much absorbed. He who wrote so much and so beautifully about Duty left a duty very near him undone: that of being companionable to his wife. Sometimes we see a man or woman social in the world, and taciturn at home. And most of us have seen some unhappy homes in consequence!

As a rule, a woman expects to live where her husband finds it for his best interests to live, but he is under obligations to make that place of abode as pleasant to her as possible. The Carlyles were poor. Jane Welsh married him knowing all the circumstances, and there was but one thing to do — make the best of it. She did make the best of it — made over dresses and bonnets, and saved to the uttermost, but was not always even-tempered. Perhaps none of us would have been!

Seven years were spent at Craigenputtock, — years in which Carlyle did much important work for the world, — but the remembrance of them was very sad after Jane

Carlyle had left his home forever. Most of us do no very prominent deeds. Our lives are spent in earning daily bread or in caring for households; and if the home-life is spoiled by lack of appreciation, or lack of self-control, then all is in shadow. Once established at Craigenputtock, Carlyle began his literary work; his first article being a brilliant essay on Burns. Goethe considered it so good that he translated long passages from it. Then "Voltaire" was written, then "Novalis," the "Signs of the Times," and other articles.

"I write hard all day," Thomas wrote to his brother John, whom he had sent to Munich to finish his medical studies, and was depriving himself of nearly every comfort to do so, "and then Jane and I, both learning Spanish for the last month, read a chapter of 'Don Quixote' between dinner and tea, and are already half through the first volume and eager to persevere. After tea I sometimes write again, being dreadfully slow at the business, and then generally go over to Alick and Mary, and smoke my last pipe with them; and so I end the day, having done little good, perhaps, but almost no ill, that I could help, to any creature of God's."

At Christmas, Mrs. Carlyle went to Templand, fifteen miles away, to visit her mother. From that place she wrote to her husband: "Goody, dear Goody [her pet name for him], you said you would weary, and I do hope in my heart you are wearying. It will be so sweet to make it all up to you in kisses when I return. You will *take me* and hear all my bits of experiences, and your heart will beat when you find how I have longed to return to you. Darling, dearest, loveliest. 'The Lord bless you.' I think of you every hour, every moment. I love you and admire you like — like anything."

In 1830, Carlyle mentions in his notebook that he had at one time but five pounds remaining. That winter his wife was ill and threatened with diphtheria. John was writing dispirited letters from Germany. Thomas wrote back: "'Stout heart to a stay brae' then, my brave boy! There is nothing in the world to frighten a clear heart. . . . Be my real stout brother as of old, and I will take you to my heart and name you proudly, though in the world's eye you were the lowest of the low."

Jeffrey, knowing Carlyle's circumstances, generously offered him an annuity of one hundred pounds, "which annual sum," says Carlyle, "had it fallen on me from the clouds, would have been of very high convenience at the time, but which I could not for a moment have dreamed of accepting as gift or subventionary help from any fellow-mortal. It was at once in my handsomest, gratefullest, but brief and conclusive way, declined from Jeffrey."

Carlyle was steadily working, but earning only a pittance. He says in his diary of this year: "Writing is a dreadful labor, yet not so dreadful as *idleness*. . . . Am about beginning the second volume of that German Lit. History; dreadfully lazy to start. I know and feel that it will be a trivial, insignificant book, do what I can; yet the writing of it sickens me and inflames my nerves as if it were a poem!

"I am 'a dismembered limb,' and feel it again too deeply. Was I ever other? Stand to it tightly, man, and do thy utmost. Thou hast little or no hold on the world; promotion will never reach thee, nor true fellowship with any active body of men; but hast thou not still a hold on thyself?"

When "German Literature" was finished, it could not

find a publisher. A first sketch of "Sartor Resartus" had been offered to London magazine editors and "declined with thanks."

Saddest of all, the first death came this year, 1830, to the Carlyle family. He thus writes to John of the death of their sister Margaret: "Some hours before, our mother had begged her forgiveness if she had ever done her anything wrong; to which the dying one answered, 'Oh, no, no, mother, never, never,' earnestly yet quietly and without tears. . . . I kissed her in the winding-sheet about six o'clock, beautiful in death, and kissed her pale brow. not without warm tears, which I could not check. . . . I have often thought she had attained all in life that life could give her — a just, true, meekly invincible, completed character, which I, and so many others, by far more ambitious paths, seek for in vain. She was in some points, I may say deliberately, superior to any woman I have ever seen. Her simple clearness of head and heart, her perfect fairness, and quiet, unpretending, brief decisiveness in thought, word, and act, made up so true and brave a spirit as, in that unaffected guise, we shall hardly look upon again. . . . I dream of her almost nightly, and feel not, indeed, sorrow, for what is life but a continual dying? yet a strange obstruction and haunting remembrance."

Alick had lost three hundred pounds during his four years on the farm at Craigenputtock, and was now obliged to leave it, going away with "twelvepence of copper, the whole disposable capital of both our households." The farm horses had to be sold. His pet horse, Larry, had died from overwork. John could get no practice, and Thomas had offered him a home at Craigenputtock. He hated periodical writing, for payment was often

delayed or forgotten, and "incessant scribbling is inevitable death to thought," he said.

A second paper on "Schiller," and another on "Jean Paul," long sought a publisher, but finally were taken by Fraser, and the Foreign Review. Under such poverty and sorrow, "Sartor Resartus" was written, enlarged from the sketch which he had tried to sell to the magazines. Froude says: "A wild sorrow sounds through its sentences like the wind over the strings of an Æolian harp."

The book being finished, Carlyle permitted himself to borrow fifty pounds from Jeffrey, that he might go to London, and find, if possible, a publisher. Nearly three years had gone by on the lonely farm. The poverty which Jane Welsh feared was, indeed, their constant companion. The night before going, he says, "Her words had a guise of sport, but were profoundly plaintive in meaning."

At two o'clock on the morning of August 4, 1831, the shy, proud Carlyle started for London with his manuscript. Mrs. Carlyle had read it, and said, "My dear, this is a work of genius." But would the London publishers think the same?

As soon as he had found a lodging-place, he wrote to his wife: "It is very sweet, in the midst of this soul-confusing phantasmagoria, to know that I have a fixed possession elsewhere; that my own Jeannie is thinking of me, loving me; that her heart is no dream like all the rest. Oh, love me, my dearest — always love me. I am richer with thee than the whole world could make me otherwise. . . . I will be back to her; not an hour will I lose. Heaven knows the sun shines not on the spot that could be pleasant to me where she were not."

He offered the book to Murray, who could not examine it for a month. Fraser would publish it if Carlyle would give *him* one hundred and fifty pounds sterling! "I think you had better wait a little," said an Edinburgh advocate, when he heard of the proposition.

"Yes," said Carlyle, "it is my purpose to wait to the end of eternity for it!"

Jeffrey urged Murray to publish, and he consented, but soon grew alarmed at his bargain, and the contract was cancelled. Not overcome, even if somewhat discouraged, Carlyle wrote his mother: "Little money, I think, will be had for my work, but I will have it printed if there be a man in London that will do it, even without payment to myself. If there be no such man, why, then, what is to be done but tie a piece of good *skeenyie* about my papers, stick the whole in my pocket, and march home again with it, where, at least, potatoes and onions are to be had, and I can wait till better times. . . . The Giver of all Good has enabled me to write the thing, and also to do *without* any pay for it: the pay would have been wasted away and flitted out of the bit, as other pay does; but if there stand any truth recorded there, *it* will not flit."

He was right. How many thousands have read "Sartor Resartus" since that day, and the "truth recorded there" has remained with them through life!

To his wife, Carlyle wrote: "I love you for your *bravery*, and because you have the heart of a valiant woman. Oh, my darling, is it conceivable that we should live divided in this unfriendly scene? Crown me with all laurels that ever decorated man's brow: were it other than the bitterest of mockeries if *she* who had struggled with me were not there to share it?"

Although "Sartor" could not find a publisher, and was carried back to Craigenputtock, a stray gleam of light now came into the darkness. John, through Jeffrey's influence, had become travelling physician to the Countess of Clare, with a salary of three hundred guineas a year. He could now pay back a portion of the two hundred and forty pounds spent upon his education by Thomas, so that the author would not starve just yet, even if nobody wanted "Sartor."

An article on Luther had been offered to the Edinburgh Review, but was not accepted. However, the editor thought he would take an essay on Thomas Hope's book on Man, which Carlyle at once made the text for a paper which he called "Characteristics."

He was now thirty-six; little prospect, indeed, that he would become "the great and deathless writer" who would be offered burial in Westminster Abbey, and be mourned by two continents! What wonder that he was becoming tired of the long delay in the recognition of his genius! He wrote his wife: "Oh, my dear Jeannie, do help me to be a little softer, to be a little merciful to *all* men, even gigmen. Why should a man, though bilious, never so 'nervous,' impoverished, bug-bitten, and bedevilled, let Satan have dominion over him? . . . Nevertheless, we will prevail, I tell thee: by God's grace, we will and shall."

Jane Carlyle had been made ill by her loneliness and anxiety, and, after her husband had been absent six weeks, she joined him in London. Here friends came to see them; the manly John Stuart Mill, Leigh Hunt, who afterward wrote, out of compliment to Mrs. Carlyle, the song, "Jenny kissed me;" Edward Irving, and others.

In 1832, a deep sorrow came to Carlyle, in the death of his honored father. September 21, 1831, James Carlyle's last note came: "I cannot write you a letter, but just tell you that I am a frail old sinner that is very likely never to see you any more in this world. . . . May we be daily dying to sin and living to righteousness. And may the God of Jacob be with you and bless you, and keep you in His ways and fear." January 22, the good man died without a struggle. The sister Jean sent the sad news in a letter, the mother adding a single line: "It is God that has done it; be still, my dear children."

As Carlyle could not attend the funeral, he spent the intervening days in writing the memoir, published in the "Reminiscences." He says in that: "In several respects, I consider my father as one of the most interesting men I have ever known. He was a man of perhaps the very largest natural endowment of any it has been my lot to converse with. . . . A virtue he had which I should learn to imitate. He *never spoke of what was disagreeable and past.* Another virtue, the example of which has passed strongly into me, was his settled, placid indifference to the clamors or the murmurs of public opinion. . . . This great maxim of philosophy he had gathered by the teaching of nature alone, — that man was created to work, not to speculate, or feel, or dream. . . . He had the most entire and open contempt for all idle tattle. Any talk that had meaning in it he could listen to. . . . Religion was the pole-star to my father. Rude and uncultivated as he otherwise was, it made him and kept him 'in all points a man.' . . . I have a sacred pride in my peasant father, and would not exchange him, even now, for any king known to me."

Carlyle wrote his mother, asking her and the children

to read together for their comfort, "in Matthew's Gospel, that passion and death, and farewell blessing and command, of Jesus of Nazareth; and see if you can understand and feel what is the divine depth of sorrow; and how even by suffering and sin man is lifted up to God, and in great darkness there shines a light."

After six months in London, Carlyle and his wife returned to the desolate Craigenputtock in April.

"The Death of Goethe" was at once written for Lytton Bulwer's magazine, and a concluding article on Goethe for the Foreign Quarterly. While the quiet of the place was helpful, he sadly missed a library, recording in his journal: "What a sad want I am in of libraries, of books to gather facts from! Why is there not a Majesty's library in every county town? There is a Majesty's jail and gallows in every one! . . . I have no books, cannot by any convenient contrivance get any books; a little money in this, as in one or two other matters, might do something for me. . . . The only university you can advantageously found were a public library. This is *never* out of season."

Truly said John Bright, "It is impossible for any man to bestow a greater benefit upon a young man than to give him access to books in a free library." And men of wealth in America are fast learning this, and dotting this whole great country with free libraries.

Carlyle's labor went steadily on. He wrote a paper on Diderot. To do this, he read Diderot's works, twenty-five large volumes, staying at his desk from nine in the morning till ten at night, only stopping to eat and smoke. Each day, except Sunday, he finished a volume; on that day, he read to his wife, maid, and stable-boy from the Scriptures. He wrote in his journal,

"A stronger force of what I call 'desperate hope' is gathering in me; I feel a kind of defiant assurance that much shall yet be well with me." He wrote John that he was getting "fuller of this desperate hope. We shall see what will come of it."

"I thank Heaven I have still a boundless appetite for reading. I have thoughts of lying buried alive here for many years, forgetting all stuff about 'reputation,' success, and so forth, and resolutely setting myself to gain insight, by the only method not shut out from me — that of books. Two articles (of fifty pages) in the year will keep me living. For the rest, I really find almost that I do *best* when *forgotten* of men, and nothing above or around me but the imperishable heaven. It never wholly seems to me that I am to die in this wilderness: a feeling is always dimly with me that I am to be called out of it, and have work fit for me before I depart."

In January, 1833, Carlyle and his wife were in Edinburgh, that he might have access to a library. Both were still hoping for some work that would bring a "settled income." A professorship at Glasgow was vacant. Jeffrey could help by his influence. Carlyle did not obtain the place, however. He said plaintively, "My own private impression is that I shall never get any promotion in this world, and happy shall I be if Providence enable me only to stand my own friend. That is, or should be, all the prayer I offer to Heaven."

"Meanwhile," he says, "I have been reading violently about the Scotch Kirk, in Knox, and others; about the French Revolution, in Thiers, which Mill sent me; about the Diamond Necklace; the Greek Revolt; and what not. I read with the appetite of one long starved; am oftenest of all in the Advocates' Library, and dig,

not without result, there. My head is never empty; neither is my heart, though the contents of both are, by times, *rugged* enough. They must even be elaborated, made smooth and sweet. I could write whole volumes, were there any outlet: and will (if God spare me) both write them and find an outlet." He did find an outlet, but he waited long years for it.

In May, they went back to Craigenputtock; Carlyle to write the "Diamond Necklace," and to send "Sartor" "cut in pieces and produced limb by limb in Fraser's Magazine."

Now and then "the desert," as Jane Carlyle called it, became endurable when Jeffrey and his wife came to visit them, or Mrs. Welsh, her mother, came from Templand. In August of this year, 1833, another visitor came, a young man from across the Atlantic, who, strangely enough, knew that there was a great mind on that lonely moorland. Emerson, with his own shining intellect, had discerned that this true thinker, this almost unknown man, was one of the coming forces in the history of civilization. He brought a letter of introduction; stayed over night, and they talked of books.

Carlyle wrote his mother that this young man "seemed to be one of the most lovable creatures in himself we had ever looked on. He stayed till next day with us, and talked and heard talk to his heart's content, and left us all really sad to part with him. Jane says it is the first journey since Noah's Deluge undertaken to Craigenputtock for such a purpose. In any case, we had a cheerful day from it, and ought to be thankful."

Dr. Garnett fittingly says, "Never since Macbeth encountered the witches, had there been so memorable a meeting on a Scotch moor."

Carlyle had now about decided to write the "French Revolution." He wished to go to Paris for inquiry, but had no money. He learned from a paragraph in a newspaper that a new Astronomy Professorship was about to be established in Edinburgh, and that a chair in Rhetoric was likely to be vacant. He tried, through Jeffrey, to obtain either of these positions — and failed. He felt hurt on account of a letter which Jeffrey sent, but his wise mother said, when he wrote her the purport of the missive, "He canna hinder thee of God's providence," "which," adds Carlyle, "was a glorious truth."

Meantime, Mrs. Carlyle, ill and worn with anxiety, had gone with her mother for a change of air. He wrote her, "Take a little amusement, dear Goody, if thou canst get it. God knows little comes to thee with me, and thou art right patient under it. But, courage, dearest! . . . The accursed, baleful cloud that has hung over my existence *must* (I feel it) dissipate, and let in the sun which shines on all. It *must*, I say."

The "Diamond Necklace" had proved unsalable, and "Sartor" was considered, says Froude, the work of a "literary maniac." "On the whole," he wrote John, "it is a contending world; and he that is born into it must fight for his place or lose it. If we are under the *right flag*, let the world do its worst and heartily welcome."

He had determined now to try life in London, and, if he failed, he would go to America, where Emerson thought his writings would be welcomed. "With two hundred pounds," he wrote John, "we fancy the *rigor* of *economy* may enable us to meet the year. I must work and seek work; before sinking utterly, I will make an a-fu' struggle. . . . Our dear mother has not heard of

this. It will be a heavy stroke, yet not quite unanticipated, and she will brave it. . . . Go whither she may, she will have her Bible with her, and her faith in God. She is the truest Christian believer I have ever met with; nay, I might almost say, the only true one." When they parted — his mother came to visit them just before they left Craigenputtock — she shed no tears, but he felt it, he said, "so sore as I have felt nothing of the sort since boyhood."

Carlyle and his wife came to London and established themselves at No. 5 (afterwards 24) Cheyne Row, Chelsea, a suburb of the city, June 10, 1834. Thirty-four years after this, Carlyle wrote: "In about a week, it seems to me, all was swept and garnished, fairly habitable, and continued incessantly to get itself polished, civilized, and beautiful, to a degree that surprised me. . . . Heroic, lovely, mournfully beautiful as in the light of eternity, that little scene of time now looks to me. From birth upwards she had lived in opulence, and now, for my sake, had become poor — so nobly poor."

He soon began work on the "French Revolution." Fraser would print it, though he would give no money for it. They would not starve for a year — and then something might come, an editorship or lectures. He wrote to his brother, "What is the help of *others* in any shape? None but *thyself* can effectually help thee, can effectually hinder thee! A man must have lived to little purpose six years in the wilderness of Puttock if he have not made this clear to himself."

But these were dark days. He wrote in his journal: "Mood tragical, gloomy, as of one forsaken, who had nothing left him *but to get through his task and die.* No periodical editor wants me; no man will give me money

for my work. Bad health, too (at least, singularly changed health), brings all manner of dispiritment. Despicablest fears of coming to absolute beggary, etc., besiege me. On brighter days I cast these off into the dim distance, and see a world fearful, indeed, but grand; a task to do in it which no poverty or beggary shall hinder. . . . Whole boxes of books about me. Gloomy, huge, of almost boundless meaning; but obscure, dubious — all too deep for me — will and must *do my best.*"

To John he wrote: "The best news is that I have actually *begun* that 'French Revolution,' and after two weeks of blotching and bloring have produced — two clean pages!"

Friends began to gather about them in the London home: Mill, Leigh Hunt, John Sterling, that rare and brilliant spirit, and many more. Edward Irving, now broken in health, and broken in heart over his church, which had excluded him for his strange beliefs, came to see them on his way to Glasgow to die. "He rode to the door one evening," says Carlyle, "came in and stayed with us some twenty minutes — the one call we ever had of him here. . . . He was very friendly, calm, and affectionate; chivalrously courteous to *her*, as I remember. 'Ah, yes,' looking round the room, 'you are like an Eve — make every place you live in beautiful.' He was not sad in manner, but was at heart, as you could notice, serious, even solemn."

February 7, 1835, he records in his journal, "The first book of the 'French Revolution' is finished. Soul and body both very sick. . . . It has become clear to me that I have honestly more force and faculty in me than belongs to the most I see. Also, it was always clear that no honestly exerted force can be utterly lost. . . . The

great difficulty is to keep one's self in right balance, not despondent, not exasperated, defiant, free, and clear. Oh, for faith! Food and raiment thou hast never lacked yet, and shalt not. Nevertheless, it is now some three and twenty months since I have earned one penny by the craft of literature. . . . I have been ready to work; I am abler than ever to work; know no fault I have committed; and yet so it stands."

John Stuart Mill, then his most valued friend, borrowed the first volume of the "French Revolution," took it home to read, and loaned it to Mrs. Taylor, the lady whom he afterwards married, whose servant, not knowing its value, burned it. March 6, 1835, Mill, deadly pale, came to the Carlyle home to tell the story.

The intelligence well-nigh stunned Carlyle. "The fruits of five months of steadfast, occasionally excessive, and always sickly and painful toil," were destroyed. He had no notes, and could not recall a sentence. When Mill had gone, Carlyle said to his wife, "Well, Mill, poor fellow, is terribly cut up; we must endeavor to hide from him how very serious this business is to us."

Carlyle wrote pitifully in his journal: "It was my last throw, my *whole* staked in the monstrosity of this life — for too monstrous, incomprehensible, it has been to me. I will not *quit* the game while faculty is given me to try playing."

To Emerson, with whom he corresponded as long as he lived, he wrote: "I began again at the beginning; to such a wretched, paralyzing torpedo of a task as my hand never found to do; at which I have worn myself, these two months, to the hue of saffron, to the humor of incipient desperation; and now, four days ago, perceiving well that I was like a man swimming in an element

that grew ever rarer, till at last it became vacuum (think of that!), I, with a new effort of self-denial, sealed up all the paper fragments, and said to myself: In this mood thou makest *no* way, writest *nothing* that requires not to be erased again; lay it by for one complete week! And so it lies under lock and key. I have digested the whole misery; I say, if thou canst *never* write this thing, why, then, never do write it: God's Universe will go along *better* without it. My Belief in a special Providence grows yearly stronger, unsubduable, impregnable; however, you see all the mad increase of entanglement I have got to strive with, and will pity me in it."

Mill, knowing Carlyle's circumstances, sent him a check for two hundred pounds, the least that he thought he could offer. Carlyle returned it, saying he would take one hundred pounds, as that would be wages for the five months' labor; small recompense, indeed, for money is never an equivalent for *such* labor. He read Marryatt's novels for mental recreation, and finally got courage to begin the work again; but "it was, and remained, the most ungrateful and intolerable task he had ever undertaken." He was strengthened for his work by the example of a bricklayer "standing upon a scaffold engaged in building a wall — the wall of a house. With his trowel he'd lay a great splash of mortar upon the last layer, and then brick after brick would be deposited upon this, striking each with the butt of his trowel, as if to give it his benediction and farewell; and all the while singing or whistling as blithe as a lark."

Carlyle said to himself, "Man! symbol of Eternity, imprisoned into Lime! it is not thy works which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the spirit thou workest in, which can

have worth or continuance! Up, then, at thy work, and be cheerful." "So I arose and washed my face and felt that my head was anointed, and gave myself to relaxation — to what they call 'light literature.' . . . And, thus refreshed, I took heart of grace again, applied me to my work again, and, in course of time, 'The French Revolution' got finished; as all things must, sooner or later."

Emerson, too, cheered him, writing him, "Believe, when you are weary, that you, who stimulate and rejoice virtuous young men, do not write a line in vain. And whatever betide you in the inexorable future, what is better than to have awaked in many men the sweet sense of beauty, and to double the courage of virtue. . . . To die of feeding the fires of others were sweet, since it were not death but multiplication."

He also counselled patience: "When I go out-of-doors in the summer night, and see how high the stars are, I am persuaded that there is time enough, here or somewhere, for all that I must do; and the good world manifests very little impatience."

All through 1836 Carlyle toiled over the history. He slept badly from overwork, and the Scotch maid said "he was gaeing stavering aboot the hoose at night." He wrote in his journal: "I am writing, as they say, with my heart's blood. . . . Our money runs fast away daily. It will be *done* at the time this book is done; and then — my destiny, as it were, ends. . . . All fame, and so forth, seems the wretchedest mockery. It sometimes appears possible that it may come my way too — for I do not hide from myself that I am above hundreds that have it."

The work had to be suspended for a time while he

wrote the article on Mirabeau, for Mill's Review, for which he received fifty pounds. Household necessities required this.

Mrs. Carlyle had gone away from home, ill, and needing a change. As ever, he writes her, "Hope, my little lassie! It will all be better than thou thinkest. . . . How I love thee, what I think of thee, it is not probable that thou or any mortal will know. But cheerful looks, when the heart feels slowly dying, in floods of confusion and obstruction, are not the thing I have to give. . . . I wish to Heaven I were better, cheerfuller; but I take Heaven to witness I will be as cheerful as I can. I will do what is in me, and swim with myself and thee. I do not think the waves can swallow us. Open thy heart out again to me; have hope, courage, softness — not bitterness and hardness — and they shall not swallow us. . . . Great sorrow never lasts. It is like a stream stemmed — must begin flowing again. . . . Oh, my poor bairn! be not faithless, but believing. Do not fling life away as insupportable, despicable, but let us work it out and rest it out together, like a true *two*, though under sore obstructions."

Finally, January 12, 1837, at ten o'clock in the evening, the last volume of "The French Revolution" was finished. He went out to walk under the stars, handing the book to his wife, and saying, "I know not whether this book is worth anything, nor what the world will do with it, or misdo, or entirely forbear to do, as is likeliest; but this I could tell the world: 'You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man.'"

Five days later he wrote to John Sterling: "What I do know of it is that it has come hot out of my own

soul, born in blackness, whirlwind, and sorrow; that no man, for a long while, has stood, speaking so completely alone, under the eternal azure, in the character of man only, or is likely, for a long while, so to stand; finally, that it has gone as near to choking the life out of me as any task I should like to undertake for some years to come."

If the book had nearly "choked the life out of him," it had opened wide the door to fame and freedom from want. At forty-two the tide had turned. "A new star, of baleful, perhaps, and ominous aspect, but a star of the first magnitude in English literature," had arisen. Southey read the volumes six times. Dickens carried a copy about with him. Thackeray was enthusiastic over it. Emerson told Carlyle, "Our young men say yours is the only history they have ever read." Perhaps Carlyle cared more for praise than he thought. He wrote Emerson, "A man must learn to digest praise too, and not be poisoned with it. Some of it *is* wholesome to the system under certain circumstances; the most of it, a healthy system will learn, by and by, to throw into the slop-basin harmlessly, without any *trial* to digest it. A thinker, I take it, in the long run, finds that essentially he must ever be and continue *alone;* — *alone:* 'Silent, rest over him the stars, and under him the graves!'"

Yet, when John Sterling praised the work in the Westminster Review, making Carlyle feel "that one's poor battle in this world is not quite a mad and futile," Carlyle said, "The thought burned in me like a lamp for several days, lighting up into a sort of heroic splendor the sad volcanic wrecks, abysses, and convulsions of said poor battle."

The book is a series of pictures, painted, as he said,

"in his heart's blood." He believed the French Revolution had come because the rich had forgotten the poor; the rulers had forgotten to be just. He feared the same thing for his great England, and he wrote as a man "terribly in earnest; who loved *truth* most of all things, and was not afraid to speak it." He once wrote his brother Alick concerning his little child, Jane: "Train her to this as the corner-stone of all morality: to stand by the *truth:* to *abhor a lie as she does hell-fire.*"

He says in "The French Revolution:" "If the gods of this lower world will sit on their glittering thrones, indolent as Epicurus's gods, with the living chaos of Ignorance and Hunger weltering uncared-for at their feet, and smooth Parasites preaching 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace;' then the dark Chaos, it would seem, will rise: — has risen, and, O Heavens! has it not tanned their skins into breeches for itself? That there be no second Sansculottism on our Earth for a thousand years, let us understand well what the first was; and let rich and poor of us go and do *otherwise.*"

If fame had come, money had not yet come. Harriet Martineau had just returned from America, and, with a woman's insight and tact, she arranged a course of six lectures for Carlyle, she and her friends selling two hundred tickets at a guinea each. He chose for his subject German Literature, with which he was already familiar. The *élite* came to hear him, and although Mrs. Carlyle was afraid he would say at the beginning, "Men and Women," or "Fool creatures, come hither for diversion," instead of "Ladies and Gentlemen," he spoke admirably — without notes — and all were delighted. One hundred and thirty-five pounds were thus realized for the hard-working student. Mrs.

Carlyle was proud of him, and wrote his mother: "Nothing that he has ever tried seems to me to have carried such conviction to the public heart that he is a real man of genius, and worth being kept alive at a moderate rate. . . . I expect to grow strong, now that he has nothing more to worry him."

After the course of lectures, Carlyle hurried away to Scotsbrig, where his mother was living, where he spent two months, idle, smoking pipes with her in her garden. They never fretted each other. They were like two children together — rested, satisfied. They always wrote most affectionate letters when they were separated. "Are we not all bound to you by sacred and indissoluble ties? Am I not so bound more than any other? Who was it that nursed me and watched me in frowardness and sickness from the earliest dawn of my existence to this hour? — my mother. Who is it that has struggled for me, in pain and sorrow, with undespairing diligence, that has for me been up early and down late, caring for me, laboring for me, unweariedly assisting me? — my mother.

"Who is the *one* that never shrunk from me in my desolation, that never tired of my despondencies, or shut up by a look or tone of impatience the expression of my real or imaginary griefs? Who is it that loves me, and will love me forever, with an affection which no chance, no misery, no crime, can do away? — It is you, my mother. As the greatest favor that I can beg of you, let me, now that I have in some degree the power, be of some assistance in promoting your comfort."

On his return from Scotsbrig, he and his wife were invited to a party at the house of Lord Monteagle, Chancellor of the Exchequer. "I could not help think-

ing," he says, "here is the man that disposes annually of the whole revenue of England; and here is another man who has hardly enough cash to buy potatoes and onions for himself. Fortune has, for the time, made these two tenants of one drawing-room."

He had been offered a place on the Times, and the editorship of a Lichfield paper; but he could not accept the positions and be hampered by party.

In the spring of 1838, he delivered a course of twelve lectures on the History of Literature and the Periods of European Culture. Caroline Fox said of him: "His manner is very quiet, but he speaks like one tremendously convinced of what he utters, and who has much in him that is unutterable." The money result of this course was three hundred pounds. He at once sent five pounds to his mother and sisters. They were each to buy something, a bonnet, perhaps, and call it "The Lecture."

He did not like lecturing, "a mixture," he said, "of prophecy and play-acting." "If dire famine drive me, I must even lecture, but not otherwise. Whoever he may be that wants to get into the centre of a fuss, it is not I."

Good news had come from America. Emerson had caused "Sartor" to be published there, and by September, 1837, eleven hundred and sixty-six copies had been sold.

"The French Revolution" had also been reprinted in America, and Carlyle's articles collected and published as "Miscellanies." Emerson had seen from the first that the people of the New World needed this gospel of work and duty, and gave it to them. How the sad-hearted Carlyle must have been gladdened with the fifty

pounds royalty which Emerson sent in July, 1838, the hundred pounds in January, 1839, the forty pounds, October, 1840, the hundred pounds in April, 1841, and similar amounts in the succeeding years! One hundred and fifty pounds came before he received a penny in England from "Sartor" and the "Revolution." Of the first fifty pounds which he received, he sent his mother five pounds "off the fore end of it. The kitten ought to bring the auld cat a mouse in such a case as that — an American mouse."

"Sartor" and the "Miscellanies, Essays," now appeared in book form in England, the former in 1838, the latter in 1839. "Sartor Resartus" ("The Tailor Retailored") is the Life and Opinions of Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh. "Under the quaint semblance of a clothes philosophy," says Dr. Garnett, "'Sartor Resartus' teaches that Man, and all things cognizable by him, are but vestures of the only Reality, God." Men clothe themselves with certain customs, institutions, and creeds. These change as society advances, and need to be mended. Emerson calls it "a Criticism upon the Spirit of the Age, — we had almost said of the hour in which we live; exhibiting in the most just and novel light the present aspects of Religion, Politics, and Literature. The book abounds in imagery, — much of it beautiful."

For instance: "We sit as in a boundless Phantasmagoria and Dream-grotto: boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not even nearer the verge thereof; sounds and many-colored visions flit around our sense: but Him, the Unslumbering, whose work both Dream and Dreamer are, we see not; except in rare, half-waking moments, suspect not. . . . This Dreaming, this Som-

nambulism, is what we on Earth call Life; wherein the most, indeed, undoubtingly wander, as if they knew right hand from left; yet they only are wise who know that they know nothing."

How exquisite is this about childhood! "The young spirit has awakened out of Eternity, and knows not what we mean by Time; as yet Time is no fast-hurrying stream, but a sportful, sunlit ocean; years to the child are as ages: ah! the secret of Vicissitude, of that slower or quicker decay and ceaseless down-rushing of the universal World-fabric, from the granite mountain to the man or day-moth, is yet unknown; and in a motionless Universe, we taste, what afterwards, in this quick-whirling Universe is forever denied us, the balm of Rest. Sleep on, thou fair Child, for thy long rough journey is at hand! A little while, and thou too shalt sleep no more, but thy very dreams shall be mimic battles."

"Beautiful it is to understand and know that a thought did never yet die; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future."

"The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out, therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! The Ideal is in thyself, the Impediment, too, is in thyself: thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of; what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic?"

"Is the white Tomb of our Loved One, who died from our arms, and had to be left behind us there, which rises

in the distance like a pale, mournfully receding Milestone, to tell how many toilsome, uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone, — but a pale spectral Illusion! Is the lost Friend still mysteriously Here, even as we are Here mysteriously, with God! — Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, is even now and forever."

What wonder that "Sartor" has been called a great epic poem!

In 1840, "Chartism" was published, a pamphlet on the condition of the working-people, their discontent, and the duties of the well-to-do. "A man willing to work, and unable to find work," he said, "is, perhaps, the saddest sight that Fortune's inequality exhibits under this Sun." It was a cry against injustice. "We English pay, even now, the bitter smart of long centuries of injustice to our neighbor Island. . . . England is guilty toward Ireland; and reaps at last, in full measure, the fruit of full fifteen generations of wrong-doing." He urged national education, which, happily, was obtained in 1871, and systemized emigration.

This year, 1840, a friend gave him a horse, on which he rode every day, for two hours. This improved his health, and made it easier for the composing of his six lectures, delivered this year, on "Heroes and Hero Worship." Carlyle did not believe "that all men are created equal," as said in our Declaration of Independence. He thought some were meant to serve and others to rule; but they must rule wisely. Odin was the hero as Divinity; Mohammed the Hero as Prophet; Dante and Shakespeare as poet; Luther and Knox as priest; John-

son, Rousseau, and Burns as Man of Letters; Cromwell and Napoleon as King.

This was a favorite field to him. He said, in "Sartor," "Biography is, by nature, the most universally profitable, universally pleasant, of all things: especially Biography of distinguished individuals." He thought a great man "the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near." This book is one of the clearest and simplest of all Carlyle's works, and will, therefore, always be popular. It abounds in valuable thoughts· "I should say *sincerity*, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. . . . If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts; all art and author-craft are of small amount to that. . . . Dante, deep, fierce as the central fire of the world; Shakespeare, wide, placid, far-seeing as the sun, the upper light of the world. Italy produced one world-voice; we English had the honor of producing the other. . . . I will not blame Dante for his misery: it is as battle without victory; but true battle, — the first, indispensable thing. Yet I call Shakespeare greater than Dante, in that he fought truly and did conquer. Doubt it not, he had his own sorrows; those *Sonnets* of his will even testify expressly in what deep waters he had waded, and swum struggling for his life; — as what man like him ever failed to have to do? . . . I prophesy that the world will once more become *sincere;* a believing world; with *many* heroes in it, a heroic world! It will then be a victorious world: never till then. . . . Let the world go how it will, and be victorious or not victorious, has he not a life of his own to lead? One life; a little gleam of time between two eternities; no second chance to us forevermore. . . . *We* are the

miracle of miracles, — the great inscrutable mystery of God."

Carlyle never spoke in public again, till twenty-six years after, before the University at Edinburgh. "Carlyle's book" [on heroes], says Dr. Garnett, "has been of inestimable service in raising the general level of feeling; in destroying the shallow sneer, corrosive of all nobleness, that 'no one is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*.'"

In 1843, "Past and Present" was published. The Past refers to life in the monastery of St. Edmund at the close of the twelfth century: the Present, to the needs of the poor and the duties of society. The *Laissez-faire* and Supply-and-demand theories he did not believe in. He knew, as we all know, that wages are somewhat influenced by public opinion.

"'Fair day's wages for a fair day's work' is the most unrefusable demand! Money-wages, 'to the extent of keeping your worker alive that he may work more,' these, unless you mean to dismiss him straightway out of this world, are indispensable alike to the noblest worker and to the least noble!"

Towards an idle aristocracy, his words were unsparing; retribution would certainly come. "A life of ease," he said, "is not for any man, nor for any god. . . . There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work, . . . in Idleness alone there is perpetual despair. . . . The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work, and do it."

"All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler

calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms, — up to that 'Agony of bloody sweat' which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not 'worship,' then, I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky."

It was not enough to pay wages; — decent homes must be provided, baths, high ceilings in mills, free parks for the children and the workers. Inspectors must "ascertain how on seven and sixpence a week a human family does live!" He urged an "Emigrant Service," "with funds, forces, idle Navy-ships, and ever-increasing apparatus. . . . Is it not scandalous to consider that a Prime Minister could raise within the year, as I have seen it done, a Hundred and Twenty Millions sterling, to shoot the French; and we are stopt short for want of the hundredth part of that to keep the English living?" How Carlyle would have rejoiced in our "Homestead Acts," right steps in aiding the homeless!

He asked whether the master-worker "may not find it possible and needful to grant his workers permanent interest in his enterprise and theirs," and "profit-sharing" is now showing itself practical and beneficial in thousands of cases. Well might Emerson say, "A new thinker had been let loose upon the planet."

Mrs. Carlyle's mother had died, and the two hundred pounds income which she had renounced, at her father's death, in favor of Mrs. Welsh, now came to her. This made the home-life more comfortable. Carlyle had been working for some years on a "Life of Cromwell," which was finally published August 26, 1845. Like every other work of his, it had cost him almost immeasurable labor and much pain and discouragement. "The Latter-

Day Pamphlets," chiefly on political subjects, appeared five years later, the "Life of John Sterling" in 1851, and the "Occasional Discourse on the Nigger Question,"— the freedom of slaves in the West Indies, — in 1853. After this, five years elapsed before the first volume of one of his greatest works appeared, the "History of Frederick the Great;" the last volume seven years later, in 1865.

Some of these latter works had been written with less happiness in the home than formerly. Mr. Baring, afterwards Lord Ashburton, and his wife, Lady Harriet, had become intimate friends of the Carlyles about 1845. Lady Harriet was a witty, able, sincere woman, queenly in manner, "the cleverest woman out of sight that I ever saw in my life," says Jane Welsh. She and Mrs. Carlyle grew apart, while Carlyle thought her a "magnanimous and beautiful soul." Until her death, in 1857, it is evident that the friendship between her and Carlyle shadowed Mrs. Carlyle's life. Nobody has blamed honest Thomas Carlyle, except for the obtuseness which failed to see that his wife was unhappy, — for the will-power which led him to the home of the Barings, when the visits made his wife miserable. He should have remembered all those years of bitter poverty and loneliness; remembered, as Mrs. Carlyle said, that Lady Ashburton "spent four times my whole income in the ball of one night," and even if he thought his wife unreasonable, and prejudiced towards Lady Harriet, should have made the *one* woman who had given her life into his keeping happy. Possibly Lady Harriet was more sunny, more peace-making, than Mrs. Carlyle. Probably Thomas Carlyle did not fret in her presence, and thus worry her, as he did his wife.

He always assured Jane that she was "dearer than any earthly creature," and he doubtless told the truth. "I love thee always, little as thou wilt believe it. . . . Oh, my dear little Jeannie! — for, on the whole, there is none of them all worth naming beside thee, when thy better genius is not banished — try to sleep, to compose thy poor little heart and nerves, to love me as of old, at least not to hate me. My heart is very weary, way-worn too, with fifty-three rough years behind me; but it *is* bound to thee, poor soul! as I can never bind it to any other. Help me to lead well what of life may still remain, and I will be forever grateful."

In 1852, Carlyle went to Germany to collect materials for his "Frederick." The writing of these volumes cost him thirteen years of earnest, wearing labor. He built an upper room in the Chelsea house, with no outlook, except to the sky, padded the walls that no sounds from the outside world might come to him, and there, day after day, and night after night, pored over his books, "German books dull as stupidity itself,— nay, super-annuated stupidity."

December 4, 1853, he wrote, as it proved, his last letter to his mother. "I am now myself grown old, and have had various things to do and suffer for so many years, but there is nothing I ever had to be so much thankful for as for the mother I had. . . . If there has been any good in the things I have uttered in the world's hearing, it was *your* voice essentially that was speaking through me."

She died December 25, aged eighty-four. Her last words were to Thomas, who had come to her bedside to bid her good-night as usual. As he turned to go, she said, "I'm muckle obleeged t'ye," and spoke no more.

Carlyle lingered about Scotsbrig "wandering silently in the bright, hard, silent mornings and afternoons," while "all was *frozen*" within him. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, all hung with *black* in general, thinking of what is gone and what cannot return to me. . . . Oh, pious mother! your poor Tom has fallen very lonely, very lame and broken, in this pilgrimage of his, and you cannot help him or cheer him by a kind word any more." Nobody could ever understand, or trust him, or be patient with him, as his mother could.

For eighteen months he worked steadily on his "Frederick," — the "most heart-rending enterprise" he had ever had, — and then went to visit his family in Scotsbrig, Mrs. Carlyle meantime staying with her relatives. In 1858, he went a second time to Germany, to study more carefully Frederick's battle-fields.

When the first and second volumes were printed this year, 1858, the success was immediate. Two thousand copies were sold at once, and two thousand more were soon disposed of. Froude thinks the "Cromwell" had brought fifteen hundred pounds, so that the Carlyles were no longer poor. But the life was not an easy one. Carlyle said, "One pays dear for any 'intellect' one may have. It means primarily 'sensibility,' which again means injury, pain, misery from unconscious nature, or conscious or unconscious man; in fact, a heavy burden, painful to bear, however piously you take it."

He went on working, writing to John, "Seldom was a poor man's heart so near broken by utter weariness, disgust, and long-continued despair over an undoable job. The only point is, said heart must not break altogether, but *finish* if it can."

When our own sad Civil War came, Carlyle thought

it "profoundly foolish-looking," and resolved to be neutral. Dr. Garnett says, "He had fostered error and fondled paradox until he had actually brought himself to see no difference between buying a man like a sheep and hiring him, with his own consent, for a lifelong service. . . . When Mrs. Charles Lowell, mother of a New-England youth fallen in the war, whose biography he had read, came to visit him, he took her by the hand and said, even with tears, 'I doubt I have been mistaken.'"

Carlyle once said, "Some of you think I am no friend to America; but I love America — not everybody's America, but the true America; the country which has given birth to Emerson, and to Emerson's friends; the country of honest toilers and brave thinkers. . . . Twice over, twice, my first money came to me from your country. And do they think I forget it, and am not grateful for it, and don't love the country which showed its love for me?"

With all his talk about "permanency" of servantdom, he was tender to all dependent things. He would lead a beggar across the street; lecture a lad who begged, tell him how he might become a good citizen, and then give him a sixpence. "We should give," he said, "for our own sakes. It is very low water with the wretched beings, one can easily see that."

In 1864 Mrs. Carlyle was seriously injured by a cab throwing her down, as she was attempting to reach an omnibus. For many months she seemed unlikely to rally. Carlyle grew more considerate. He bought a brougham for her, in which she took great comfort. This year, Lord Ashburton died, leaving Carlyle, in token of his regard, two thousand pounds.

In the latter part of 1865, Carlyle was chosen rector

of Edinburgh University, whither he had gone on foot over eighty miles, in the poverty of his boyhood. Twice he had been offered professorships in different institutions, but he said "they came too late."

On March 29, 1866, when he was seventy-one, he started, with Professor Tyndall, for Edinburgh, to accept the office from which Gladstone had retired. Mrs. Carlyle kissed him twice as he departed. He never saw her again in life.

He spoke, April 2, before the students and distinguished visitors, nearly two thousand in all, who listened with delight. Tyndall telegraphed to Mrs. Carlyle, "A perfect triumph." Carlyle went to his old home for a little rest, and wrote his wife April 20: "About 1 A.M., soon after going to bed, my first operation was a kind of dream; an actual introduction to the sight of you in bitterly bad circumstances. . . . Send better news, and don't reduce me to a dream. Adieu, dearest." She was dead when the letter reached Chelsea.

Going out to drive April 21, near Victoria Gate, a carriage passed over the foot of her little dog Nero. She sprang out, took the dog in her arms, entered the carriage again, and the coachman drove on. Finally, receiving no directions from her, he stopped and asked a person to look in the carriage. Mrs. Carlyle sat with her hands folded, dead.

When Carlyle reached London her body was ready for burial. "Never, for one thousand years, should I forget that arrival here of ours; my first *un*welcomed by her. She lay in her coffin, lovely in death. Pale death, and things not mine or ours, had possession of our poor darling. . . . I retired to my room, slept none all night; little sleep to me since that telegram night;

but lay silent in the great silence. Thursday, April 26, wandered out into the churchyard [at Haddington]; at 1 P.M., came the funeral, silent, small; only twelve old friends, and two volunteers, besides us there. Very beautiful and noble to me, and I laid her in the grave of her father, according to covenant of forty years back, and all was ended. In the nave of the old Abbey Kirk, long a ruin, now being saved from further decay, with the skies looking down on her, there sleeps my little Jeannie, and the light of her face will never shine on me more. . . . God enable me to live out my poor remnant of days in a manner she would have applauded. Hers — as known to me only — were all very noble, a life of hidden beauty, all given to me as part of my own. How had I deserved it? I, unworthy! Beautiful, exceedingly! Oh, how mournfully beautiful now!"

Carlyle wrote a touching epitaph for her tombstone, closing with the words, "suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life, as if gone out."

The Queen sent a message of condolence through Lady Augusta Stanley, but little comfort ever came to him again. He used to walk almost daily to the place, in Hyde Park, where her carriage stopped, and where her life probably went out, and bare his head in silent sorrow, either in rain or sunshine. When her birthday came, which for years he had remembered with some gift, he sent "a gift to poor old Betty, who, next to myself, remembers her in lifelong love and sacred sorrow."

In the summer of 1866, Carlyle wrote the memoir of Jane Welsh Carlyle, now published in the "Reminiscences." He blamed himself, perhaps, unduly. He saw her as "a bright aureola, when all else was black and chaos! God reward thee, dear one! now, when I cannot

even own my debt. Oh, why do we delay so much, till death makes it impossible? . . . She had a steady hope in me, too, while I myself had habitually none; nay, a steady contentment with me, and with our lot together, let hope be as it might. . . . Ah, me! she never knew fully, nor could I show her in my heavy-laden, miserable life, how much I had, at all times, regarded, loved, and admired her. No telling her now. 'Five minutes more of your dear company in this world. Oh, that I had you yet for but five minutes, to tell you all!' this is often my thought since April 21. . . . I doubt, candidly, if I ever saw a nobler human soul than this which (alas, alas, never rightly valued till now!) accompanied all my steps for forty years. Blind and deaf that we are: oh, think, if thou yet lovest anybody living, wait not till death sweep down the paltry little dust-clouds and idle dissonances of the moment, and all be at last so mournfully clear and beautiful, when it is too late!"

In 1867, Carlyle wrote "Shooting Niagara: and After?" an inquiry into the probable results of an extension of the franchise. It went at once to the seventh thousand. The address at Edinburgh, more than anything else, had made Carlyle known among the people; it was so clear, kindly, earnest, and helpful. "Gradually see what kind of work you can do," he said to the students, "for it is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe. . . . For work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind — honest work, which you intend getting done. . . . Don't suppose that people are hostile to you in the world. You will rarely find anybody designedly doing you ill. You may feel often as if the whole world is obstructing

you, more or less; but you will find that to be because the world is travelling in a different way from you, and rushing on in its own path. . . . If you find people who are hard and indifferent to you in a world that you consider to be unhospitable and cruel, — as often, indeed, happens to a tender-hearted, stirring young creature, — you will also find there are noble hearts who will look kindly on you, and their help will be precious to you beyond price. You will get good and evil as you go on, and have the success that has been appointed to you. . . . I believe you will find in all histories that that [religion] has been at the head and foundation of them all, and that no nation that did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awe-stricken and reverential feeling that there was a great unknown, omnipotent, and all-wise, and all-virtuous Being, superintending all men in it and all interests in it, — no nation ever came to very much, nor did any man either, who forgot that. If a man did forget that, he forgot the most important part of his mission in this world."

Carlyle's works now sold more rapidly than ever. Twenty thousand of "Sartor," printed in a shilling edition, were sold as soon as published.

In the beginning of 1869, Queen Victoria wished to become personally acquainted with the great author. The meeting was at the Westminster Deanery. "The Queen was really very gracious and pretty in her demeanor throughout. . . . The interview was quietly very mournful to me; the one point of real interest, a sombre thought: alas! how would it have cheered her, bright soul, for my sake, had she been there!"

December 4, 1869, he writes in his journal, on his seventy-fourth birthday: "Nightly I look at a certain

photograph — of a certain *tomb* [photograph of the interior of Haddington church] the last thing I do. Most times, it is with a mere feeling of dull woe, of endless love, as if choked under the inexorable. . . . The fast-increasing flood of *atheism* on me takes no hold — does not even wet the soles of my feet. I totally disbelieve it; despise as well as abhor it."

A tremulous motion came in his right hand, "as a sentence not to do any more work while thou livest," he thought. He tried dictation, but said the result was "diluted moonshine." He had already prepared his wife's letters for publication, "to be kept unprinted for ten or twenty years after my death, if, indeed, *printed* at all."

A few more articles came from his pen; one on the Early Kings of Norway, the Portraits of John Knox, and an occasional letter to a newspaper on a leading question of the day. His last work was an appendix to his "Life of Schiller."

In January, 1874, the Order of Merit, which Frederick the Great had founded, was conferred upon him by Emperor William. The Queen desired to give him the Grand Cross of the Bath, rendered only for direct service to the state, and a pension, both of which he declined.

On his eightieth birthday, a gold medal came from a hundred leading men in Scotland, an appreciative letter from Prince Bismarck, and a telegram from the literary men of Germany, headed by Ranke. He still read and loved his Bible, — especially the Book of Job, — and Shakespeare.

His friends were dying around him. His brother John had gone; Mill, and others. On the morning of

February 5, 1881, he too went "home," as he called the last journey, saying "good-by" as he went.

Westminster Abbey asked for his body, but he was buried, at his own request, by the side of his father and mother, in the old kirkyard at Ecclefechan. On the following Sunday, Dean Stanley preached on Carlyle's work and character, the organ playing afterwards the "Dead March" from "Saul."

His niece, Mary Aitken, came to live with him in his later years, and made the Chelsea home less desolate. He had grown more gentle. He says, in "Sartor": "Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the Devil; for which reason, I have, long since, as good as renounced it."

Professor Tyndall says, "Carlyle was sternly real; but he was a gentleman, — full of dignity and delicacy of thought and feeling. No finer courtesy could be shown by man than was shown by him to the ladies who visited him in his modest home at Chelsea. I see him now, standing bareheaded, in his sober dressing-gown, on the pavement below his doorsteps, with the sun shining on his gray hairs, saying the last kind and courteous words to a lady, whom his three and eighty years did not prevent him from conducting down-stairs."

He gave to Harvard College a legacy which it greatly prizes, the books which he used in writing "Cromwell" and "Frederick." He remembered how the young man Emerson had helped him, before England had learned that he was great; perchance his books would now help some American youth. He gave the income from Craigenputtock to the University of Edinburgh, to found for poor students ten bursaries, to be known, in memory of his wife and family, as the John Welsh bursaries.

Dr. Garnett well says of Carlyle: "It was not his mission to legislate, but to inspire legislators. Every man who, since his time, has tried to lift politics above party, has owed something, directly or indirectly, to his influence, and the best have owed the most."

Of his literary genius, Dr. Garnett says: "His supremacy is attested by the fact that he is one of the very few in whose hands language is wholly flexible and fusible. The same may be said of the one Englishman of his century who is fully his peer in literary genius, Shelley, and of no other. Shelley works his will with language gracefully, as one guides a spirited steed; Carlyle with convulsive effort, as one hammers a red-hot bar; but in both cases the end is achieved."

"With the gift of song, Carlyle would have been the greatest of epic poets since Homer," writes Lowell.

His great and abiding hold on humanity will be because he loved humanity as few men have loved it. He thought the question of the future of the poor, their education, their fitness for earning a living, their comfort, their work, the all-important question for wise men, "instead of art, and fine fancies, and poetry, and such things." He said, "The condition of the working classes appears, and has for many years appeared, to be the most ominous of all practical matters whatever; matter in regard to which if something be not done, something will *do* itself one day, and in a fashion that will please nobody."

"America wants," says Edwin D. Mead, in his scholarly and admirable "Philosophy of Carlyle," . . . "men who put science, art, and truth in the first place, and not in the second place, and to whom a *life* is more than a living; men who, with the repose of Jesus in ideas,

seek first the Kingdom of God, and trust in God for the necessary things of the Gentiles — which are not many nor much to the man who is much. So Carlyle found it, and such was he."

Charles Eliot Norton, who has given us the brotherly and manly correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, says, "The great debt of the past generation, and of our own, to Mr. Carlyle is not so much for any specific piece of work, as for the general influence of his life and writings in promoting the spirit of intellectual independence and integrity. In this respect, his influence has been powerful, and is likely to be permanent."

LORD TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON was born August 6, 1809, at Somersby, a village in Lincolnshire, England. In the family of Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, LL.D., Rector of Somersby, and Vicar of Grimsby, the father of Alfred, there were twelve children, seven sons and five daughters. Alfred was the third son; Frederick and Charles, both poets, being older.

The Tennysons trace their descent through the old Norman family of D'Eyncourt, to the Plantagenets. Mrs. Tennyson, the mother of Alfred, was Elizabeth Fytche, the daughter of Rev. Stephen Fytche, Vicar of Louth.

The parents were well-educated, refined, and noble persons. The mother, writes Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie, in Harper's Magazine, December, 1883, "was a sweet, and gentle, and most imaginative woman; so kind-hearted that it had passed into a proverb, and the wicked inhabitants of a neighboring village used to bring their dogs to her windows and beat them, in order to be bribed to leave off by the gentle lady, or to make advantageous bargains by selling her the worthless curs. She was intensely, fervently religious, as a poet's mother should be."

Dr. Tennyson, the father, was a man of fine physique, "something of a poet, painter, architect, and musician,

and also a considerable linguist and mathematician." He built a picture-gallery in Somersby rectory, for which room he carved a mantelpiece out of the stone in the neighborhood.

The Tennyson home was a happy one. "The boys," says Mrs. Ritchie, "played great games, like Arthur's Knights: they were champions and warriors defending a stone-heap; or, again, they would set up opposing camps, with a king in the midst of each. The king was a willow wand, stuck into the ground, with an outer circle of immortals to defend him, of firmer, stiffer sticks. Then each party would come with stones, hurling at each other's king, and trying to overthrow him.

"Perhaps, as the day wore on, they became romancers, leaving the jousts deserted. When dinner-time came, and they all sat round the table, each in turn put a chapter of his history underneath the potato-bowl — long, endless histories, chapter after chapter, diffuse, absorbing, unending, as are the stories of real life, of which each sunrise opens on a new part; some of these romances were in letters, like 'Clarissa Harlowe.' Alfred used to tell a story which lasted for months, and which was called 'The Old Horse.'"

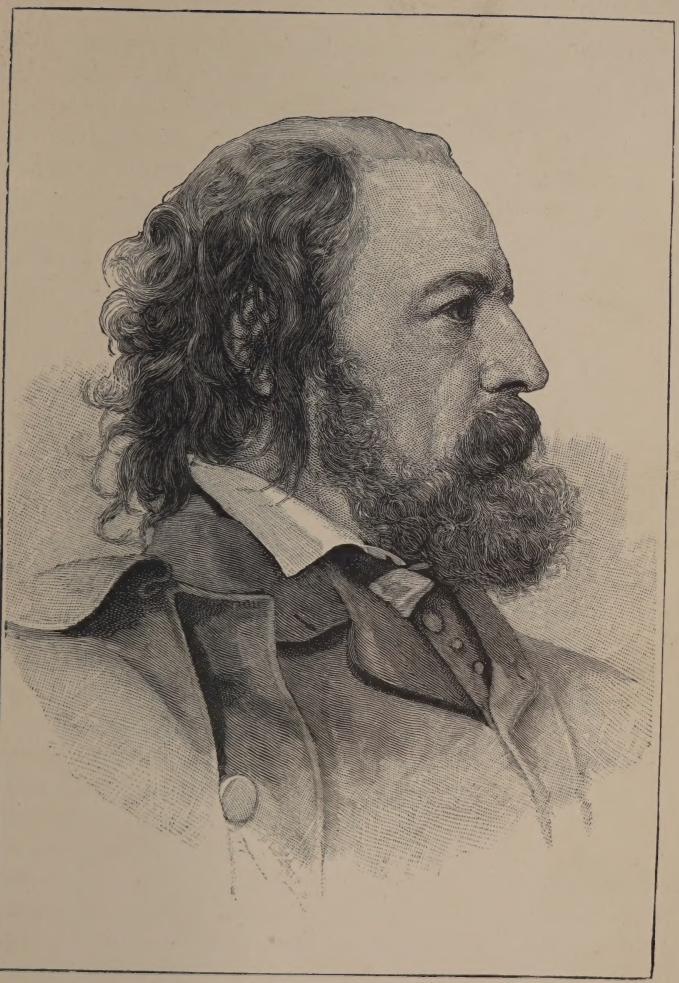
The village of Somersby was a quiet, wooded town, with brooks and trees, fit home for a trio of young poets. Rev. Drummond Rawnsley thus describes the place: "To the north rises the long peak of the wold, with its steep white road that climbs the hill above Thetford; to the south the land slopes gently to a small, deep-channelled brook, which rises not far from Somersby, and flows just below the parsonage garden."

The place is pictured in the "Ode to Memory," published when Alfred was twenty-one: —

"Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall
Which ever sounds and shines
A pillar of white light upon the wall
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried:
Come from the woods that belt the gray hillside,
The seven elms, the poplars four,
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland."

The children were educated partly at home and partly at Cadney's village school, afterwards at the Louth grammar-school. Alfred was known to the people chiefly by his passion for the sea. "Many of his early poems," writes Henry J. Jennings, in his Life of Tennyson, "are said to have been written to the moaning music of the German Ocean, as it rolled in restless breakers upon the Lincolnshire coast. There is a tradition that he once ran bareheaded all the way from Somersby to the shore, to be inspired by the never-ceasing suggestiveness of the melancholy sea."

"Alfred's first verses," says Mrs. Ritchie, "so I once heard him say, were written upon a slate which his brother Charles put into his hand one Sunday at Louth, when all the elders of the party were going into church and the child was left alone. Charles gave him a subject — the flowers in the garden — and when he came back from church, little Alfred brought the slate to his brother, all covered with written lines of blank verse. They were made on the model of Thomson's 'Seasons,' the only poetry he had ever read. One can picture it



LORD TENNYSON.

all to one's self: the flowers in the garden, the verses, the little poet with waiting eyes, and the young brother scanning the lines. 'Yes, you can write,' said Charles, and he gave Alfred back the slate.

"I have also heard another story of his grandfather, later on, asking him to write an elegy on his grandmother, who had recently died, and, when it was written, putting ten shillings into his hands, and saying, 'There, that is the first money you have earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last.'"

Alfred was especially fond of reading Scott and Byron. The latter died when the lad was fifteen, and the loss seemed to him, as it seemed to all England, irremediable. "Byron was dead! I thought the whole world was at an end," he once remarked; "I thought everything was over and finished for every one — that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone, and carved, 'Byron is dead,' into the sandstone."

In 1827, when Alfred was eighteen years old, a volume of verses was published, called "Poems by Two Brothers:" himself and Charles. The preface to the two hundred and fifty-eight pages stated that the poems "were written from the ages of fifteen to eighteen, not jointly but individually, which may account for their difference of style and matter." There were various quotations from Addison, Byron, Moore, Scott, Cicero, Vergil, Sallust, Tacitus, and other writers, showing that the boys had read widely for their age. The Literary Chronicle thus noticed the book: "This little volume exhibits a pleasing union of kindred tastes, and contains several little pieces of considerable merit." Besides this small measure of fame, the youths received ten pounds for the copyright, an unusual favor for a first book of

poems from unknown writers. The volumes were probably purchased by friends.

In the following year, 1828, Charles and Alfred went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where the elder brother, Frederick, was already studying. Here the Tennysons drew around them a cultivated circle: Arthur Henry Hallam, the lovable son of the historian; Kinglake; Richard Monckton Milnes; William Henry Brookfield, afterwards the well-known London preacher; Henry Alford, later the accomplished Dean of Canterbury; Thackeray; Merivale, the historian; and Richard Chenevix Trench, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin. Most of these belonged to a literary society limited to twelve, the members of which came together weekly for free discussion.

During Alfred's first year in Cambridge, he wrote "The Lover's Tale." It was not printed until five years later, and then withdrawn at once, as Tennyson felt that it was imperfect. A friend, however, preserved a few proofs, and, in 1870, when Tennyson had become famous, one proof was sold for several pounds, and pirated. The poem was finally published by the author in 1879, with the third part, "The Golden Supper," added. The tale relates the love of two cousins, Julian and Lionel, for the same girl, Camilla. She marries Lionel, dies, and is buried. Julian goes to the vault to weep over her — finds that she is not really dead — takes her to his home, provides at last a "golden supper," to which he invites Lionel, gives her back to her husband, though his own heart is breaking, and goes into foreign lands. Many persons trace the influence of Shelley's "Epipsychidion" in this poem; possibly, for have not all been influenced by the music of Shelley and Keats? There was, how-

ever, no reason for the youth of nineteen to be ashamed of his work.

In his second year at Cambridge, Alfred received the Chancellor's gold medal for a poem, "Timbuctoo," in blank verse.

In 1830, a second small volume appeared, "Poems, chiefly Lyrical." Of the fifty-three poems in the volume, twenty-three have disappeared from the later editions of Tennyson's works. Arthur Hallam wrote an appreciative review in the Englishman's Magazine. He praised Tennyson's "luxuriance of imagination, and, at the same time, his control over it; his power of embodying himself in ideal characters, or rather moods of character; . . . his vivid, picturesque delineation of objects; . . . the variety of his lyrical measures, and exquisite modulation of harmonious words and cadences to the swell and fall of the feelings expressed; the elevated habits of thought implied in these compositions."

The Westminster Review, through John Stuart Mill, spoke kindly; but Christopher North, in Blackwood, was needlessly coarse and severe. He spoke of some of the poems as "dismal drivel;" some silly; regretted that Hallam's review of the poems had sent the Englishman's Magazine to its grave: — "The superhuman — nay, supernatural — pomposity of that one paper incapacitated the whole work for living one day longer in this unceremonious world;" but finally added "that Alfred is a promising plant; and that the day may come when, beneath sun and shower, his genius may grow up and expand into a stately tree, embowering a solemn shade within its wide circumference, while the daylight lies gorgeously on its crest; seen from afar in glory — itself a grove."

That Tennyson's feelings were hurt was but natural, and in his next volume he wrote one verse in reply to North, closing with the lines,—

> "I forgave you all the blame,
> I could not forgive the praise,
> Fusty Christopher."

But in all later editions he wisely omitted these lines, knowing that the best way to treat such criticism is with silence.

The poems "Mariana," "Isabel," "Adeline," "The Deserted House," "The Dying Swan," "The Merman," and "The Mermaid," were greatly admired.

Professor Wilson (Christopher North) admired "The Deserted House," and said, "Every word tells, and the short whole is most pathetic in its completeness, — let us say perfection, — like some old Scottish air sung by maiden at her wheel, or shepherd in the wilderness."

What an exquisite piece of coloring is this in "The Dying Swan:" —

> "Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
> And white against the cold-white sky,
> Shone out their crowning snows;
> One willow over the river wept,
> And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
> Above in the wind, was the swallow,
> Chasing itself at its own wild will,
> And far thro' the marish, green and still,
> The tangled water-courses slept,
> Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow."

R. H. Stoddard says of "The Merman" and "The Mermaid," "I can remember no English poems of the kind before them, and none that have appeared since they were written, that are worthy of being ranked

beside them, unless 'The Forsaken Merman' of Mr. Arnold, and that strikes me as being less poetical, in that it concerns itself with a humanized emotion rather than with the soulless existence of imaginary sea-creatures."

Dr. Peter Bayne writes of "The Mermaid," "Nothing impresses me more deeply with the power of young Tennyson's imagination than the fact that, in this poem, he not only makes me think of the mermaid herself, as alive, but of the sea-snake, which she fascinates, as also a living thing."

In "Isabel," we have a lofty type of womanhood, "thorough-edged intellect," "finished, chastened purity," —

> "The laws of marriage character'd in gold
> Upon the blanched tablets of her heart;
> . . . an accent very low
> In blandishment, but a most silver flow
> Of subtle-paced counsel in distress;"

In

> "Faintly smiling Adeline,
> Scarce of earth, nor all divine,"

we have an entirely different type of woman.

> "Hast thou heard the butterflies,
> What they say betwixt their wings?
> Or in stillest evenings,
> With what voice the violet wooes
> To his heart the silver dews?
> Or when little airs arise,
> How the merry bluebell rings
> To the mosses underneath? . . .
> Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?"

In "The Poet," one of the best of Tennyson's early poems, we have the high ideal which has been his aim through life; when Wisdom took

"One poor poet's scroll, and with *his* word
She shook the world. . . .

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

. . . with echoing feet he threaded
The secretest walks of fame:
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed
And wing'd with flame."

Very soon after the "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," were published, Tennyson's father died, and was buried in the churchyard at Somersby. Two years later, the poet wrote to his friend, James Spedding, in the verses "To J. S.," —

"Once thro' mine own doors Death did pass:
One went, who never hath return'd.

He will not smile — not speak to me
Once more. Two years his chair is seen
Empty before us. That was he
Without whose life I had not been."

In the winter of 1832, another volume of poems appeared by Alfred, thirty in number, a dozen of which have been omitted from later editions. "The Lady of Shalott," "The Miller's Daughter," "The May Queen," and "A Dream of Fair Women," immediately became popular.

In the first poem, we see that young Tennyson had begun to study the Arthurian legends, and we look upon this rich picture of "bold Sir Lancelot," —

"All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewel'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,

As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott."

"The Miller's Daughter" is a simple love-story of a squire's son wedded to sweet Alice, and a peaceful, happy married life resulting. Dr. Bayne says, "Other young poets have bestirred themselves to give burning expression to the ardor of the lover, — to show the flaming eyes and heaving breast of Apollo as he pursued his Daphne; young Tennyson throws his strength into verses in which are described the proud constancy, the satisfied devotion of the husband."

"Like mine own life to me thou art,
Where Past and Present, wound in one,
Do make a garland for the heart.
. . . . . .
Have I not found a happy earth?
I least should breathe a thought of pain.
Would God renew me from my birth,
I'd almost live my life again."

This poem became a favorite with Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, as well it might.

"The May Queen" thousands know by heart. How many of us, especially in youthful days, have wept over the little Queen of May asking to be wakened early, that she may "see the sun rise upon the glad new year."

"The building rook'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave. . . .
You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head, in the long and pleasant grass."

"A Dream of Fair Women" showed that richness of imagination and mastery of language for which Tennyson has ever since been so justly celebrated.

No one can forget this exquisite description, —

"At last methought that I had wander'd far
In an old wood: fresh-wash'd in coolest dew,
The maiden splendors of the morning star
Shook in the steadfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath
Their broad, curved branches, fledged with clearest green,
New from its silken sheath.

. . . . . .

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,
Not any song of bird or sound of rill:
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd
Their humid arms festooning tree to tree,
And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd
The red anemone."

The quiet of this scene, the red flowers in the green grass, the yellow jasmine clasping the green elms, and the "steadfast blue" above, make a picture Turneresque indeed. And now a form appears in the "deadly stillness."

"At length I saw a lady within call,
Stiller than chiselled marble, standing there;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

This is beautiful Helen of Troy, whose story is familiar. She was married to Menelaus of Greece; Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy, came to Lacedæmon on pretence of sacrificing to Apollo; was kindly received by Mene-

laus, whose wife he persuaded to fly with him to Troy. Hence the Trojan war. When Paris was killed, in the ninth year of the war, she married his brother, Deiphobus. When Troy was taken, she returned to Sparta, was forgiven by her husband, and received again into his home.

The next fair face whom the poet sees in his dream in the wood is Iphigenia's:—

> "My youth," she said, "was blasted with a curse:
> This woman was the cause."

When the Greeks were detained, in going to the Trojan war, by contrary winds, at Aulis, it was declared that Iphigenia, the tenderly loved daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, must be sacrificed to Diana. She was taken from her mother under pretence that she was to be married to Achilles, at Aulis, and there, though she implored her father to spare her life, she was put to death.

> "The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat;
> The crowds, the temples waver'd, and the shore;
> The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat;
> Touch'd: and I knew no more."

Some authorities assert that a goat was offered instead of the beautiful girl, and that Diana carried her to Taurica, and placed her in charge of a temple sacred to the goddess.

Next comes Cleopatra, —

> "Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range,
> Struck by all passion."

Then Jephthah's daughter, —

> "Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
> Toward the morning star."

Then "Fair Rosamond," the daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford, the favorite of Henry II., who built her, "at Woodstocke, A.D. 1177, a house of wonderfull working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the King." At last his Queen, Eleanor, found her secret abode by means of a silk thread, and poisoned her.

Then Margaret Roper, buried with the head of her murdered father, Sir Thomas More, in her arms; followed by Joan of Arc, and Eleanor, Queen of Edward I. of England, who accompanied her husband to the Holy Land in 1269. When he was stabbed with a dagger which was believed to have been poisoned, his wife put her lips to the wound and drew out the poison.

The poet woke from his dream when

> "the white dawn's creeping beams,
> Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery
> Of folded sleep."

The poem "Œnone" is chaste and beautiful. Œnone was a nymph of Mount Ida, married to Paris before he saw Helen. After his fatal wound in the Trojan war, he was carried to Œnone to be cured, but died as he came into her presence. She bathed the body with her tears, and stabbed herself to the heart in sorrow.

Gladstone says, "What may be termed at large the classical idea (though it is not that of Troas, nor of the Homeric period) has, perhaps, never been grasped with greater force and justice than in 'Œnone,' nor exhibited in a form of more consummate polish."

"The Palace of Art" is a gorgeous palace built for a soul, which soon tires of its selfishness, and after four years of intellectual and elegant seclusion sighs for "a cottage in the vale,

"Where I may mourn and pray.

Yet, pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully built:
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt."

This little volume of poems, in 1832, received some hearty praise from Coleridge, John Sterling, the friend of Carlyle, Allan Cunningham, and others, but the Quarterly (which, it was said, killed Keats, by its criticism of "Endymion") contained a merciless review, which, while it did not kill, doubtless wounded deeply. The article introduced "to the admiration of our more sequestered readers a new prodigy of genius — another and a brighter star of that galaxy, or *milky way*, of poetry, of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger." Fifteen pages of banter and ridicule followed. "We take upon ourselves to reassure Mr. Tennyson that, even after he shall be dead and buried, as much '*sense*' will still remain as he has now the good-fortune to possess."

For ten years, in the very freshness and vigor of his early life, Tennyson gave no other book to the world. He, like Thackeray, left Cambridge without graduating from his college, and studied sometimes in his quiet home with his mother and sisters, sometimes at the home of his uncle, who was a vicar in Caistor, Lincolnshire. While in London, living, writes an acquaintance, "in poverty, with his friends and his golden dreams," he avoided general society. Says R. H. Horne: "He would prefer to sit up all night with a friend, or else to sit and think alone. Beyond a very small circle he is never met."

He could say with his own "Will Waterproof," —

> "Half fearful that, with self at strife,
> I take myself to task;
> Lest of the fulness of my life
> I leave an empty flask:
> For I had hope, by something rare,
> To prove myself a poet:
> But, while I plan and plan, my hair
> Is gray before I know it."

In 1838, we find Tennyson a member of the Anonymous Club — afterwards called the Sterling — composed of such men as Carlyle, Mill, Thackeray, Foster, and Landor, who met monthly at dinner to discuss literary and philosophical matters. Among his most intimate friends were Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle, at whose house he came and went, smoking with the philosopher, or conversing with his bright and charming wife.

These ten years were especially sad to Tennyson, by reason of the death of his best friend, Arthur Hallam. Graduating from college in 1832, Hallam began the study of law. In the autumn of the following year, 1833, not being in robust health, he accompanied his father on a Continental tour. While at Vienna, in September, he was seized with a slight fever. His father went out, and, on his return to the house, found his son on the sofa, asleep as he supposed. He was dead, from a sudden rush of blood to the brain. He was brought home to England, and buried in the chancel of Clevedon Church, in his twenty-third year. The two college friends had been inseparable. Hallam was engaged in marriage to Alfred's sister Emily, who eventually married Captain Jesse, a naval officer. The young men had travelled together in France. They had read and criticised each

other's poems. Hallam was almost faultless in disposition, brilliant in mind, and pure in his life, "as near perfection as a mortal man can be," says Tennyson.

Gladstone, who was his schoolfellow at Eton, spoke of him as "one who, if the term of his days had been prolonged, would have needed no aid from a friendly hand; would have built his own enduring monument; and would have bequeathed to his country a name, in all likelihood, greater than that of his very distinguished father."

In 1842, "English Idyls, and other Poems," was published, containing "Morte d'Arthur," "The Gardener's Daughter," "Dora," "Lady Clare," "Ulysses," "Locksley Hall," and others. "Locksley Hall," which some believed to be based on personal experiences, at once sung itself into the heart of the English nation. Who does not now, as he looks upon the "Seven Sisters," recall the lines, —

> "Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
> Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

Who does not rejoice in the pure, ardent love of the lovers, —

> "Many an evening, by the waters, did we watch the stately ships,
> And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
> Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight."

And when cousin Amy has married a man of fortune, her young and noble lover, though discarded, turns him-

self to the future, and, with all the fervor of youth, determines to work for mankind, in faith and hope : —

"Yet, I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

"The Talking Oak" showed exquisite fancy where Olive comes to kiss the name which her lover has carved upon the tree : —

"But light as any wind that blows,
So fleetly did she stir,
The flower she touch'd on, dipt and rose,
And turn'd to look at her."

"Lady Clare," "The Lord of Burleigh," and "Edward Gray," Stedman calls "each a simple, crystalline, and flawless ballad."

"The Gardener's Daughter" is a glowing picture of a glowing love, —

"Might I not tell
Of difference, reconcilement, pledges given,
And vows, when there was never need for vows,
And kisses, when the heart on one wild leap
Hung tranced from all pulsation, as above
The heavens between their fairy fleeces pale
Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with fleeting stars;
Or, while the balmy gloaming, crescent-lit,
Spread the light haze along the river-shores,
And in the hollows; or as once we met
Unheedful, tho' beneath a whispering rain
Night slid down one long stream of sighing wind,
And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep."

R. H. Stoddard calls "The Gardener's Daughter" "an exquisite poem. It conveys the exact expression that the poet determined to convey, — the modesty and warmth of love, the dew on the flowers and the light in the sky,

tenderness and purity, the joyous recognition of the divine in womanhood. As art, it is faultless; everything is in keeping, subordinated to the final effect, and the tone or atmosphere is steeped in beauty."

"Morte d'Arthur" is the stately passing of a soul into the unknown country. "Dora," one of the most touching and beautiful poems ever written, — beautiful because simple and true to life, — has made tears flow down the cheeks of youth and age. No one could have written it without a fine and comprehensive knowledge of a woman's nature. It has been compared to Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," "perhaps the most perfect idyl ever written." "Ulysses," E. P. Whipple regards, "for its length, one of the most grandly solemn pieces of wisdom in English literature. The unbroken majesty of its tone, the calm depth of its thought, the picturesque images which serenely blend with the fixed feeling of the piece, the spirit of hoar antiquity which pervades it, and the clearness with which the whole picture is brought home to the imagination, leave upon the soul a most profound impression of the author's genius."

The song, —

> "Break, break, break
> On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
> And I would that my tongue could utter
> The thoughts that arise in me,"

comes close to many a heart, for does not each respond to those pathetic words, —

> "But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!"

The people of England knew now that Alfred Tennyson was a poet, and the great Reviews were obliged to change their tone. Dickens read his poems by the sea-

shore, and said, "What a great creature he is!" Rogers, then over eighty, asked him often to his house to dine, where they "talked about death till the tears rolled down Tennyson's face." Here he met Tom Moore, Leigh Hunt, Landor, Gladstone, and others.

Already, in far-off America, the new poet was read and loved. Emerson, Lowell, and Margaret Fuller spoke with admiration. Poe said, "I am not sure that Tennyson is not the greatest of poets."

Carlyle wrote to Emerson concerning him: "Alfred is one of the few British and Foreign Figures (a not increasing number, I think!) who are, and remain, beautiful to me, — a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, Brother! However, I doubt he will not come; he often skips me, in these brief visits to Town; skips everybody, indeed; being a man solitary and sad, as certain men are, dwelling in an element of gloom, — carrying a bit of Chaos about with him, in short, which he is manufacturing into Cosmos. . . .

"One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright, laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive, yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free and easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical metallic, — fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous: I do not meet in these last decades such company over a pipe! We shall see what he will grow to."

And Emerson wrote back: "Oh, cherish him with love and praise, and draw from him whole books full of new verses yet!"

In Caroline Fox's "Memories of Old Friends," we read: "Tennyson is a grand specimen of a man, with a magnificent head set on his shoulders like the capital of a mighty pillar. His hair is long and wavy, and covers a massive head. He wears a beard and mustache, which one begrudges, as hiding so much of that firm, forceful, but finely chiselled mouth. His eyes are large, gray, and open wide when a subject interests him; they are well shaded by the noble brow, with its strong lines of thought and suffering. I can quite understand Sam Laurence calling it the best balance of head he had ever seen."

Fame had indeed come, but not money. In 1845, Milnes and other friends, through Sir Robert Peel, obtained a pension for Tennyson of two hundred pounds to be paid annually. This occasioned some bitterness and jealousy among other writers, and some sharp verses passed between Bulwer Lytton and Tennyson, but these were afterwards regretted by both persons. Some, like brave Carlyle, preferred an intimate acquaintance with starvation to a pension, but England was wise enough to know that the best work is rarely done when there is debt or want close at hand, and Tennyson was wise enough to accept the proffered aid.

In 1847, when Tennyson was thirty-eight, "The Princess" was published. It is the story of the Princess Ida, highly educated, who builds a university for women, where no men are allowed to enter, under penalty of death. Having been early promised in marriage to a prince, he obtains permission from her father, King Gama, to go with two friends, Cyril and Florian, to the university, and see if it is possible to win Ida to keep the promise made for her in her childhood.

The young men, dressed as girls, obtain admission to the university; their deception is discovered; they are rescued by the father of the prince and his army. It is agreed that the quarrel shall be settled by a combat of fifty men against fifty, Ida's brother Arac taking command of one of the fifties. He unhorses the prince, who, it is feared, is killed; but the army of the prince wins the battle, and the university is broken up. Ida, saddened that the prince is wounded to the death, nurses him tenderly, and when she has won him back to life, marries him.

> "From all a closer interest flourished up,
> Tenderness touch by touch, and last, to these,
> Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with tears
> By some cold morning glacier; frail at first
> And feeble, all unconscious of itself,
> But such as gather'd color day by day."

Without doubt the poem teaches that men and women are essential to the happiness of each other; it certainly shows that a highly educated woman, like the princess, may make a very devoted nurse in illness, and a companionable, loving wife. Indeed, for a man reared like the prince, it is questionable whether any but a highly educated and refined woman would have been at all companionable.

Tennyson puts into the mouth of the gifted Lady Psyche a prophecy of the future, which, without doubt, is being more and more accepted as the ideal life, —

> "Everywhere
> Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
> Two in the tangled business of the world,
> Two in the liberal offices of life,
> Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss
> Of science, and the secrets of the mind:

Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more:
And everywhere the broad and bounteous Earth
Should bear a double growth of those rare souls,
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world."

And this will be in perfect accord with this exquisite picture of what men and women must ever be to each other. The prince speaks to the learned Ida, —

"'Blame not thyself too much,' I said, 'nor blame
Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws;
These were the rough ways of the world till now.
Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands —
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? but work no more alone!
. . . . . .
For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words:
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind."

"This solution of the problem of woman's destiny," says George Willis Cooke, in "Poets and Problems," "though that of a poet, is the best and most satisfactory yet given us, so far as it goes. It is that of the perfect equality of the sexes, built up and conserved by mutual sympathy and helpfulness. This is the theory of all men and women who are true to the facts of life and the noblest social ideals."

In "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," we have the same high ideal for woman, —

"Gone, with whom for forty years my life in golden sequence ran,
She with all the charm of woman, she with all the breadth of man,
Strong in will and rich in wisdom, Edith, loyal, lovely, sweet."

"The Princess" abounds in opulent pictures and noble thoughts.

"Morn in the white wake of the morning-star
Came furrowing all the orient into gold."

. . . . . .

". . . Girls,
Knowledge is now no more a fountain seal'd:
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite
And slander, die. Better not be at all
Than not be noble."

In the prince's mother, he refers to his own mother, —

"No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not bind his soul with clay."

In the breaks of the story, as it is being told on Sir Walter Vivian's broad lawn, —

> "the women sang
> Between the rougher voices of the men
> Like linnets in the pauses of the wind."

The exquisite songs which they sung, "As through the land at eve we went," "Sweet and low," "The splendor falls on castle walls," "Ask me no more," and "Home they brought her warrior dead," Stedman calls "the finest group of songs produced in our century," and the third, known as the "Bugle Song," "seems to many the most perfect English lyric since the time of Shakespeare."

In "Home they brought her warrior dead," where nothing can arouse the wife from her sorrow, till his child is set upon her knee, we see the same full and appreciative knowledge of woman, as later, in that dramatic and pathetic poem, "The Victim," where the mother dies to save her child.

That mournful lyric, like distant music, — "Tears, idle tears," was suggested by Tintern Abbey.

> "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
> Tears from the depth of some divine despair,
> Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
> In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
> And thinking of the days that are no more.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
> And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
> On lips that are for others; deep as love,
> Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
> O Death in Life, the days that are no more."

"The Princess" has been much changed by the poet since its first publication, as, indeed, have all his works.

He is tireless in polishing and improving. Even while "The Princess" was first passing through the press, the publisher, says Miss Mitford, regarded Tennyson as "a great torment, keeping proofs a fortnight to alter, and then sending for revises."

In 1850, when Tennyson was forty-one, he married, June 13, Miss Emily Sellwood. Her father was Mr. Henry Sellwood, a solicitor and conveyancer, at Horncastle. Her mother was the sister of Sir John Franklin, the great Arctic explorer.

Of Mr. Sellwood's three daughters, the eldest became the wife of Alfred Tennyson; the second, of Mr. C. R. Weld, geographer at Somerset House; and the third, of Charles Tennyson Turner, the brother of Alfred, who added the name of Turner to become heir to some property. The marriage ceremony of the poet was performed at Shiplake Church, Oxfordshire. James T. Fields relates, "Miss Mitford carried me on a pilgrimage to a grand old village church, with a tower half covered with ivy. We came to it through laurel hedges, and passed, on the way, a magnificent cedar of Lebanon. It was a superb pile; rich in painted glass windows and carved oak ornaments. Here, Miss Mitford ordered the man to stop, and, turning to me with great enthusiasm, said, 'This is Shiplake Church, where Alfred Tennyson was married.'"

The married life of Tennyson seems to have been an extremely happy one. Mrs. Tennyson wrote, in 1864, a song entitled "The Alma River," which has been set to music, and she herself set to music her husband's patriotic poem "Hands all Round."

This year, 1850, "In Memoriam" was published, in memory of that beloved friend who had died seventeen

years before, Arthur Henry Hallam. Gladstone calls it "perhaps the richest oblation ever offered by the affection of friendship at the tomb of the departed. . . . Strength of love, depth of grief, aching sense of loss, have driven him forth, as it were, on a quest of consolation, and he asks it of nature, thought, religion, in a hundred forms which a rich and varied imagination continually suggests, but all of them connected by one central point, — the recollection of the dead."

Charles Kingsley thought "In Memoriam" "the noblest Christian poem which England has produced for two centuries;" and Peter Bayne, "the finest elegiac poem in the world."

Stedman thinks it is "the great threnody of our language, by virtue of unique conception and power. 'Lycidas,' with its primrose beauty and varied lofty flights, is but the extension of a theme set by Moschus and Bion. Shelley, in 'Adonais,' despite his spiritual ecstasy and splendor of lament, followed the same masters — yes, and took his landscape and imagery from distant climes. Swinburne's dirge for Baudelaire is a wonder of melody; nor do we forget the 'Thyrsis' of Arnold, and other modern ventures in a direction where the sweet and absolute solemnity of the Saxon tongue is most apparent. Still, as an original and intellectual production, 'In Memoriam' is beyond them all, and a more important, though possibly no more enduring, creation of rhythmic art."

The poem opens with the majestic words, —

> "Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
> Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
> By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove;
>
> . . . . . .

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

Then follow one hundred and thirty-one poems, chaste, tender, melodious, profound: —

"Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long, unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more,—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day."

The first twenty-one poems relate to young Hallam's death and burial. The eleventh is a perfect poem; the words wedded to the sense: —

"Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep."

The poet comforts himself with the thought that though his friend dies abroad, he may be buried at home: —

"'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land."

Still in the midst of his sorrow, as the months go by, he is thankful that he has loved, and envies not

. . . what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most:
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

The poet, despite the materialism of the age, believes in immortality: —

"My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live forevermore,
Else earth is darkness to the core,
And dust and ashes all that is;"

feels that he "shall know him when we meet," and hopes

"that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

. . . . . .

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

And then the poet asks his spirit friend, in those verses so often quoted, —

"Dost thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green;

"Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes, by force, his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes, on Fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire."

The second year passes after Hallam's death, and again Christmas comes, with that inspiring poem,—

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

. . . . . .

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

The poem closes with a "marriage lay" for his sister Cecilia, who married Edmund Law Lushington, professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, the brother of Henry Lushington, to whom "The Princess" is dedicated.

"In Memoriam" had so won the hearts of the English people that when Wordsworth, the laureate, died, April 23, 1850, Tennyson was chosen to succeed him. He

was presented to the Queen at Buckingham Palace, March 6, 1851, having received his appointment in November of the preceding year. Tennyson wore the same court costume which Wordsworth had worn at his installation.

Times had, indeed, changed for the minister's son, whose first volumes were so mercilessly criticised, and who, until his pension in 1845, had presumably a very small amount to live upon. He was now forty-one, honored and famous.

After his marriage, he lived for two years at Twickenham, noted as the residence of Alexander Pope, going to the Continent, for a time, in the autumn of 1851. Carlyle wrote to Emerson, "Alfred Tennyson, perhaps you heard, is gone to Italy with his wife; their baby died; they found England wearisome. Alfred has been taken up on the top wave, and a good deal jumbled about since you were here."

In the autumn of the next year, 1852, the poet's eldest son, Hallam, was born at Twickenham, and there christened; Mr. Hallam and Rev. F. D. Maurice standing godfathers; Thackeray, among others, being present at the ceremony.

Thackeray and Tennyson often visited each other. Mrs. Ritchie says, "I can remember, on one occasion, through a cloud of smoke, looking across a darkening room at the noble, grave head of the Poet-Laureate. He was sitting near my father in the twilight, after some family meal in the old house at Kensington. It is Mr. Tennyson himself who has reminded me how, upon this occasion, while my father was speaking to me, my little sister looked up suddenly from the book over which she had been absorbed, saying in her sweet childish voice,

'Papa, why do you not write books like Nicholas Nickleby?'"

In November, 1852, the Duke of Wellington died, and on the day of his burial Tennyson's "Ode" was published:—

> "Our greatest, yet with least pretence,
> Great in council and great in war,
> Foremost captain of his time,
> Rich in saving common-sense,
> And, as the greatest only are,
> In his simplicity sublime."

December 9, 1854, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" was published in the Examiner. In the following year, August 8, 1855, it was printed on a quarto sheet, with this note at the bottom: "Having heard that the brave soldiers before Sebastopol, whom I am proud to call my countrymen, have a liking for my ballad on the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, I have ordered a thousand copies of it to be printed for them. No writing of mine can add to the glory they have acquired in the Crimea; but if what I have heard be true, they will not be displeased to receive these copies of the ballad from me, and to know that those who sit at home love and honor them."

Mr. Tennyson, about this time, purchased a home at Farringford, near Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. The house is two stories and a half high, large and airy, quite surrounded by trees and hedges. The grounds now consist of about five hundred acres, the small houses of those who do the farm-work scattered here and there. Near the house are the downs which overlook the sea; where, for years, as also in his picturesque summer-house, Mr. Tennyson has done much of his writing.

No wonder the poet came to the Isle of Wight. In May I have seen its fields pink with mountain pinks, or blue with hyacinths or bluebells, or white with daisies, or yellow with buttercups or primroses, while for miles the hedges were a mass of hawthorn blossoms, white and pink. Ivy grows everywhere, over fence and church and home. From this quiet place, Tennyson sends word to his friend Maurice to visit him, —

> "Come, when no graver cares employ,
> Godfather, come and see your boy:
> Your presence will be sun in winter,
> Making the little one leap for joy.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
> I watch the twilight falling brown
> All round a careless-order'd garden,
> Close to the ridge of a noble down."

In 1855, the University of Oxford conferred upon Tennyson the degree of D.C.L. Mr. Gladstone, who was present when the poet received the degree, says, "Among his colleagues in the honor were Sir De Lacy Evans and Sir John Burgoyne, fresh from the stirring exploits of the Crimea; but even patriotism, at the fever heat of war, could not command a more fervent enthusiasm for the old and gallant soldiers, than was evoked by the presence of Mr. Tennyson."

In this year, 1855, "Maud, and other Poems," was published. Before it was in print, Tennyson read some of it to Mrs. Carlyle. When the poet asked her what she thought of it, she replied, "I think it perfect *stuff!*" The second time he read it, she remarked, "It sounds better this time," and, on hearing it a third time, confessed that she liked it very much.

Mrs. Ritchie says, "Mr. Tennyson was reading the poem to a silent company assembled in the twilight, and when he got to 'the birds in the high hall garden calling, Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,' he stopped short, and asked an authoress, who happened to be present, what birds these were. The authoress, much alarmed, and feeling that she must speak, and that the eyes of the whole company were upon her, faltered out, 'Nightingales, sir.' 'Pooh,' replied Tennyson, 'what a cockney you are! Nightingales don't say Maud. Rooks do, or something like it. Caw, Caw, Caw, Caw.'

"Then he went on reading. Reading, is it? One can hardly describe it. It is a sort of mystical incantation, a chant in which every note rises and falls, and reverberates again. As we sit around the twilight room at Farringford, with its great oriel-window looking to the garden, across fields of hyacinth and self-sowed daffodils, toward the sea, where the waves wash against the rock, we seem carried by a tide not unlike the ocean's sound; it fills the room, it ebbs and flows away; and when we leave, it is with a strange music in our ears."

"Maud" met with much adverse criticism and ridicule. Gladstone at first thought it unworthy of the poet, but finally became satisfied that he had "neither done justice in the text to its rich and copious beauties of detail, nor to its great lyrical and metrical power." The story is not a pleasant one. Maud's rich father drives the father of her lover, through losses, to commit suicide. Then a brother breaks in upon a meeting of the lovers, a duel ensues, and the brother is slain. Maud herself dies, and her lover becomes insane.

Its beauties, which Sydney Dobell and some others

admired, have become more and more appreciated, as they deserve.

The verses beginning, —

> "Come into the garden, Maud,
> For the black bat, night, hath flown,"

are among the richest in fancy, and deepest in feeling, of Tennyson's poems.

The lover is anxiously awaiting, in her rose-garden, her coming from a great gathering: —

> "For a breeze of morning moves,
> And the planet of Love is on high,
> Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
> On a bed of daffodil sky,
> To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
> To faint in his light, and to die.
>
> All night have the roses heard
> The flute, violin, bassoon;
> All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
> To the dancers dancing in tune;
> Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
> And a hush with the setting moon.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
> As the music clashed in the hall;
> And long by the garden lake I stood,
> For I heard your rivulet fall
> From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
> Our wood that is dearer than all;
>
> From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
> That whenever a March-wind sighs
> He sets the jewel-print of your feet
> In violets blue as your eyes,
> To the woody hollows in which we meet
> And the valleys of Paradise.
>
> . . . . . .

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;

. . . . . .

My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

The following moan of the lover, after Maud is dead, Mr. Swinburne regards as "the poem of the deepest charm, and fullest delight, of pathos and melody ever written, even by Mr. Tennyson:"—

"O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the home that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter
Than anything on earth.

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee;
Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels."

After the night and the dreams are over, —

"Then I rise, the eavedrops fall,
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

. . . . . .

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me:
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee."

In the volume with "Maud" was published that inimitable lyric "The Brook," believed to be the one near Somersby rectory: —

"I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

The years went happily by at Farringford. A second son, Lionel, had come into the home in 1854. "While Tennyson's home," says Mr. Jennings, "was the shrine of many pilgrimages, he himself was the object of a good deal of wonder to the country folks in the neighborhood. His slouched hat somewhat shocked their sense of propriety. His mysterious cloak invested him, in their eyes, with a kind of supernaturalness. That they had rather vague ideas of his occupation, when

taking his solitary walks, is illustrated by the answer a Freshwater boy made to a lady who asked him if he knew Mr. Tennyson. 'He makes poets for the Queen,' said the boy. 'What do you mean?' said the lady. 'I don't know what they means,' said the boy, 'but p'liceman often sees him walking about a-making of 'em under the stars.'"

Sydney Dobell wrote to a friend how Tennyson's servant was awed, when, answering the ring of the doorbell, "she saw a 'tall handsome gentleman' standing there, who, on learning they were not at home, turned to go. 'What message shall I give?' quoth the maid. 'Merely say Prince Albert called.'"

Bayard Taylor says as he walked with the poet at his home, "Not a little flower on the downs, which the sheep had spared, escaped his notice; and the geology of the coast, both terrestrial and submarine, was perfectly familiar to him. I thought of a remark I once heard from the lips of a distinguished English author" (Thackeray), "that Tennyson was the wisest man he knew."

Hawthorne, who saw him once, but was too shy to make himself known, said, "He is as un-English as possible — indeed, an Englishman of genius usually lacks the national characteristics, and is great abnormally.

"Un-English as he was, Tennyson had not, however, an American look. I cannot well describe the difference, but there was something more mellow in him — softer, sweeter, broader, more simple, than we are apt to be. Living apart from men as he does would hurt any one of us more than it does him."

In July, 1859, the "Idylls of the King" were published. Ten thousand copies were sold within a few

weeks, so popular was the book. Prince Albert sent the poet the following letter: —

"Will you forgive me if I intrude upon your leisure with a request which I have thought some little time of making, viz.: that you would be good enough to write your name in the accompanying volume of your 'Idylls of the King'? You would thus add a peculiar interest to the book containing those beautiful songs, from the perusal of which I derived the greatest enjoyment. They quite rekindle the feeling with which the legends of King Arthur must have inspired the chivalry of old, whilst the graceful form in which they are presented blends those feelings with the softer tone of our present age.

"Believe me always truly yours,

"ALBERT.

"Buckingham Palace, 17 May, 1860."

Two years later a new edition of the "Idylls" appeared, dedicated to the memory of the beloved Prince.

"These to His memory — since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously,
Some image of himself — I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears —
These Idylls.

. . . . . .

We know him now thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne.

. . . . . .

Break not, O woman heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside Thee, that ye made
One light together, but has past and leaves
The Crown a lonely splendor."

At the close of 1869 four more Idylls were published, "The Coming of Arthur," "The Holy Grail," "Pelleos and Ettarre," and "The Passing of Arthur." Of this

volume, forty thousand copies were ordered in advance, so admired had the Laureate now become both by Europe and America. In 1872, "Gareth and Lynette" and "The Last Tournament" were published. It is said that Tennyson, when a boy, met with a copy of Sir Thomas Mallory's "King Arthur," which filled him with a desire to make the Round Table the subject of a poem.

About six hundred years after Arthur's death, which occurred in 542, Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welshman, wrote a full account of the Arthur legends, and the English knight, Mallory, compiled his book in 1469. Whether Arthur was a real king in Britain after the departure of the Romans, is not clearly proven, but his supposed purity and prowess have made his name and fame ideal.

The story of "Geraint and Enid" is founded on Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of "The Mabinogion," ancient Welsh legends in the "Red Book of Hergest," in the library of Jesus College, at Oxford. Enid, the lovely daughter of Earl Yniol, is wed by Prince Geraint, one of Arthur's knights, who has won her from a hated cousin. Foolishly jealous of her, he makes her ride with him in one of his tours, and subjects her to much sorrow. Finally she is wholly won back to his heart by her sweetness and patience, and becomes the idol of Arthur's queen, Guinevere.

The poem abounds in rich descriptions, like this of the robe offered Enid by Earl Doorm: —

> "a splendid silk of foreign loom,
> Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue
> Play'd into green, and thicker down the front
> With jewels than the sward with drops of dew
> When all night long a cloud clings to the hill,
> And with the dawn ascending lets the day
> Strike where it clung: so thickly shone the gems."

"Merlin and Vivien" is the story of an aged sage enticed to give up the secret of his power by the wiles of an evil woman. While brilliant as a work of art, it will never have the attraction for most readers, of the pitiful story of Launcelot and Elaine, or the pathetic love and sorrow of Guinevere.

When Arthur desires to wed Guinevere, he sends Sir Launcelot to bring her to his court. She, believing that Launcelot is the king, becomes deeply in love with him, and, after she has met and married Arthur, she yet loves the warm-hearted Launcelot. At her request, he enters the lists at a tournament, as the Unknown; stopping at the castle of the Lord of Astolat, he leaves his well-known shield, and borrows one, taking, at the request of the young Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat," her sleeve to wear in the combat. He is wounded; Elaine seeks him and finds him secreted with her brother, nurses him tenderly, and when he, in gratitude, asks her what she most desires, and he will, if possible, grant it, with a breaking heart she tells her love for him.

He loves Guinevere, the one and only, and sadly leaves the castle. Elaine dies, and by her last wish her body is rowed in a barge down to Arthur's court, and there Launcelot and the queen look upon the girl who died for him.

> "And peradventure had he seen her first
> She might have made this and that other world
> Another world for the sick man; but now
> The shackles of an old love straiten'd him;
> His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
> And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

"The Holy Grail" is the story of the attempts of many knights to find the sacred cup out of which the Saviour drank at the Last Supper.

"The Last Tournament" is the story of Sir Tristram who loves Isolt of Britain, the wife of King Mark. He finally marries Isolt of Brittany, but returns to Isolt of Britain: —

> "The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes
> Had drawn him home."

He is killed by King Mark, who lies in wait for him.

"Pelleas" is a man's devotion to an unfaithful woman, Ettarre. "Guinevere" is the repentance of a loving, sorrowing soul, who, after a sad farewell to Launcelot, flies to the convent, where King Arthur visits her and forgives her.

> "And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
> Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
> Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
> But now to take last leave of all I loved?
> O golden hair, with which I used to play
> Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,
> And beauty such as never woman wore,
> Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee.
> . . . . . .
> Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
> Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
> And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
> Hereafter in that world where all is pure
> We two may meet before high God, and thou
> Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
> I am thine husband.
> . . . . . .
> She felt the King's breath in ardor o'er her neck,
> And in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
> Perceived the waving of his hands that blest."

He goes out to his last combat and falls in battle. She sees the nobility of his nature, and loves him better

than Launcelot. She is chosen abbess at Almesbury, and dies three years afterwards. The old legend is that Sir Launcelot carried the queen to his home, "Joyous Gard," to save her from being burned by the king, but Tennyson has made a much nobler man of Arthur;

> "Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
> Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
> Who spoke no slander, no, nor listened to it:
> Who loved one only and who clave to her."

"No one," says Mr. Gladstone, "we are persuaded, can read this poem without feeling, when it ends, what may be termed the pangs of vacancy; of that void in heart and mind for want of its continuance, of which we are conscious when some noble strain of music ceases, when some great work of Raphael passes from the view, when we lose sight of some spot connected with high associations, or when some transcendent character upon the page of history finally disappears, and the withdrawal of it is like the withdrawal of the vital air."

In August, 1859, after the "Idylls" were first published, Tennyson visited Portugal with his friend, Francis Turner Palgrave, who was at that time preparing his "Golden Treasury." Two years later he went to the Pyrenees, where, in early manhood, he and Arthur Hallam had wandered together.

March 7, 1863, was published that buoyant and heartfelt poem, "Welcome to Alexandra."

> "Sea-Kings' daughter from over the sea,
> Alexandra!
> Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
> But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
> Alexandra.
>
> . . . . . .

Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossoms under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earliest flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!"

In 1864, Garibaldi visited the poet, and, at the request of Mrs. Tennyson, planted a *Wellingtonea gigantea* in their grounds.

This year, 1864, "Enoch Arden, and other Poems," was published, dedicated to his wife: —

"Dear, near and true — no truer Time himself
Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life
Shoots to the fall — take this, and pray that he,
Who wrote it, honoring your sweet faith in him,
May trust himself; and spite of praise and scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise;
And after Autumn past — if left to pass
His Autumn into seeming-leafless days —
Draw toward the long frost and longest night;
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodlands looks a flower."

The simple and true story of "Enoch Arden" has been read and wept over by thousands. When it was told Tennyson that it was once read to a sobbing crowd of the most ignorant and lowest in a great provincial town, he replied heartily, "If my poems have indeed power for good over the people, it ought to be matter of great joy to me, and of still greater thankfulness."

The story is familiar. Enoch Arden, a sailor, Philip Ray, the miller's only son, and sweet Annie Lee, are children together. Finally Enoch and Annie marry. Three children are born to them. He falls from the

mast of a ship and breaks a limb. He sells his boat and goes on a long voyage, is wrecked on an island, and for ten years Annie hears nothing from him. Meantime she is poor, and Philip Ray helps provide for the children. At the end of twelve years, at the urgent request of her children, who love Philip, believing that Enoch is dead, she marries Philip Ray.

Finally Enoch is rescued by a passing ship, returns to England, finds his wife married and comfortably provided for, and, loving her and his children too well to disturb their happiness, suffers on in silence, and soon dies, leaving his blessing for Annie and the children and Philip.

"Aylmer's Field" Bayne calls "one of the saddest, sternest, and, I would almost add, mightiest poems in the world." Certainly Tennyson has never portrayed an intenser love than that between Leolin and Edith. The picture of the girl doing good among the laborers' cottages is as richly colored as a Titian: —

> "Her art, her hand, her counsel all had wrought
> About them: here was one that, summer-blanched
> Was parcel beaded with the traveller's joy
> In Autumn, parcel ivy-clad; and here
> The warm-blue breathings of a hidden hearth
> Broke from a bower of vine and honeysuckle:
> One look'd all rose-tree, and another wore
> A close-set robe of jasmine sown with stars:
> This had a rosy sea of gillyflowers
> About it; this a milky-way on earth,
> Like visions in the Northern dreamer's heavens,
> A lily-avenue climbing to the doors;
> One, almost to the martin-haunted eaves
> A summer burial deep in hollyhocks;
> Each, its own charm; and Edith's everywhere;
> And Edith ever visitant with him,
> He but less loved than Edith, of her poor:
>
> . . . . . .

Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,
Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height
That makes the lowest hate it."

Leolin, the rector's son, is driven from the house because he is poor. Their letters are intercepted, the girl dies, and Leolin, who has worked himself nearly to death to gain such a place and name as her father will accept, stabs himself when he learns of Edith's death. Leolin's brother, now the rector, is asked by Edith's mother to preach a funeral sermon, and he preaches one on pride, that cuts both parents to the heart.

"In one month
Thro' weary and yet ever wearier hours,
The childless mother went to seek her child;"

"the man became
Imbecile: his one word 'desolate;'
. . . . . .
And where the two contrived their daughter's good,
Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,
The hedgehog underneath the plantain bores,
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there
Follows the mouse, and all is open field."

Sir Frederick Pollock asked Tennyson which he considered superior, "Enoch Arden" or "Aylmer's Field." He replied, "Enoch Arden;" that "Aylmer's Field" had given him more trouble than anything he ever did. He once put it aside for six months, "the story was so intractable, and it was so difficult to deal with modern manners and customs."

The year after "Enoch Arden" was published, in 1865, Tennyson's mother died, at the age of eighty-four, and was buried in Highgate Cemetery. In 1867, he

purchased an estate in Sussex, above Haslemere, in the midst of delightful scenery, calling his home "Aldworth." The house which he has built is of white stone, modern Gothic, with many wide mullioned windows, the design by Mr. Knowles, the editor of the Nineteenth Century.

Longfellow visited Tennyson at Farringford, in 1868, and always spoke of the English poet in terms of admiration and affection.

In 1875, "Queen Mary," a drama, was published. The following year it was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, but it was not deemed "a good acting play," however powerful as a drama.

In 1877, "Harold," a second drama, appeared; and in 1884, "Becket," founded on the lives of Thomas à Becket, Chancellor of England and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, Henry II., the King, Eleanor his wife, and Fair Rosamond. These have never been as popular as Tennyson's other poems, though highly regarded by the cultured. George Eliot thought "Tennyson's plays run Shakespeare's close." Henry Van Dyke, in his "Poetry of Tennyson," says of these three dramas: "The systematic undervaluation of Tennyson's dramatic work is a reproach to the intelligence of our critics. J. R. Green, the late historian of 'The English People,' said that 'all his researches into the annals of the twelfth century had not given him so vivid a conception of the character of Henry II. and his court as was embodied in Tennyson's "Becket."' Backed by an authority like this, it is not too daring to predict that the day is coming when the study of Shakespeare's historical plays will be reckoned no more important to an understanding of English history than the study of Tennyson's

trilogy." The poet is said to value these dramas more highly than any of his other works.

In 1879, Rev. Charles Tennyson Turner, the brother of Alfred, died, and the poet became his heir.

In 1880, "Ballads, and other Poems," was published, dedicated to his little grandson, Alfred, then a year and a half old; the son of Lionel.

> "Golden-haired Ally whose name is one with mine,
> Crazy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine,
> Now that the flower of a year and a half is thine,
> O little blossom, O mine, and mine of mine,
> Glorious poet who never hast written a line,
> Laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine.
> May'st thou never be wrong'd by the name that is mine!"

This volume contained several dialect poems, after the manner of "The Northern Farmer." In 1881, "The Cup," a drama, was published, and in 1882 a prose drama, "The Promise of May."

In the autumn of 1883, the Laureate accompanied Mr. Gladstone on a sea-trip in the steamer Pembroke Castle. At Copenhagen, they were invited by the Danish King to meet the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the King and Queen of Greece, and the Princess of Wales, and, after a sumptuous breakfast, Mr. Tennyson acceded to their request to read some of his poems.

January 18, 1884, Queen Victoria bestowed a peerage upon the Laureate, creating him Baron of Aldworth and Farringford. Among his many congratulatory letters, he valued especially some verses sent by an old and blind Sheffield workman, and an aged woman, Susan Empton, who had been in the service of his father, and later in that of Mrs. Tennyson. To the former he wrote, —

DEAR SIR, — I should have a heart harder than your anvil if I were not deeply interested by what you tell me. I thank you for your pretty verses. The spirit which inspires them should give the lesson of cheerful resignation and thankfulness and faith to all. Being able to do this by writing such verses, you will always have work of the noblest and best to do. Accept from me every best wish, and believe me, truly yours,

TENNYSON.

About this time, his eldest son, Hallam, who had been his closest companion for many years, was married in Westminster Abbey. The London World thus mentions the wife of the poet, who is an invalid: "A bath-chair conveyed her from the deanery to the chapel and back, and 'robed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,' she remained in it throughout the ceremony. The beautiful children of Mr. Lionel Tennyson were greatly admired."

In 1885, "Tiresias, and other Poems," was published, and in 1886 "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." The poem has all the melody and power of the first "Locksley Hall," and I think one can but agree with Mr. Van Dyke, that it is not, as "foolishly interpreted at first, an avowal of pessimism, but is, in fact, a splendid assertion of meliorism."

He sees the wrongs of the past sixty years; pitiful, but true: —

"Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the Time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?

. . . . . .

There among the gloomy alleys Progress halts on palsied feet,
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street.
There the master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her daily bread,
There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead."

Still, with all this knowledge of the crime and sorrow in the world, he looks "eagerly for the light," and urges his grandson to

"Follow you the Star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine.
Forward, till you see the highest Human Nature is divine.
Follow Light, and do the Right — for man can half-control his doom —
Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb."

This year, April 20, 1886, Lord Tennyson met with a great sorrow in the death of his son Lionel, of jungle-fever, on board the steamer Chusen, bound from Calcutta for London. Only thirty-two, he had already made a brilliant record for himself. He was a contributor to the Nineteenth Century, Cornhill, and other magazines. He held a position in the Political and Secret Department of the Indian Office. The Athenæum says, "His report on India last year showed that his practical mastery of details, his power of generalizing heterogeneous masses of facts, were quite as strong as his literary faculty."

In Tennyson's last volume, "Demeter, and other Poems," published in 1889, in a poem to the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, at whose house Lionel was visiting a very short time before his death, he makes this delicate and tender allusion to his son: —

"For he — your India was his Fate,
And drew him over sea to you —
He fain had ranged her thro' and thro',
To serve her myriads and the State, —

A soul that, watch'd from earliest youth,
And on thro' many a brightening year,
Had never swerved for craft or fear,
By one side-path, from simple truth;

. . . . . .

. . . to question, why
The sons before the fathers die,
Not mine! and I may meet him soon."

Tennyson's works have been read and loved, perhaps, as widely in America as in his own country. On his eightieth birthday many messages were sent him from over the sea, and many poems written in his honor; the following, from the pen of Charlotte Fiske Bates, of Cambridge, Mass., written a little before this time, being one of the best:—

"TO THE LAUREATE.

"Strong as the wind, yet sweet as any bird;
High as the mountains, yet in valleys heard.

Light as a ripple, or a leaf in flight:
Reverberant as waters in their might.

Vivid as noon, yet sometimes stately dark,
So that not seeing, one must feel and hark.

Waiting on Thought in such a wondrous way
As clouds, that usher in and out the Day.

Fervid with splendors as the ripe red rose
Born of the royal line of Jacqueminots.

Heavy with beauty as the clustered grape;
A soul on fire within the polished shape.

Wide in the love that pities, joys, and weeps;
Deep in the knowledge of all human deeps.

Hoping the best for every basest thing:
Sweeping past Death on Revelation's wing:—

When Poesy made search for such a one,
Her laurels dropped, with — Thou art Tennyson!"

Browning wrote him the following letter: —

29 De Vere Gardens, W., August 5, 1889.

My dear Tennyson, — To-morrow is your birthday — indeed a memorable one. Let me say I associate myself with the universal pride of our country in your glory, and in its hope that for many and many a year we may have your very self among us — secure that your poetry will be a wonder and delight to all those appointed to come after. And for my own part, let me further say, I have loved you dearly. May God bless you and yours.

At no moment from first to last of my acquaintance with your works, or friendship with yourself, have I had any other feeling, expressed or kept silent, than this which an opportunity allows me to utter — that I am and ever shall be, my dear Tennyson, admiringly and affectionately yours,

Robert Browning.

Tennyson's life has been one of quiet labor. Mrs. Ritchie says, "Mr. Tennyson works alone in the early hours of the morning, and comes down long after his own frugal meal is over to find his guests assembling round the social breakfast table. He frequently goes out for a walk before luncheon, with a son and a friend perhaps, and followed by a couple of dogs. . . .

"Sometimes, at Aldworth, when the summer days are at their brightest, and high Blackdown top has been warmed and sunned, I have seen a little procession coming along the terrace walk, and proceeding by its green boundary into a garden, where the sun shines its hottest upon a sheltered lawn, and where standard rose-trees burn their flames. Mr. Tennyson, in his broad hat, goes first, dragging the garden chair, in which Mrs. Tennyson lies; perhaps one son is pushing from behind, while another follows with rugs and cushions for the rest of the party. If the little grandsons and their young mother are there" (the wife of Lionel and daughter of

the brilliant Frederick Locker), "the family group is complete."

Another has said, "His chief delight is to sit here in this quiet secluded study, surrounded by a few choice books of favorite authors; and when not working at the desk by the window that overlooks the pine-glen and the purple down westward, to lounge by the larger one that looks down on the bright blossoming terrace over the dense belt of beeches and hazels, where the whirring of nightjars sounds ceaselessly in the twilight, away to the gray lines of undulating hills and the streak of silver sea."

Mr. A. G. Weld writes of his life at Farringford, "He has an intense dislike to dining out; his habit being to retire soon after dinner to his study, and there to spend the evening in solitude with his books, unless he is tempted by the bright starlight to climb up to the flat roof of his house, to carry on his favorite pursuit of astronomy. I well remember one particular night on which there was a total eclipse of the moon, when he was so much struck by the number of constellations rendered visible to the naked eye through the veiling of the moon's light, that he insisted on his youngest son" (Lionel) "being got out of bed to look at the sight."

Tennyson allows nothing to pass from his hand without thorough care and polish. He once wrote Mr. S. E. Dawson, of Montreal, "There was a period in my life when, as an artist — Turner, for instance — takes rough sketches of landscape, etc., in order to work them eventually into some great picture, so I was in the habit of chronicling, in four or five words or more, whatever might strike me as picturesque in nature. I never put

these down, and many and many a line has gone away on the north wind, but some remain, e. g.: —

'A full sea glared with muffled moonlight.'

"Suggestion: the sea one night at Torquay, when Torquay was the most lovely sea village in England, though now a smoky town; the sky was covered with thin vapor and the moon was behind it.

'A great black cloud
Drags inward from the deep.'

"Suggestion: a coming storm seen from the top of Snowdon. . . .

'As the water-lily starts and slides.'

"Suggestion: water-lilies in my own pond, seen on a gusty day with my own eyes. They did start and slide in the sudden puffs of the wind, till caught and stayed by the tether of their own stalks, — quite as true as Wordsworth's simile, and more in detail."

Tennyson has always been an admirer and reader of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley. He is said to consider Rev. Henry F. Lyte's hymn, "Abide with Me," the finest in the language.

Tennyson has, of course, been pecuniarily successful. Of his last book, "Demeter," twenty thousand copies were sold in one week. For "The Revenge," he received from The Nineteenth Century three hundred guineas, and he has probably received about as much for a single poem in this country. His books have been translated into French, German, Spanish, and other languages, and many of his poems into Latin. The sale of his works (in English) in France, Portugal, and Spain, was, in 1867, says Walter E. Wace, about five thousand volumes a year.

Tennyson, like Longfellow, has been the people's poet. He has taught the beauty and bliss of pure affection; has looked forward to the time when

> "All men's good
> Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
> Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
> And like a lane of beams athwart the sea."

He has taught, —

> "'Tis only noble to be good.
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

He has urged men to "make thy gold thy vassal, not thy king; . . .

> "Nor harm an adder thro' the lust for harm,
> Nor make a snail's horn shrink for wantonness;
> And more — think well! Do well will follow thought,
> And in the fatal sequence of this world
> An evil thought may soil thy children's blood;
> But curb the beast would cast thee in the mire,
> And leave the hot swamp of voluptuousness
> A cloud between the Nameless and thyself,
> And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,
> And climb the Mount of Blessing."

In the midst of the speculation and scepticism of the time, he has kept a sublime faith. He asks, in "Vastness," "What is all of it worth?"

> "What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy, varying voices of prayer?
> All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy with all that is fair?
> What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,
> Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless Past?
> What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in their hive?
> . . . . . .

Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him forever: the dead are not dead but alive."

And then the great poet closes the last book, possibly, which he will ever give to the world, with these serene and inspiring words: —

"CROSSING THE BAR.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

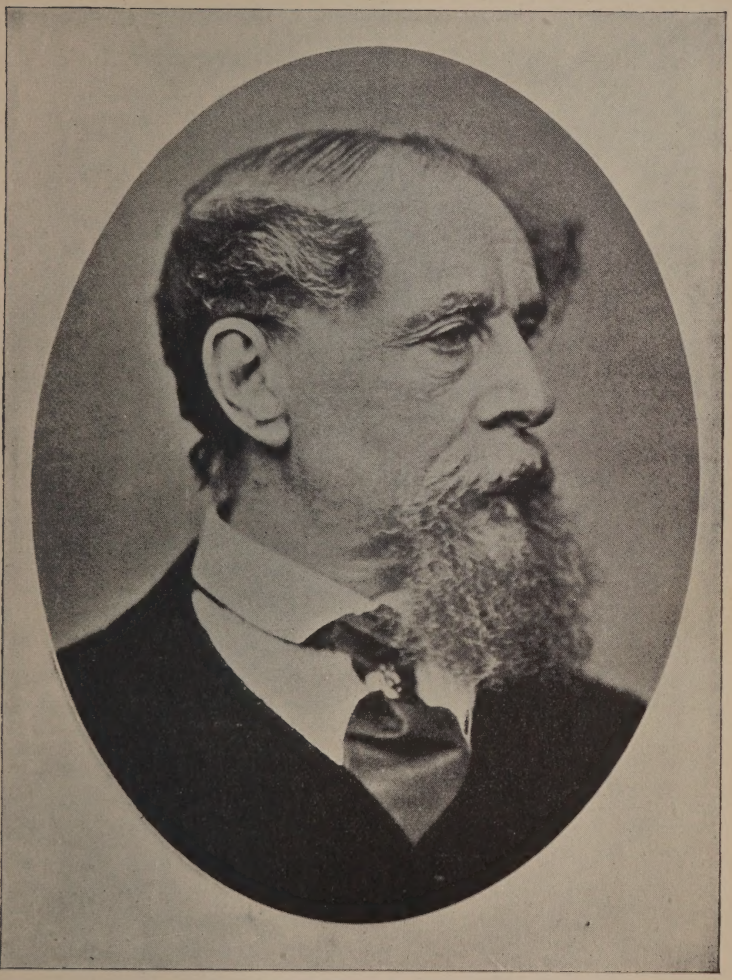
Twilight and evening bells,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The floods may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."

Lord Tennyson died Oct. 6, 1892, at 1.35 A.M., at Aldworth. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, October 12, next to the grave of Robert Browning. "Crossing the Bar" was sung at the funeral; also Tennyson's favorite hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," and his last poem of ten lines beginning —

"When the dumb hour clothed in black,
Brings the dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent voices of the dead,"

dedicated to his wife, a few days before his death, was sung to music of her own composition.



CHARLES DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS was born at Landport, a suburb of Portsea, England, on Friday, February 7, 1812. His father, John Dickens, a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, seems to have been a man of kind heart, but incapacitated for earning a living for a wife and eight children, so that debt and poverty were the handmaids of the Dickens group.

Of the mother, Elizabeth Barrow, little is known, save that she taught her son Charles to read, and later the rudiments of Latin, and shared with the unsuccessful father both poverty and imprisonment for debt. When Charles was two years old, the family moved from Portsea to London, and two years later to Chatham. He was a sickly child, unable to join in the sports of hardier boys, and, for this reason, probably all the more fond of books.

He says in "David Copperfield," a picture, for the most part, of his own life, "My father had left a small collection of books, in a little room up-stairs, to which I had access (for it adjoined my own), and which nobody else in our house ever troubled. From that blessed little room, 'Roderick Random,' 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Humphrey Clinker,' 'Tom Jones,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Don Quixote,' 'Gil Blas,' and 'Robinson Crusoe' came out, a glorious host, to keep me com-

pany. They kept alive my fancy, and my hope of something beyond that place and time, — they, and the 'Arabian Nights,' and the 'Tales of the Genii,' — and did me no harm; for whatever harm was in some of them was not there for me: *I* knew nothing of it. It is astonishing to me now how I found time, in the midst of my porings and blunderings over heavier themes, to read those books as I did. It is curious to me how I could ever have consoled myself under my small troubles (which were great troubles to me), by impersonating my favorite characters in them. . . .

"I have been Tom Jones (a child's Tom Jones, a harmless creature), for a week together. I have sustained my own idea of Roderick Random for a month at a stretch, I verily believe. I had a greedy relish for a few volumes of voyages and travels, — I forget what, now, that were on those shelves; and for days and days I can remember to have gone about my region of our house, armed with the centre-piece out of an old set of boot-trees: the perfect realization of Captain Somebody, of the royal British Navy, in danger of being beset by savages, and resolved to sell his life at a great price. . . . When I think of it, the picture always rises in my mind, of a summer evening, the boys at play in the churchyard, and I, sitting on my bed, reading as if for life. Every barn in the neighborhood, every stone in the church, and every foot of the churchyard, had some association of its own in my mind, connected with these books, and stood for some locality made famous in them."

Young Charles soon began to tell a story well, to sing comic songs, and even wrote a tragedy called "Misnar," the Sultan of India. He was attending a school kept

by a young Baptist minister, Mr. William Giles, who, Dickens remembered with gratitude in after years, was the first to perceive that the child had capacity. With a feeble body and a sensitive nature, he was doubtless what he once wrote of himself to Washington Irving, "a very small and not-over-particularly-taken-care-of boy."

When about nine years of age, Charles went back to London with his family, leaving with sorrow the woods of Kent, and Rochester cathedral and castle, and Gad's Hill, between Rochester and Gravesend, where Falstaff went out to rob the travellers. This Gad's Hill place, his father once told him, "If he were to be very persevering, and were to work hard, he might some day come to live in it," a thing which then seemed very improbable.

The small salary paid John Dickens in London was even smaller than that which he received at Chatham, so the family moved into a shabby tenement, in Bayham Street, Camden Town. Charles longed to go to school again, but they were too poor. Debt seemed to have benumbed the elder Dickens.

Charles once told his dearest friend, John Forster, who afterwards wrote his life: "I know my father to be as kind-hearted and generous a man as ever lived in the world. Everything that I can remember of his conduct to his wife or children, or friends, in sickness or affliction, is beyond all praise. By me, as a sick child, he has watched nights and days. He never undertook any business, charge, or trust, that he did not zealously, conscientiously, punctually, honorably discharge. His industry has always been untiring. He was proud of me, in his way, and had a great admiration of the comic

singing. But in the ease of his temper, and the straitness of his means, he appeared to have utterly lost, at this time, the idea of educating me at all, and to have utterly put from him the notion that I had any claim upon him, in that regard, whatever. So I degenerated into cleaning his boots of a morning, and my own; and making myself useful in the work of the little house; and looking after my younger brothers and sisters (we were now six in all) [two children had died], and going on such poor errands as arose out of our poor way of living."

By and by, the family resources became so low that the mother, with her six children to care for, declared "she must do something." She would open a school. A house was obtained, No. 4 Gower Street, North, and a large brass plate put on the door, announcing this as MRS. DICKENS'S ESTABLISHMENT.

Charles says, "I left, at a great many other doors, a great many circulars calling attention to the merits of the establishment. Yet nobody ever came to school, nor do I recollect that anybody ever proposed to come, or that the least preparation was made to receive anybody. But I know that we got on very badly with the butcher and baker; that very often we had not too much for dinner; and that at last my father was arrested."

These were but the beginning of the sad days which should teach Charles Dickens, and, through him, the world, the wretchedness and privation among the poor; and, better still, how to rise above these discouragements and become a man.

"Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

But before the Dickens family went to prison, the household articles, one by one, were pawned or sold for bread. Charles disposed of the little library to a bookseller in the Hampstead Road; the much-prized "Peregrine Pickle," and "Roderick Random," and "Tom Jones," and "Humphrey Clinker." "The keeper of this book-stall, who lived in a little house behind it, used to get tipsy every night, and to be violently scolded by his wife every morning. More than once, when I went there early, I had audience of him in a turn-up bedstead, with a cut in his forehead, or a black eye, bearing witness to his excesses over night (I am afraid he was quarrelsome in his drink): and he, with a shaking hand, endeavoring to find the needful shillings in one or other of the pockets of his clothes, which lay upon the floor, while his wife, with a baby in her arms, and her shoes down at heel, never left off rating him. Sometimes he had lost his money, and then he would ask me to call again; but his wife had always got some (had taken his, I dare say, while he was drunk), and secretly completed the bargain on the stairs, as we went down together."

After the family were carried off to the Marshalsea prison, little Charles, now eleven or twelve years old, was taken by a cousin of the mother's to work in a blacking-warehouse, at six shillings a week. The boy never forgot these bitter experiences. "It is wonderful to me," he says, "that, even after my descent into the poor little drudge I had been since we came to London, no one had compassion enough on me — a child of singular abilities, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt, bodily or mentally, — to suggest that something might have been spared, as certainly it might have been, to place me at

any common school. Our friends, I take it, were tired out. No one made any sign. My father and mother were quite satisfied. They could hardly have been more so if I had been twenty years of age, distinguished at a grammar-school, and going to Cambridge.

"The blacking-warehouse was the last house on the left-hand side of the way, at old Hungerford Stairs. It was a crazy, tumble-down old house, abutting, of course, on the river, and literally overrun with rats. Its wainscoted rooms, and its rotten floors and staircase, and the old gray rats swarming down in the cellars, and the sound of their squeaking and scuffling coming up the stairs at all times, and the dirt and decay of the place, rise up visibly before me, as if I were there again.

"The counting-house was on the first floor, looking over the coal-barges and the river. There was a recess in it, in which I was to sit and work. My work was to cover the pots of paste-blacking, first with a piece of oil paper, and then with a piece of blue paper; to tie these round with a string; and then to clip the paper close and neat, all round, until it looked as smart as a pot of ointment from an apothecary's shop. When a certain number of grosses of pots had attained this pitch of perfection, I was to paste on each a printed label, and then go on again with more pots. Two or three other boys were kept at similar duty down-stairs, on similar wages. One of them came up, in a ragged apron and a paper cap, on the first Monday morning, to show me the trick of using the string and tying the knot. His name was Bob Fagin; and I took the liberty of using his name, long afterwards, in 'Oliver Twist.'

"Our relative had kindly arranged to teach me something in the dinner-hour, from twelve to one, I think it

was, every day. But an arrangement so incompatible with counting-house business soon died away, from no fault of his or mine; and, for the same reason, my small work-table, and my grosses of pots, my papers, strings, scissors, paste-pot, and labels, by little and little, vanished out of the recess in the counting-house, and kept company with the other small work-tables, grosses of pots, paper, string, scissors, and paste-pots, down-stairs. It was not long before Bob Fagin and I, and another boy whose name was Paul Green, but who was currently believed to have been christened Poll (a belief which I transferred, long afterwards, again to Mr. Sweedlepipe, in 'Martin Chuzzlewit,') worked, generally, side by side. Bob Fagin was an orphan, and lived with his brother-in-law, a waterman. Poll Green's father had the additional distinction of being a fireman, and was employed at Drury Lane Theatre; where another relation of Poll's, I think his little sister, did imps in the pantomimes.

"No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship; compared these every-day associates with those of my happier childhood, and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man, crushed in my breast."

The boy Charles found lodgings with a poor woman in Little College Street, Camden Town. Three boys slept in one room. "My own exclusive breakfast, of a penny cottage loaf and a pennyworth of milk, I provided for myself. I kept another small loaf, and a quarter of a pound of cheese, on a particular shelf of a particular cupboard, to make my supper on when I came back at night. They made a hole in the six or seven shillings, I know well; and I was out at the blacking-warehouse all day and had to support myself upon that money

all the week. I suppose my lodging was paid for by my father. I certainly did not pay it myself; and I certainly had no other assistance whatever (the making of my clothes, I think, excepted) from Monday morning until Saturday night. No advice, no counsel, no encouragement, no support from any one that I can call to mind. . . .

"I was so young and childish, and so little qualified — how could I be otherwise? — to undertake the whole charge of my own existence, that, in going to Hungerford Stairs of a morning, I could not resist the stale pastry put out at half-price on trays at the confectioner's doors in Tottenham Court Road, and I often spent in that the money I should have kept for my dinner. Then I went without my dinner, or bought a roll, or a slice of pudding. . . . When I had no money, I took a turn in Covent Garden Market, and stared at the pine-apples. . . .

"I know that if a shilling or so were given me by any one, I spent it in a dinner or tea. I know that I worked from morning to night with common men and boys, a shabby child. I know that I tried, but ineffectually, not to anticipate my money, and to make it last the week through, by putting it away in a drawer I had in the counting-room, wrapped into six little parcels, each parcel containing the same amount and labelled with a different day. I know that I have lounged about the streets, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond."

One wonders how the employers supposed their little laborer could subsist on a dollar and a half a week?

Did Political Economy, with its "supply and demand," regulate all this without any regard to Christian Economy, which asks whether starvation wages are right?

The child cried so much, in his loneliness, that he was finally permitted to take his breakfasts and suppers in the prison with his parents and brothers and sisters, going to his lodgings about nine, as the gates were locked at ten o'clock.

After a few months of prison life, the family were released, a small legacy having come to them through a relative, so that the debts were paid. Charles was removed from his blacking-pots, and the Dickens family took lodgings in Little College Street, with a Mrs. Roylance, who afterward became the Mrs. Pipchin in "Dombey and Son."

Charles was now sent to the Wellington House Academy, a school kept by Mr. Jones, a Welshman, "a most ignorant fellow, and a mere tyrant." "My recollection of Dickens whilst at school," says a friend, "is that of a healthy-looking boy, small but well built, with a more than usual flow of spirits, inducing to harmless fun, seldom or never, I think, to mischief, to which so many lads, at that age, are prone."

After a few months of schooling, all he ever received, the old necessity of earning his living was forced upon him. For a time he was in the office of a solicitor in New Square, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and in May, 1827, when he was fifteen, in Gray's Inn, with another solicitor, on a salary of thirteen shillings and sixpence a week.

For the elder Dickens, the immortal Mr. Micawber, something had at last "turned up." He had become a Parliamentary reporter for the Morning Herald. The

son Charles determined to adopt the same profession. He began resolutely the study of shorthand; bought Mr. Gurney's half-guinea book; and, like David in "Copperfield," set himself to his task.

"The changes that were rung upon dots, which in such a position meant such a thing, and in such another position something else entirely different; the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles; the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like flies' legs; the tremendous effects of a curve in a wrong place, not only troubled my waking hours, but reappeared before me in my sleep. When I had groped my way blindly through these difficulties, and had mastered the alphabet, there then appeared a procession of new horrors, called arbitrary characters; the most despotic characters I have ever known; who insisted, for instance, that a thing like the beginning of a cobweb meant expectation, and that a pen-and-ink sky-rocket stood for disadvantageous. When I had fixed these wretches in my mind, I found that they had driven everything else out of it; then, beginning again, I forgot them; while I was picking them up, I dropped the other fragments of the system; in short, it was almost heart-breaking."

All the time which he could possibly spare was spent at the reading-room of the British Museum; thus to remedy, if possible, the lack of early education. These hours he considered among the most useful of his whole life. There was no opening yet for him in the reporters' gallery in Parliament, so, for nearly two years, he reported for one of the offices in Doctors' Commons, and in other law courts.

During these years he followed the rules laid down

for himself while yet a boy: "Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was."

During these years, there was another incentive to labor, besides ambition; it was love for "Dora." He did not succeed in winning her, as did David Copperfield, and nearly thirty years later when he visited her, long after his marriage, and found the dog "Gipsy" stuffed in her hall, the romance had partially faded out of his life. That the love was intense in his youth, a letter, written when he was forty-three, to Forster plainly shows: —

"I don't quite apprehend what you mean by my overrating the strength of the feeling of five and twenty years ago. If you mean of my own feeling, and will only think what the desperate intensity of my nature is, and that this began when I was Charley's age: that it excluded every other idea from my mind for four years, at a time of life when four years are equal to four times four: and that I went at it with a determination to overcome all the difficulties, which fairly lifted me up into that newspaper life, and floated me away over a hundred men's heads; then you are wrong, because nothing can exaggerate that.

"I have positively stood amazed at myself ever since. — And so I suffered, and so worked, and so beat and hammered away at the maddest romances that ever got into any boy's head and stayed there, that to see the mere cause of it all now loosens my hold upon myself. Without for a moment sincerely believing that it would

have been better if we had never got separated, I cannot see the occasion of so much emotion, as I should see any one else. No one can imagine in the most distant degree what pain the recollection gave me in 'Copperfield.' And, just as I can never open that book as I open any other book, I cannot see the face (even at four and forty), or hear the voice, without going wandering away over the ashes of all that youth and hope in the wildest manner."

He said again of her: "I gave a party on the occasion. She was there. It is unnecessary to name Her, more particularly; She was older than I, and had pervaded every chink and crevice of my mind for three or four years. I had held volumes of imaginary conversations with her mother on the subject of our union, and I had written letters more in number than Horace Walpole's, to that discreet woman, soliciting her daughter's hand in marriage. I had never had the remotest intention of sending any of those letters; but to write them, and, after a few days, tear them up, had been a sublime occupation."

At nineteen, he began his work as reporter in Parliament Buildings. He was quick, earnest, indefatigable, in his task. He said over thirty years later, at a public dinner in behalf of the Newspaper Press Fund: "I have often transcribed for the printer from my short-hand notes important public speeches, in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake in which would have been to a young man severely compromising; writing on the palm of my hand, by the light of a dark lantern, in a post-chaise and four, galloping through a wild country, and through the dead of the night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour. . .

"I have worn my knees by writing on them on the old back row of the old gallery in the old House of Commons; and I have worn my feet by standing to write in a preposterous pen in the old House of Lords, where we used to be huddled together like so many sheep, kept in waiting, say, until the woolsack might want re-stuffing. Returning home from excited political meetings in the country to the waiting press in London, I do verily believe I have been upset in almost every description of vehicle known in this country.

"I have been, in my time, belated in miry by-roads, towards the small hours, forty or fifty miles from London, in a wheel-less carriage, with exhausted horses and drunken postboys, and have got back in time for publication, to be received with never-forgotten compliments by the late Mr. Black, coming in the broadest of Scotch from the broadest of hearts I ever knew."

January 1, 1834, was an eventful day for the young reporter. He had written an article named "A Dinner at Poplar Walk," afterwards called "Mr. Minns and his Cousin," and, as he tells in the preface to "Pickwick," it was "dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street."

It was accepted, and "appeared in all the glory of print" in the Old Monthly Magazine on this first day of the new year. Dickens bought a copy of the magazine. All writers can well understand the feelings of the ardent youth. "On which occasion," he says, "I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there."

The boy of the Marshalsea prison and of the blacking-pots had finally found his place in the world's work. He wrote other sketches, "voluntary offerings," as the magazine was unable to pay him for them. In the August number of the magazine, his article was signed "Boz," the nickname of his youngest brother Augustus, whom, in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield, he called Moses, which, being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and, being shortened, became Boz.

He soon began to write for the Evening Chronicle, receiving a slight compensation. This paper was issued in connection with the great journal, the Morning Chronicle, for which he reported.

The articles were so much liked that they were collected into two volumes, in 1836, called "Sketches by Boz," the copyright being sold to a young publisher named Macrone, for one hundred and fifty pounds. How astonished must John Dickens have been; and how astonished his son Charles also!

This year, 1836, — he was now twenty-four, — was an eventful year to the reporter. He married, April 2, Catharine, eldest daughter of Mr. George Hogarth, a fellow-worker on the Chronicle, — if she had been "Dora," possibly the marriage would have proved a happy one, — and published the first number of "Pickwick."

A lady writes of Mrs. Dickens: "I thought her a pretty little woman, with the heavy-lidded large blue eyes so much admired by men. The nose was a little *retroussé*, the forehead good, mouth small, round, and red-lipped, with a pleasant, smiling expression, notwithstanding the sleepy look of the slow-moving eyes."

He now gave up reporting, and began an author's life

in earnest. Carlyle thus describes Dickens at this time: "Clear, blue, intelligent eyes, eyebrows that he arches amazingly, large, protrusive, rather loose mouth, a face of most extreme *mobility*, which he shuttles about — eyebrows, eyes, mouth, and all — in a very singular manner while speaking. Surmount this with a loose coil of common-colored hair, and set it on a small, compact figure, very small, and dressed *à la* D'Orsay rather than well, — this is Pickwick. For the rest, a quiet, shrewd-looking little fellow, who seems to guess pretty well what he is, and what others are." Leigh Hunt said of Dickens's face, "It has the life and soul in it of fifty human beings."

Dickens now wrote a farce for the theatre, and the story and songs for an opera, the "Village Coquettes," composed by a friend. Mr. James Grant says the first five parts of "Pickwick" were "a dead failure," but when Sam Weller appeared all was changed. For part first, four hundred copies were ordered: for part fifteen, forty thousand! Fame was assured. No more want, no more wretched debt!

But while Dickens himself made comparatively little by "Pickwick," fourteen pounds for each monthly part, the publishers, Chapman & Hall, made the astonishing sum of twenty thousand pounds. Feeling that their author was but poorly paid, they sent him checks for twenty-five hundred pounds. Macrone had also made four thousand pounds out of the "Sketches," and had given Dickens four hundred pounds. The author was naturally dissatisfied, and was compelled to repurchase the copyright of the "Sketches" for two thousand pounds.

During 1837, joy and sorrow mingled in the Dickens

household. His first child, a son, Charles, was born January 6, 1837. This son became editor and proprietor of All the Year Round after his father's death. His next younger brother, Fred, and his wife's next younger sister, Mary, aged seventeen, had come to live with Dickens. Mary, by her extreme sweetness of nature, had become the ideal of his life.

On May 7, Mary died suddenly, and Dickens was almost heart-broken. He was so affected that he could not go on with his work. He moved for a change of scene to Hampstead. He wrote to her mother a few months after her death, "I have never had her ring off my finger by day or night, except for an instant at a time, to wash my hands, since she died. I have never had her sweetness and excellence absent from my mind so long. I can solemnly say that, waking or sleeping, I have never lost the recollection of our hard trial and sorrow, and I feel that I never shall."

He wishes often to recall to memory the times when all were happy — "so happy that increase of fame and prosperity has only widened the gap in my affections, by causing me to think how she would have shared and enhanced all our joys, and how proud I should have been (as God knows I always was) to possess the affections of the gentlest and purest creature that ever shed a light on earth. I wish you could know how I weary now for the three rooms in Furnival's Inn, and how I miss that pleasant smile and those sweet words, which, bestowed upon our evening's work, in our merry banterings round the fire, were more precious to me than the applause of a whole world would be. I can recall everything she said and did in those happy days, and could show you every passage and line we read together."

He wrote in his diary on the first day of the following year, "If she were with us now, the same winning, happy, amiable companion, sympathizing with all my thoughts and feelings more than any one I knew ever did or will, I think I should have nothing to wish for but a continuance of such happiness. But she is gone, and pray God I may one day, through His mercy, rejoin her."

If Catharine, his bride of a little over a year, had been equally dear to him, how much better for all concerned! Alas! that so many Shelleys are always finding ideals outside of their own homes. To idealize and appreciate what we have, rather than what we have not, is a good rule for happiness.

Six years after Mary's death, Dickens wrote her mother, "I dreamed of her every night for many weeks, and always with a kind of quiet happiness, which became so pleasant to me that I never lay down at night without a hope of the vision coming back in one shape or other. And so it did."

He dreamed of her while travelling in Yorkshire; in Genoa; seven years after her death, he thought her spirit appeared before him. "I was not at all afraid," he says, "but in a great delight, so that I wept very much, and, stretching out my arms to it, called it 'Dear.' At this I thought it recoiled; and I felt immediately that not being of my gross nature, I ought not to have addressed it so familiarly. 'Forgive me!' I said. 'We poor living creatures are only able to express ourselves by looks and words. I have used the word most natural to *our* affections, and you know my heart.'" After some conversation with the spirit, and being assured of its sympathy and compassion, "I awoke," he says, "with the tears running

down my face, and myself in exactly the condition of the dream. It was just dawn. I called up Kate, and repeated it three or four times over, that I might not unconsciously make it plainer or stronger afterwards." One can but wonder what "Kate," the wife, thought of all this!

When at Niagara Falls he said, "What would I give if the dear girl, whose ashes lie in Kensal Green, had lived to come so far along with us — but she has been here many times, I doubt not, since her sweet face faded from my earthly sight."

For her monument in Kensal Green, he had written these words: "Young, beautiful and good, God in His mercy numbered her among His angels at the early age of seventeen." Just before he went to America, on the death of Mary's brother, he wrote to Forster, "It is a great trial to me to give up Mary's grave; greater than I can possibly express. I thought of moving her to the Catacombs and saying nothing about it; but then I remembered that the poor old lady" (Mrs. Hogarth's mother) "is buried next her at her own desire, and could not find it in my heart, directly she is laid in the earth, to take her grandchild away. The desire to be buried next her is as strong upon me now as it was five years ago; and I *know* (for I don't think there ever was love like that I bear her) that it will never diminish. I fear I can do nothing. Do you think I can? They would move her on Wednesday, if I resolved to have it done. I cannot bear the thought of being excluded from her dust; and yet, I feel that her brothers and sisters, and her mother, have a better right than I to be placed beside her.

"It is but an idea. I neither think nor hope (God

forbid) that our spirits would ever mingle *there.* I ought to get the better of it, but it is very hard. I never contemplated this — and coming so suddenly, and after being ill, it disturbs me more than it ought. It seems like losing her a second time." . . . "No," he wrote the morning after, "I tried that. No, there is no ground on either side to be had. I must give it up. I shall drive over there, please God, on Thursday morning, before they get there, and look at her coffin."

In the very year before he died, he said, "She is so much in my thoughts at all times, especially when I am successful, and have greatly prospered in anything, that the recollection of her is an essential part of my being, and is as inseparable from my existence as the beating of my heart is." She is the Little Nell of "Old Curiosity Shop."

Adolphus William Ward says, in his Life of Dickens, "She was the object of the one great imaginative passion of his life. Many have denied that there is any likeness to nature in the fictitious figure in which, according to the wont of imaginative writers, he was irresistibly impelled to embody the sentiment with which she inspired him; but the sentiment itself became part of his nature, and part of his history. When, in writing the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' he approached the death of Little Nell, he shrunk from the task. 'Dear Mary died yesterday, when I think of this sad story.'"

After so much rhapsody, one is forced to think that Mrs. Dickens was a very patient wife.

Early in 1837, Dickens began to edit a magazine, Bentley's Miscellany, in the second number of which "Oliver Twist" was begun. In April of the following year, "Nicholas Nickleby" began to appear also. Oliver

Twist is the illegitimate son of a young woman in "good society," who dies at his birth, in a workhouse. He is brought up as a pauper under the peculiar oversight of Mr. Bumble, where the "great principle of out-door relief is to give the paupers exactly what they don't want; and then they get tired of coming." They give one homeless pauper "a pound of potatoes and half a pint of oatmeal," and as he has no fire to cook them, he is so inconsiderate as to die in the streets! The following illustrates the care which Oliver receives: —

"'I hope you say your prayers every night,' said another gentleman in a gruff voice; 'and pray for the people who feed you, and take care of you — like a Christian.'

"'Yes, sir,' stammered the boy. The gentleman who spoke last was unconsciously right. It would have been *very* like a Christian, and a marvellously good Christian too, if Oliver had prayed for the people who fed and took care of *him*. But he hadn't, because nobody had taught him.

"'Well! you have come here to be educated, and taught a useful trade,' said the red-faced gentleman in the high chair.

"'So you'll begin to pick oakum to-morrow morning at six o'clock,' added the surly one in the white waistcoat.

"For the combination of both these blessings in the one single process of picking oakum, Oliver bowed low by the direction of the beadle, and was then hurried away to a large ward, where, on a rough hard bed, he sobbed himself to sleep. What a noble illustration of the tender laws of England! They let the paupers go to sleep!"

The little pauper eats where "the bowls never wanted washing — the boys polished them with their spoons." The authorities talk of "binding him out" to some small trading vessel; "the probability being, that the skipper would flog him to death, in a playful mood, some day after dinner; or would knock his brains out with an iron bar; both pastimes being, as is pretty generally known, very favorite and common recreations among gentlemen of that class."

Oliver is reserved for the tender mercies of an undertaker and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Sowerberry, and their brutal clerk, Noah Claypole. He runs away, and, in London, is lured into the home of a gang of thieves. His legitimate brother, Monks, recognizes him from a likeness to their father; bribes the thieves to recapture him and take him to the receiver of stolen goods, Fagin, the Jew. Bill Sikes, one of the thieves, is a housebreaker, who finally murders poor Nancy, who lives with him and who has befriended Oliver. This murder, and the death of wicked Bill Sikes, are painted with a master hand. Monks dies in prison, and Oliver receives his just portion of the money left by his father. Dickens wrote this book with his heart in it, saying he did not see "why the dregs of life should not serve the purpose of a moral, at least as well as its froth and cream."

In "Nicholas Nickleby," we have Ralph Nickleby, the penurious, selfish uncle, and the nephew Nicholas, the son of Ralph's brother. The father of Nicholas dies, having lost his property through his weak wife wishing him to speculate. Ralph, the uncle, pretends to be friendly and finds a position for the nephew in the school of the contemptible Mr. Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall, "at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta

Bridge, in Yorkshire, where youth are boarded, clothed, booked, washed, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries," and "every beautiful moral that Mrs. Squeers can instil," all for twenty guineas a year.

Nicholas goes thither, and witnesses, with inexpressible disgust, the half-starved, beaten pupils, to whom the inimitable Mrs. Squeers gives "brimstone and treacle, partly because if they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine, they'd be always ailing and giving a world of trouble, and partly because it spoils their appetites and comes cheaper than breakfast and dinner." The boys then eat their porridge, "which looked like diluted pincushions without the covers, . . . and then Mr. Squeers said, in a solemn voice, 'For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful!'" and went away to a good breakfast at his own table.

The half-witted boy Smike, nearly killed through unkindness, attaches himself to Nicholas and never leaves him. He proves to be the son of Ralph, and the cousin of Nicholas. Kate, the sister of Nicholas, obtains work in the dressmaking establishment of Madame Mantalini, and has a wretched time there, as well as after she becomes companion to Mrs. Wititterly, a weak woman who is always yearning to meet lords. She meets two very interesting specimens in Lord Frederick Verisopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk, who finally have a duel, in which the lord is killed.

Nicholas, after he has beaten Mr. Squeers, and left his school, — Miss Squeers writes to Ralph a most laughable letter about this sad catastrophe, — finally obtains a position with the Brothers Cheeryble (W. and D. Grant Brothers, Manchester), and lives to see his close-fisted uncle Ralph lose all his property.

So true to life were the pictures that more than one teacher of a Yorkshire school determined to sue the author for libel. Everybody was reading both novels, and talking of Dickens.

In 1840, the "Old Curiosity Shop" was published. The book met with extraordinary success, both in America as well as England. The touching picture of Little Nell, in the "Old Curiosity Shop," with her old grandfather, who, without her knowledge, was always gambling to obtain money that she might be brought up in comfort; her meeting with Mrs. Jarley, and being trained to describe the immortal wax-works to the audience; the dwarf, Daniel Quilp; the schoolmaster; the death of the lovable, angelic Nell; how fresh are all these pictures in the minds of tens of thousands.

Dickens penned the death-scene slowly and sorrowfully. He wrote Forster: "I am the wretchedest of the wretched. It casts the most horrible shadow upon me, and it is as much as I can do to keep moving at all. . . . Nobody will miss her like I shall. It is such a very painful thing to me, that I really cannot express my sorrow. . . . After you left last night, I took my desk up-stairs, and, writing until four o'clock this morning, finished the old story. It makes me melancholy to think that all these people are lost to me forever, and I feel as if I never could become attached to any new set of characters."

Dickens had now moved to No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, Regent's Park, and three more children had come into his home: Mary, born March 6, 1838; Kate, in October, 1839; and Walter Landor, born January 30, 1841.

He was working very hard, and receiving, he felt, less

than his share for his efforts. The copyright of "Oliver Twist" was, therefore, purchased of his publishers, with the stock in hand, for £2,250, and he agreed to write for them "Barnaby Rudge," they to give £3,000 for the copyright for six months; after which time Dickens was to own the copyright.

"Barnaby Rudge" is a story laid in 1780, the time of the No Popery or Lord George Gordon riots. Its most familiar character is Dolly Varden, the coquettish daughter of the locksmith, Gabriel Varden. The raven, Grip, is, as Dickens said, "a compound of two great originals, of whom I have been, at different times, the proud possessor. The first was in the bloom of his youth when he was discovered in a modest retirement in London by a friend of mine, and given to me. . . . He slept in a stable — generally on horseback — and so terrified a Newfoundland dog by his preternatural sagacity, that he has been known, by the mere superiority of his genius, to walk off unmolested with the dog's dinner from before his face. He was rapidly rising in acquirements and virtues, when, in an evil hour, his stable was newly painted. He observed the workmen closely, saw that they were careful of the paint, and immediately burned to possess it. On their going to dinner, he ate up all they had left behind, consisting of a pound or two of white lead; and this youthful indiscretion terminated in death.

"While I was yet inconsolable for his loss, another friend of mine in Yorkshire discovered an older and more gifted raven, at a village public-house, which he prevailed upon the landlord to part with, for a consideration, and sent up to me. The first act of this Sage was to administer to the effects of his predecessor by disin-

terring all the cheese and halfpence he had buried in the garden — a work of immense labor and research, to which he devoted all the energies of his mind. When he had achieved this task, he applied himself to the acquisition of stable language, in which he soon became such an adept that he would perch outside of my window and drive imaginary horses, with great skill, all day. . . . It may have been that he was too bright a genius to live long, or it may have been that he took some pernicious substance into his bill, and thence into his maw,— which is not improbable, seeing that he new-pointed the greater part of the garden-wall by digging out the mortar, broke countless squares of glass by scraping away the putty all round the frames, and tore up and swallowed, in splinters, the greater part of a wooden staircase of six steps and a landing — but after some three years, he too was ill, and died before the kitchen fire."

In 1841, Dickens had made up his mind to visit America. He loved travel, and was restless by nature. He varied his London life by many changes, staying for a few weeks at Twickenham or Petersham, or by the sea, at Brighton, or travelling to Belgium or North Wales. When at work, he usually wrote rapidly and with intense feeling. He made it a rule to take enough physical exercise to balance the mental strain. At first, he used to ride on horseback for thirty miles; then he chose walking instead, and as long as he lived would not hesitate to make a trip of twenty or thirty miles in the afternoon, or at night, his walks in London usually being at the latter time.

Having made arrangements for the publication of his next novel, "Martin Chuzzlewit," for which he was to receive two hundred pounds monthly, while it was pub-

lishing, besides three-fourths of all profits, until six months after the completed book, and then one-half the profits, he sailed, January 4, 1842, with his wife, for America.

Just before sailing, the freedom of the city of Edinburgh was offered him, and a grand banquet, at which three hundred of the most noted persons of the city were present. "Christopher North," editor of Blackwood, presided, and many speeches were made by distinguished authors.

After a rough passage across the Atlantic, they reached Boston, January 28. Dickens received a most enthusiastic welcome. He wrote home, "How can I give you the faintest notion of my reception here: of the crowds that pour in and out the whole day: of the people that line the streets when I go out: of the cheering when I go to the theatre: of the copies of verses, letters of congratulation, welcomes of all kinds, balls, dinners, assemblies, without end? . . . I have had deputations from the Far West, who have come from more than two thousand miles distance: from the lakes, the rivers, the backwoods, the log-houses, the cities, factories, villages, and towns. Authorities from nearly all the States have written to me."

At many of the hotels his bills were paid without his knowledge, or the proprietors declined to receive compensation. He visited St. Louis, Cincinnati, and other western cities, besides Niagara and Montreal. He made many warm friends, Longfellow, Irving, Dr. Channing, Professor Felton of Cambridge, and others.

On the return of Dickens and his wife, they were eagerly welcomed by four little people in Devonshire Terrace, who kissed their parents through the bars of

the gate because they could not wait till it should be opened.

Dickens was always affectionate and playful with his children. Forster tells how "little Mary and her sister Kate had taken much pains to teach their father the polka, that he might dance it with them at their brother's birthday festivity; and in the middle of the previous night, as he lay in bed, the fear had fallen on him suddenly that the step was forgotten, and then and there, in that wintry, dark, cold night, he got out of bed to practise it."

Dickens published in 1842 two volumes of "American Notes." To many persons these gave great offence, but at this day one reads them, I think, with nothing of the annoyance which they caused forty years ago. Dickens doubtless spoke truly when he said, "Prejudiced I am not, and never have been, otherwise than in favor of the United States. I have many friends in America, I feel a grateful interest in the country, I hope and believe it will successfully work out a problem of the highest importance to the whole human race. To represent me as viewing America with ill-nature, coldness, or animosity, is merely to do a very foolish thing, which is always a very easy one."

He found "the tone of society in Boston one of perfect politeness and good-breeding." He liked Harvard College. He said, "Whatever the defects of American universities may be, they disseminate no prejudices; rear no bigots; dig up the buried ashes of no old superstitions; never interpose between the people and their improvement; exclude no man because of his religious opinions; above all, in their whole course of study and instruction, recognize a world, and a broad one, too, lying beyond the college walls."

He was outspoken with regard to the system of "rigid, strict, and hopeless solitary confinement" which he found in some of our prisons, and I think the public sentiment of the present day is quite in accord with him. "I believe," he said, "that very few men are capable of estimating the immense amount of torture and agony which this dreadful punishment, prolonged for years, inflicts upon the sufferers. . . . I hold this slow and daily tampering with the mysteries of the brain to be immeasurably worse than any torture of the body: and because its ghastly signs and tokens are not so palpable to the eye and sense of touch as scars upon the flesh; because its wounds are not upon the surface, and it extorts few cries that human ears can hear: therefore I the more denounce it, as a secret punishment which slumbering humanity is not roused up to stay. . . . I solemnly declare, that with no rewards or honors could I walk a happy man beneath the open sky by day, or lay me down upon my bed at night, with the consciousness that one human creature, for any length of time, no matter what, lay suffering this unknown punishment in his silent cell, and I the cause, or I consenting to it in the least degree."

Dickens said of Americans, "They are by nature, frank, brave, cordial, hospitable, and affectionate. Cultivation and refinement seem but to enhance their warmth of heart and ardent enthusiasm; and it is the possession of these latter qualities, in a most remarkable degree, which renders an educated American one of the most endearing and most generous of friends."

At the same time, he saw defects, — not difficult to find in any nation, — defects of manner, of speech, of habits in trade, in journalism, in social intercourse.

That he did not always judge rightly, as we do not always judge England rightly, is evident. Mr. Ward, his biographer, says, "His knowledge of America and its affairs was gained in such a way and under such circumstances as to entitle him, if he chose, to speak to the vast public which he commanded as an author, of men and manners as observed by him; but he had no right to judge the destinies and denounce the character of a great people on evidence gathered in the course of a holiday tour."

Dickens himself, twenty-five years later, in bidding farewell to New York, at a public dinner given him by the newspaper men, after having spoken of the changes in the country, said: "Nor am I, believe me, so arrogant as to suppose that in five and twenty years there have been no changes in me, and that I had nothing to learn, and no extreme impressions to correct when I was here first." And then he adds that he shall record in his magazine, "that wherever I have been, in the smallest places equally with the largest, I have been received with unsurpassable politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality, and consideration, and with unsurpassable respect for the privacy daily enforced upon me by the nature of my avocation here and the state of my health.

"This testimony, so long as I live, and so long as my descendants have any legal right in my books, I shall cause to be republished, as an appendix to every copy of those two books of mine in which I have referred to America. And this I will do and cause to be done, not in mere love and thankfulness, but because I regard it as an act of plain justice and honor."

"Martin Chuzzlewit" appeared in 1843. Old Martin is the embodiment of selfishness, who comes under the

influence of the hypocritical Mr. Pecksniff, who with his two daughters, Charity and Mercy, and good, unselfish Tom Pinch, form a most unique and interesting group. Mrs. Gamp, the nurse, with "her large bundle, a pair of pattens, and a species of gig umbrella; the latter article in color like a faded leaf, except where a circular patch of a lively blue had been dexterously let in at the top," and who wishes to have "the bottle left on the chimley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged," is a masterpiece of humor. Her "children is all gone," she tells Mrs. Harris; "and as to husbands, there's a wooden leg gone likeways home to its account, which, in its constancy of walkin' into wine vaults, and never comin' out again till fetched by force, was quite as weak as flesh, if not weaker." She is the sort of woman whom Mr. Mould, the undertaker, says, with his heartiest approbation, one would bury for nothing!

The young Martin Chuzzlewit goes to America with Mark Tapley, who is always wishing for "disagreeable circumstances" in which to be "jolly." Induced by speculators, Martin invests in a new town, "the Walley of Eden," and goes there to practise his profession, that of an architect. At last they arrive, and find it "a flat morass, bestrewn with fallen timber; a marsh on which the good growth of the earth seemed to have been wrecked and cast away, that from its decomposing ashes vile and ugly things might rise; where the very trees took the aspect of huge weeds, begotten of the slime from which they sprung, by the hot sun that burnt them up; where fatal maladies, seeking whom they might infect, came forth at night, in misty shapes, and, creeping out upon the water, hunted them like spectres until day; where

even the blessed sun, shining down on festering elements of corruption and disease, became a horror. The waters of the Deluge might have left it but a week before, so choked with slime and matted growth was the hideous swamp which bore the name.

"There being no depth of water close in-shore, they landed from the vessel's boat, with all their goods beside them. There were a few log-houses visible among the dark trees; the best a cow-shed or a rude stable; but for the wharves, the market-place, the public buildings —

"'Here comes an Edener,' said Mark. 'He'll get us help to carry these things up. Keep a good heart, sir. Hallo there!'

"The man advanced towards them through the thickening gloom, very slowly, leaning on a stick. As he drew nearer they observed that he was pale and worn, and that his anxious eyes were deeply sunken in his head. His dress of homespun blue hung about him in rags; his feet and head were bare. He sat down on a stump half-way, and beckoned them to come to him. When they complied, he put his hand upon his side as if in pain, and, while he fetched his breath, stared at them, wondering.

"'Strangers!' he exclaimed, as soon as he could speak.

"'The very same,' said Mark. 'How are you, sir?'

"'I've had the fever very bad,' he answered faintly. 'I haven't stood upright these many weeks. Those are your notions, I see,' pointing to their property.

"'Yes, sir,' said Mark, 'they are. You couldn't recommend us some one as would lend a hand to help carry 'em up to the — to the town, could you, sir?'

"'My eldest son would do it if he could,' replied the

man; 'but to-day he has his chill upon him, and is lying wrapped up in the blankets. My youngest died last week.'

"'I'm sorry for it, governor, with all my heart,' said Mark, shaking him by the hand. 'Don't mind us. Come along with me, and I'll give you an arm back. The goods is safe enough, sir,' — to Martin — 'there ain't many people about to make away with 'em. What a comfort that is!'

"'No,' cried the man. 'You must look for such folks here,' knocking his stick upon the ground, 'or yonder in the bush, towards the north. We've buried most of 'em; the rest have gone away. Them that we have here don't come out at night.'

"'The night air ain't quite wholesome, I suppose?' said Mark.

"'It's deadly poison,' was the settler's answer."

Martin, after sundry other experiences with journalists and politicians, goes back to his own beloved England.

At first the American people were not pleased with the "Walley of Eden," and the pompous Mr. Jefferson Brick, who thought Broadway, New York, "whipped the universe." Dickens wrote Forster, "I gather from a letter I have had this morning, that Martin has made them all stark, staring, raving mad across the water."

But, as Forster well says, "With a little reflection the Americans had doubtless begun to find out that the advantage was not all with us, nor the laughter wholly against them. They had no Pecksniff at any rate. Bred in a more poisonous swamp than their Eden, of greatly older standing and much harder to be drained, Pecksniff was all our own. . . . No amount of self-indulgence weakens or lowers his pious and reflective tone. . . .

When his condition has fallen into something so much worse than maudlin that his friends have to put him to bed, they have not had time to descend the staircase when he is seen to be 'fluttering' on the top landing, desiring to collect their sentiments on the nature of human life. 'Let us be moral. Let us contemplate existence.' He turns his old pupil out of doors in the attitude of blessing him, and when he has discharged that social duty retires to shed his personal tribute of a few tears in the back garden."

Pecksniff says to his daughter, "Charity, my dear, when I take my chamber candlestick to-night, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying for Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit, who has done me an injustice."

"Martin Chuzzlewit," next to "Pickwick" and "Copperfield," has been the best-selling book of Dickens.

In the winter of 1843, "The Christmas Carol" was printed, and met with the heartiest reception. The stingy Scrooge, having received as visitants the ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, and Future, becomes a better man. Six thousand copies were sold on the day of publication, and fifteen thousand copies in a short time. Dickens said of this story, he wept over it, and laughed and wept again, and excited himself to an extraordinary degree, and walked, thinking of it, fifteen or twenty miles about the back streets of London, many and many a night, after sober folks had gone to bed.

In 1844, after making a contract with another publishing firm, Bradbury & Evans, by which they advanced to him twenty-eight hundred pounds for a fourth share in whatever he might write for the next eight years, Dickens went with his family to Italy. He had five children now; his fifth child, Francis Jeffrey, having

been born January 15, 1844. His wife's sister, who had now come to live with them, Georgina Hogarth, who, Dickens thought, resembled Mary in her nature, was one of the company. They took a house at Albaro, a suburb of Genoa, and he began his second Christmas story, "The Chimes." He wrote Forster, "I am in regular ferocious excitement with the 'Chimes;' get up at seven; have a cold bath before breakfast; and blaze away, wrathful and red hot, until three o'clock or so; when I usually knock off (unless it rains) for the day. . . . I am fierce to finish it in a spirit bearing some affinity to those of truth and mercy, and to shame the cruel and the canting." After it was finished he indulged "in what women call a good cry," so really had he put his heart into his characters.

He visited Parma, Modena, Bologna, Ferrara, Venice, Rome, and other cities, and wrote "Pictures of Italy," published in 1846.

In the fall of 1845, a third Christmas story was published, the "Cricket on the Hearth — a Fairy Tale of Home." It is a very simple story of the Carrier and his wife Dot.

In February, 1846, Dickens started for Lausanne, Switzerland, by way of Belgium and the Rhine. At Lausanne he wrote "Dombey and Son," and another Christmas story, "The Battle of Life." "Dombey" proved a great success, the first six numbers realizing £2,820. The life and death of little Paul were everywhere talked of. Honest Captain Cuttle and the muddled Captain Bunsby were admirably done. It has, in later years, drawn crowded houses at the theatre. "Dombey" was soon translated into Russian, and read "from the Neva to the remotest parts of Siberia."

"No other of Dickens's books," says Mr. Ward, "is more abundantly stocked than this with genuinely comic characters, but nearly all of them, in accordance with the pathetic tone which is struck at the outset, and which never dies out till the story has run its course, are in a more subdued stream of humor. . . . Polly and the Toodles household, Mrs. Pipchin and her 'select infantile boarding-house,' and the whole of Doctor Blimber's establishment, from the Doctor himself down to Mr. Toots, and up again, in the scale of intellect, to Mr. Feeder, B.A., are among the most admirable of all the great humorist's creations."

Dickens said, "I have a strong belief that, if any of my books are read years hence, 'Dombey' will be remembered as among the best of them."

While writing "Dombey," Dickens spent three months in Paris, always longing for his familiar London. He wrote Forster, "The difficulty of going, at what I call a rapid pace, is prodigious; it is almost an impossibility. I suppose this is partly the effect of two years' ease, and partly of the absence of streets and numbers of figures. I can't express how much I want these. It seems as if they supplied something to my brain, which it cannot bear, when busy, to lose. For a week or a fortnight I can write prodigiously in a retired place (as at Broadstairs), and a day in London sets me up again and starts me. But the toil and labor of writing, day after day, without that magic lantern, *is* IMMENSE!! . . . My figures seem to stagnate without crowds about them."

Mary Cowden Clarke thus describes Dickens at this time: "Charles Dickens, beaming in look, alert in manner, radiant with good-humor, genial-voiced, gay, the

very soul of enjoyment, fun, good taste, and good spirits, admirable in organizing details and suggesting novelty of entertainment, was, of all beings, the very man for a holiday season."

In the spring of 1847, a house was taken in Chester Place, Regent's Park, and here, April 18, his seventh child was born, Sydney Smith Haldemand; his sixth, Alfred Tennyson, having been born October 28, 1845. Sydney entered the Royal Navy, becoming a lieutenant, and survived his father only a year and eleven months. He was on his way home, and, dying of bronchitis, was buried at sea, May 2, 1872. His father used to call him, when a boy, the "Ocean Spectre," from "a strange little weird, yet most attractive, look in his large, wondering eyes." And the ocean had him at last.

For the next year or two Dickens gave considerable time to amateur theatricals; the first plays being for the benefit of Leigh Hunt. Fortunately, this author received a pension about this time, so that the remaining performances of Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humor," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," were given for the benefit of Sheridan Knowles. In 1851, Bulwer Lytton's comedy, "Not so Bad as we Seem," was acted at Dickens's house, Devonshire Terrace, in the presence of the Queen, in behalf of the Guild of Literature and Art. Dickens, from first to last, was the manager of the company.

In his seaside holiday at Brighton, he began his most famous work, that by which he will live longest in the hearts of the people, "David Copperfield." After this he went to Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, one of the loveliest places in all Great Britain. I suppose thousands who love "David Copperfield" have strayed along the beach

near where Dickens lived, and thought of the author amid the roses and the ivy of that delightful spot.

While writing "Copperfield," his eighth child, a daughter, whom he named Dora, was born in August, 1850. She died on April 14 of the following year, while her father was presiding at Malvern at a dinner given in behalf of the General Theatrical Fund. Two weeks before her death, his father, John Dickens, died. Though he is immortalized in "Copperfield" as Mr. Micawber, always waiting for something to "turn up," Dickens was deeply attached to him, and provided well for him until his death. Five years before his own death, he said he regarded "his poor father as a better man the longer he lived." Only a short time previously he had buried a favorite sister, Fanny, gifted in music, and especially congenial to him.

In 1851, Dickens left Devonshire Terrace and removed to Tavistock House, in Tavistock Square. They left the old home with regrets, for here many warm friends had gathered: Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Thackeray, Rogers, Bulwer, Lady Lovelace (Lord Byron's daughter Ada, an especial admirer of "Dombey"), Landseer, Macready, and many others.

When "David Copperfield" was published, the world saw that it was written out of Dickens's heart. He wrote Forster, "I seem to be sending some part of myself into the Shadowy World." He said in the preface, "Of all my books, I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as dearly as I love them. But, like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child. And his name is DAVID COPPERFIELD."

More than in any book of Dickens, the style is simple, the pathos telling, the humor natural, the plot well laid, and the characters wholly human. Dickens always had an especial fondness for the Peggotty family, and so has every reader. The story is familiar to all.

Little David lives happily with his young and widowed mother till she marries a second time, a Mr. Murdstone, whom she permits, perchance from force of circumstances, to control her only and idolized child. Between Murdstone and his unmarried sister, David is so frightened that he becomes quite another boy. But for the poor servant, Peggotty, he would have lost his reason, He is sent away to school, after giving Mr. Murdstone a well-deserved bite through the hand. Mr. Barkis, who takes him on his journey, sends his memorable message to Peggotty that "Barkis is willin'," which message she understands, and eventually she marries him.

Mrs. Murdstone, David's mother, dies — one can but wonder how often in real life the wrong person seems to die — and the orphan boy is put to work in the crazy old warehouse of "Murdstone and Grinby." The "gray old rats," and the "dirt and rottenness," are those of Charles Dickens's childhood in the blacking-pot drudgery.

"The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly without hope now; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that day by day what I had learned, and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, would pass away from me, little by little, never to be brought back any more; cannot be written. As often as Mick Walker went away in the course of that forenoon, I mingled my tears with the water in which I was

washing the bottles; and sobbed as if there were a flaw in my own breast, and it were in danger of bursting."

David boarded with the impecunious Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, who were always borrowing of their friends, always in debt, and for whom very little "turned up," except poverty and sorrow, for their eight hapless children.

When Mr. Micawber was upbraided by his creditors, he "would be transported with grief and mortification, even to the length (as I was once made aware by a scream from his wife) of making motions at himself with a razor; but, within half an hour afterwards, he would polish up his shoes with extraordinary pains, and go out, humming a tune with a greater air of gentility than ever.

"Mrs. Micawber was quite as elastic. I have known her to be thrown into fainting fits by the King's taxes, at three o'clock, and to eat lamb chops breaded, and drink warm ale (paid for with two teaspoons that had gone to the pawnbroker's), at four. On one occasion, when an execution had just been put in, coming home through some chance as early as six o'clock, I saw her lying (of course with a twin) under the grate in a swoon, with her hair all torn about her face; but I never knew her more cheerful than she was, that very same night, over a veal cutlet before the kitchen fire, telling me stories about her papa and mamma, and the company they used to keep."

Finally David runs away from his task-masters, and finds his great-aunt, Betsey Trotwood, who takes him into her home and puts him into a clean white bed. "I remember how I thought of all the solitary places under the night sky where I had slept, and how I prayed that

I never might be houseless any more, and never might forget the houseless." And Dickens never did forget the "houseless" while he lived.

Betsey Trotwood sends him to school with her parting injunction, "Never be mean in anything; never be false; never be cruel."

After school-life, he studies law with Mr. Spenlow, with whose daughter, Dora, he falls hopelessly in love. He becomes jealous of everybody. When invited to the Spenlow home, he "had not the least idea what they had for dinner besides Dora. My impression is, that I dined off Dora entirely, and sent away half a dozen plates untouched. I sat next to her. I talked to her. She had the most delightful little voice, the gayest little laugh, the pleasantest and most fascinating little ways, that ever led a lost youth into hopeless slavery. She was rather diminutive altogether. So much the more precious, I thought."

He even loved her little dog Jip — short for Gipsy — who barked at him, and "suffered greatly to see the pats she gave him for punishment on the bridge of his blunt nose, while he winked his eyes, and licked her hand, and still growled within himself like a little double-bass."

David goes to a picnic and becomes very jealous of "Red Whisker." "They wanted Dora to sing. Red Whisker would have got the guitar out of the carriage, but Dora told him nobody knew where it was but I. So Red Whisker was done for in a moment, and *I* got it, and *I* unlocked it, and *I* took the guitar out, and *I* sat by her, and *I* held her handkerchief and gloves, and *I* drank in every note of her dear voice, and she sang to *me* who loved her, and all the others might applaud as much as they liked, but they had nothing to do with it!"

He offers himself to her while "Jip barks madly all the time." "I was in a state of perfect rapture. . . . What an idle time it was! What an unsubstantial, happy, foolish time it was!"

He marries her, and the experiences which they have with servants, through his sweet, helpless Dora, are the very climax of humor, and half pathetic as well. The whole picture of the child-wife Dora, to whom "reasoning is worse than scolding," is inimitable, one of the most realistic and exquisite pictures ever produced in fiction. She dies, and long after he marries a noble, self-reliant, helpful, intelligent woman, Agnes, the finest type of womanhood, perhaps, which Dickens has ever given us.

The humble villain, Uriah Heep, plays his part in the book. James Steerforth, David's school friend, the spoiled son of a wealthy widow, blights the Peggotty family by running away with little Em'ly, David's first love; is shipwrecked in a tempest at Yarmouth, together with the young boat-builder Ham (to whom Em'ly was engaged). Ham dies in his attempt to rescue the stranger, who proves to be Steerforth. The description of the tempest and shipwreck is a masterpiece, and thrills hearts now as it did when written forty years ago. We may not find in the book the philosophy of George Eliot, or the exquisite description of natural scenery in some of the later novelists, but we weep and laugh and live over again the joys and sorrows of David Copperfield, as though they were our own. No other book of Dickens's has equalled the sale of "Copperfield," save "Pickwick."

While "Copperfield" was in progress, Dickens started a new periodical, Household Words, March 30, 1850, which found its way into innumerable homes.

His next novel, "Bleak House," began to appear in March, 1852; a very strong book, one of his best; with Mrs. Jellyby and her overwhelming interest in Borrioboola-Gha on the banks of the Niger; the "matrimonial alliance of Mr. and Mrs. Jellyby was a union of mind and matter," — with proud Lady Dedlock and Sir Leicester Dedlock, whose "family is as old as the hills, and infinitely more respectable. He has a general opinion that the world might get on without hills, but would be done up without Dedlocks;" with poor Richard Carstone, ruined in the case of "Jarndyce versus Jarndyce," where the whole estate is consumed by lawyers' fees — not an isolated case — and Jo, the street-sweeper, "always moving on."

Nobody can ever forget the poor desolate boy living in Tom-all-Alone's, "chivied and a-thivied, fust by one on you and next by another on you, till I'm worrited to skins and bones." Poor and starving, "never taught nothink," always told by the policeman "to move on;" "Nobody wants you here. You hook it. You go and tramp. You move on," and whose only pitiful answer is, "I'm a-moving on to the berryin' ground — that's the move as I'm up to."

He lies on his death-bed. "'It's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a-comin'?'

"'It is coming fast, Jo.' . . .

"'I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a-gropin' — a-gropin' — let me catch hold of your hand.'

"'Jo, can you say what I say?'

"'I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I knows it's good.'

"'Our Father.'

"'Our Father! — yes, that's wery good, sir.'

"'Which art in Heaven.'

"'Art in Heaven — is the light a-comin', sir?'

"'It is close at hand. Hallowed be Thy Name!'

"'Hallowed be — thy —'

"The light is come upon the dark, benighted way. Dead!

"Dead, your majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with Heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day."

Dean Ramsay said, "To my mind, nothing in the field of fiction is to be found in English literature surpassing the death of Jo."

"Bleak House" had a phenomenal sale, exceeding "Copperfield" by several thousand copies at first. Dickens wrote also, at this time, and published it in Household Words, his "Child's History of England," intended more especially for his own children. Worn with his work, he now went to Italy for a two-months trip, with Wilkie Collins and Augustus Egg, the artist.

Two more children, ten in all, had now come into the Dickens home: Henry Fielding, born January 16, 1849, and Edward Bulwer-Lytton, born March 13, 1852.

In 1853, Dickens gave his first public readings from his works: three evenings at Birmingham, for the Institute, for which about five hundred pounds were realized. He read the "Carol" twice, and the "Cricket on the Hearth." He was at once besought to read at other places, for the benefit of Institutes, and did so at Peterborough, Sheffield, Coventry, Edinburgh, and elsewhere.

"Hard Times" appeared in Household Words in 1854. It was finished at Boulogne, and he wrote to Forster, "I

am three parts mad, and the fourth delirious, with perpetual rushing at 'Hard Times.' I have done what I hope is a good thing with Stephen, taking his story as a whole. . . . I have been looking forward through so many weeks and sides of paper to this Stephen business, that now — as usual — it being over, I feel as if nothing in the world, in the way of intense and violent rushing hither and thither, could quite restore my balance."

The book was dedicated to Thomas Carlyle. The chief interest centres about Thomas Gradgrind of Coketown, and Stephen Blackpool, the working-man, with Rachel, whom he cannot marry because he has a drunken wife already.

"Little Dorrit" began to be published in 1855. Much of this book was written in Paris. It was an argument in favor of administrative reform, for which the Edinburgh Review reproached him that he should ridicule "the institutions of the country, the laws, the administration, in a word, the government under which we live." Little Dorrit is the child of the Marshalsea, in which prison Dickens had stayed when a boy.

While in Paris, Dickens superintended the translation of his books into French. Here he met the illustrious of the French capital; among them George Sand, "chubby, matronly, swarthy, black-eyed. Nothing of the blue-stocking about her, except a little final way of settling all your opinions with hers, which I take to have been acquired in the country where she lives, and in the domination of a small circle. A singularly ordinary woman in appearance and manner."

"Dickens," says Forster, "was hardly the man to take fair measure of Madame Dudevant, in meeting her thus. He was not familiar with her writings, and had

no very special liking for such of them as he knew." Dickens had not read widely, like Thackeray and many others, being largely absorbed in his own compositions.

On March 14, 1856, Friday, which he considered his lucky day, he had written a check for the purchase of Gad's Hill Place, the house that he had so often looked at when a boy, and which his visionary father thought his son might one day possess. Four years later, in 1860, after he had greatly enlarged and improved it, he sold Tavistock House, in London, and made Gad's Hill Place his home.

"The exterior remained to the last much as it was when he used, as a boy, to see it first," says Forster; "a plain, old-fashioned, two-story, brick-built country-house, with a bell-turret on the roof, and over the front-door a quaint, neat wooden porch, with pillars and seats. But among his additions and alterations was a new drawing-room, built out from the smaller existing one, both being thrown together ultimately; two good bedrooms, built on a third floor at the back; and such rearrangement of the ground-floor as, besides its handsome drawing-room and its dining-room, which he hung with pictures, transformed its bedroom into a study, which he lined with books and sometimes wrote in, and changed its breakfast-parlor into a retreat fitted up for smokers, into which he put a small billiard-table. . . .

"Belonging to the house, but unfortunately placed on the other side of the highroad, was a shrubbery, well wooded, though in desolate condition, in which stood two magnificent cedars; and having obtained, in 1859, the consent of the local authorities for the necessary underground work, Dickens constructed a passage beneath the road from his front lawn; and in the shrub-

bery thus rendered accessible, and which he then laid out prettily, he placed afterwards a Swiss châlet, presented to him by Mr. Fechter, which arrived from Paris in ninety-four pieces fitting like the joints of a puzzle. . . . It was a great resource in the summer months, and much of Dickens's work was done there."

He told an American friend, "I have put five mirrors in the châlet where I write, and they reflect and refract in all kinds of ways the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and, indeed, of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious." A large conservatory was afterwards added to Gad's Hill Place.

Dickens "would generally preface his morning work," says Forster, "by seeing that all was in its place in the several rooms, visiting also the dogs, stables, and kitchen garden, and closing, unless the weather was very bad indeed, with a turn or two round the meadow before settling to his desk. His dogs were a great enjoyment to him; and, with his highroad traversed as frequently as any in England by tramps and wayfarers of a singularly undesirable description, they were also a necessity." It was his habit to keep a book, in which he jotted down sketches of character, description, dialogue, and hundreds of names, for various characters.

Before this time, 1856, a shadow had been creeping over Dickens's home, which must always, unfortunately, remain

a shadow. He had become restless and unhappy. In the autumn of 1857, he wrote Forster: "I have now no relief but in action. I am become incapable of rest. I am quite confident I should rust, break, and die, if I spared myself. Much better to die doing. . . . Am altogether in a dishevelled state of mind — motes of new books in the dirty air, miseries of older growth threatening to close upon me. Why is it that, as with poor David, a sense comes always crushing on me now, when I fall into low spirits, as of one happiness I have missed in life, and one friend and companion I have never made."

Later he wrote: "The old days — the old days! Shall I ever, I wonder, get the frame of mind back as it used to be then? Something of it, perhaps — but never quite as it used to be. I find that the skeleton in my domestic closet is becoming a pretty big one. . . . Poor Catharine and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so too, — and much more so. She is exactly what you know in the way of being amiable and complying; but we are strangely ill assorted for the bond there is between us. God knows she would have been a thousand times happier if she had married another kind of man, and that her avoidance of this destiny would have been at least equally good for us both. I am often cut to the heart by thinking what a pity it is, for her own sake, that I ever fell in her way; and if I were sick or disabled to-morrow, I know how sorry she would be, and how deeply grieved myself, to think how we had lost each other. But exactly the same incompatibility would arise the moment I was well again; and nothing on earth could make her

understand me, or suit us to each other. Her temperament will not go with mine. . . . I claim no immunity from blame. There is plenty of fault on my side, I dare say, in the way of a thousand uncertainties, caprices, and difficulties of disposition."

Doubtless this frank letter to a dear friend spoke his heart. "I have heard Dickens described by those who knew him," says Mr. Edmund Yates, "as aggressive, imperious, and intolerant, and I can comprehend the accusation. . . . The society in which he mixed, the hours which he kept, the opinions which he held, his likes and dislikes, his ideas of what should or should not be, were all settled by himself, not merely for himself, but for all those brought into connection with him, and it was never imagined they could be called in question. . . . He had immense powers of will."

Even Forster thinks that his early hardships worked some ill effects in his nature. "A too great confidence in himself, a sense that everything was possible to the will that would make it so, laid occasionally upon him self-imposed burdens greater than might be borne by any one with safety. In that direction, there was in him, at such times, something even hard and aggressive; in his determinations, a something that had almost the tone of fierceness; something in his nature that made his resolves insuperable, however hasty the opinions on which they had been formed." Such "difficulties of disposition" would be trying for almost any wife.

After many "sorrowful misunderstandings" in his home, as his friend Forster says, Dickens and his wife separated, he allowing her six hundred pounds a year, her oldest son, Charles, going with her, to care for her; the other eight — her youngest, Edward, only six years

old — remaining with the father, he having the means necessary for their support and education.

Some rumors regarding the cause of separation led Dickens to write a letter, May 28, 1858, refuting them, which, being shown by some one to the correspondent of the New York Tribune, soon found its way into the press.

It said: "Mrs. Dickens and I have lived unhappily together for many years. . . . Nothing has, on many occasions, stood between us and a separation but Mrs. Dickens's sister, Georgina Hogarth. From the age of fifteen, she has devoted herself to our house and our children. She has been their playmate, nurse, instructress, friend, protectress, adviser, and companion. . . ."

He then states that "Mrs. Dickens gratefully and thankfully accepted the terms I proposed to her." His eldest son is to live with her; "both my girls, and all my children, but the eldest son, to live with me, in the continued companionship of their aunt Georgina, for whom they have all the tenderest affections that I have ever seen among young people, and who has a higher claim (as I have often declared, for many years) upon my affections, respect, and gratitude than any one in the world." In his will, he gave to his "dear sister-in-law, Georgina Hogarth, the sum of £8,000, free of legacy duty, . . . all my private papers whatsoever and wheresoever, and I leave her my grateful blessing, as the best and truest friend man ever had." To his wife, he gave the *use* of £8,000 during her life. This certainly was not a large bequest to the mother of his ten children, seeing that he left £93,000. Since Mr. Dickens found his wife's sisters so incomparable, we can but conclude that his wife, Catharine Hogarth, must have possessed some of the good family traits.

Dickens now began his public readings, not, as before, for charity. One hundred and twenty-five readings were given between April, 1858, and October, 1859. Thousands came to see and hear him, and "sometimes," he wrote to his sister-in-law, "we turn away half the town. I wish you and the dear girls could have seen the people look at me in the street, or heard them ask me, as I hurried to the hotel after the reading last night, to 'do me the honor to shake hands, Misther Dickens, and God bless you, sir, not ounly for the light you've been to me this night, but for the light you've been in mee house sir (and God love your face!), this many a year!'"

The net profits were three hundred pounds a week; often five hundred pounds. At Glasgow, for four readings, he received six hundred pounds. People often came thirty miles and more to hear him. The "Carol," "Mrs. Gamp," the Trial in "Pickwick," and "Paul Dombey," seemed to please most.

He put himself into his characters. Carlyle said, "Dickens does it capitally, such as *it* is; acts better than any Macready in the world; a whole tragic, comic, heroic *theatre* visible, performing under one *hat*, and keeping us laughing — in a sorry way, some of us thought — the whole night."

Dickens wrote Forster: "You have no idea how I have worked at the readings. . . . *I have learnt them all*, so as to have no mechanical drawback in looking after the words. . . . I learnt 'Dombey' like the rest, and did it to myself, often twice a day, with exactly the same pains as at night, over, and over, and over again." "So real are my fictions to myself," Dickens said, "that, after hundreds of nights, I come with a feeling of perfect freshness to that little red table, and laugh

and cry with my hearers as if I had never stood there before."

Disagreement with his publishers, Bradbury & Evans, led to the abandonment of Household Words, which was succeeded by All the Year Round. In the latter magazine, a new novel, "The Tale of Two Cities," was begun in April, 1859. It is a story of the French Revolution, and has its ardent admirers, especially among those who enjoy historical novels.

To All the Year Round, Dickens also contributed several Christmas stories: "The Haunted House," "Tom Tiddler's Ground," "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings," "Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions," "Mugby Junction," and "No Thoroughfare." Some of these stories had a circulation of three hundred thousand copies. For the short tale of "Hunted Down," written for the New York Ledger, Dickens received a thousand pounds. Eight years later he wrote "Holiday Romance," for a child's magazine published by Mr. Fields, and "George Silverman's Explanation" — of the same length, and for the same price. "Great Expectations" began in December, 1860, and the first number of "Our Mutual Friend" in 1864. A second series of readings had been given in England between 1861 and 1863. In both these series, he estimated that he had made £12,000.

From 1866 to 1867, he read in Great Britain and Paris, receiving £4,000. November 9, 1867, he sailed for America, and, after six months, carried back to England for his readings £20,000. On his return to his home, he gave one hundred readings for £8,000, and in 1870 twelve more in London. For all these readings, he received over £45,000. He was offered £10,000 for eight months in Australia, but did not accept it.

When Dickens sailed for America, in 1867, he had doubts about his reception, after "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," but the people had forgiven him, and crowded eagerly to see him. He read in Boston the "Carol," and the Trial from "Pickwick." He wrote Forster, "It is really impossible to exaggerate the magnificence of the reception, or the effect of the reading. The whole city will talk of nothing else and hear of nothing else to-day." He said he was making a "clear profit of thirteen hundred pounds English a week, even allowing seven dollars to the pound."

In New York, when the ticket office was opened, at nine in the morning, people had been waiting since midnight; "at eight o'clock there were five thousand persons in two lines; at nine, each line was more than three-quarters of a mile in length, and neither became sensibly shorter during the whole morning. . . . Waiters flew across the streets and squares from the neighboring restaurant, to serve parties who were taking their breakfast in the open December air; while excited men offered five and ten dollars for the mere permission to exchange places with other persons standing nearer the head of the line."

He wrote to his daughter, "I couldn't help laughing at myself on my birthday at Washington; it was observed so much as though I were a little boy. Flowers and garlands of the most exquisite kind, arranged in all manner of green baskets, bloomed over the room; letters, radiant with good wishes, poured in; a shirt pin, a handsome silver travelling-bottle, a set of gold shirt studs, and a set of gold sleeve links, were on the dinner-table. Also, by hands unknown, the hall, at night, was decorated; and, after 'Boots at the Holly Tree,' the whole

audience rose and remained, great people and all, standing and cheering until I went back to the table and made them a little speech."

Some changes had taken place meantime at Gad's Hill. In 1860, his second daughter, Kate, was married to Charles Alston Collins, the brother of Wilkie Collins. In 1861, the eldest son, Charles, was married to Bessie, the daughter of Mr. Evans, of the publishing house of Bradbury & Evans. In September, 1863, Dickens's mother died. On the last day of 1863 his son Walter, a lieutenant in the Forty-second Royal Highlanders, died in the officers' hospital at Calcutta, in his twenty-third year. He had obtained a military cadetship through the kindness of Miss Coutts. Frank Dickens, a younger brother, had started for India, but did not reach it till his brother had been dead a month.

Thackeray had died in 1863, and Mrs. Carlyle in 1866. Dickens said, "It was a terrible shock to me, and poor dear Carlyle has been in my mind ever since. How often I have thought of the unfinished novel." (Mrs. Carlyle was in the second volume of a romance which she was writing.) "No one now to finish it. None of the writing women come near her at all." Forster says, "With some of the highest gifts of intellect, and the charm of a most varied knowledge of books and things, there was something 'beyond, beyond.' No one who knew Mrs. Carlyle could replace her loss when she had passed away."

In 1868, Dickens writes to his son Henry Fielding, studying at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, "Whatever you do, above all other things, keep out of debt and confide in me. If you ever find yourself on the verge of any perplexity or difficulty, come to me. You will never find

me hard with you while you are manly and truthful. . . . I impress upon you the habit of saying a Christian prayer every night and morning. These things have stood by me all through my life, and remember that I tried to render the New Testament intelligible and lovable to you when you were a mere baby." Dickens had written a "History of the New Testament" for the use and benefit of his children.

This year, 1868, his youngest son, Edward, went to Australia, as his future home, an older brother, Alfred Tennyson, being already established there. Dickens was very fond of him, as, indeed, he was of all his children, and very indulgent. He wrote to his son on his departure, "Never take a mean advantage of any one in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power. Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. . . . I put a New Testament among your books. . . . It is the best book that ever was or will be known in the world; it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to his duty can possibly be guided. . . . I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion, as it came from Christ himself."

Dickens used to say, "The church that is to have its part in the coming time must be a more Christian one, with less arbitrary pretensions and a stronger hold upon the mantle of our Saviour, as He walked and talked upon this earth."

Sleeplessness and the strain of the readings were now breaking the author's health. In 1869 he began the "Mystery of Edwin Drood." He sold the copyright for the large sum of £7,500, and a half-share of the profits

after twenty-five thousand copies, besides £1,000 for the advance sheets sent to America. He was now asked by Birmingham and Edinburgh to allow himself to be put forward as a candidate for Parliament, but declined.

In March, 1870, the Queen having expressed a desire that he would come to see her, she received him in Buckingham Palace, and presented him with a copy of her "Journal in the Highlands," with her autograph.

In April, though ill, he dined with the King of the Belgians and the Prince of Wales, by the especial request of the latter.

"Edwin Drood" was half finished. He worked all day June 8, writing in the châlet, and went into his house for dinner at six o'clock. He had just finished a letter to a friend, the last he would ever write, with these words: "I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of our Saviour, because I feel it; and because I rewrote that history for my children — every one of whom knew it from having it repeated to them — long before they could read, and almost as soon as they could speak.

"But I have never made proclamation of this from the housetops.

"Faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

Miss Hogarth noticed that he looked pale. He said he "had been very ill for an hour." He arose from the table.

"Come and lie down," she said.

"Yes, on the ground," were his last words, as he fell to the floor, unconscious. He died at ten minutes past six on the following evening, June 9, his daughters and

his eldest son by his side. He remained unconscious to the last. "The watchers saw a shudder pass over him, heard him give a deep sigh, saw one tear roll down his cheek, and he was gone from them!"

He had desired to be buried near Gad's Hill, but the Dean of Rochester urged that he might be buried in the Cathedral. This was assented to, but later the strongly expressed wish of the people was heeded, that he be buried in Westminister Abbey. On Tuesday, June 14, according to his wishes, he was buried in the most quiet manner. "I emphatically direct," he says in his will, "that I be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious, and strictly private manner; that no public announcement be made of the time or place of my burial; that, at the utmost, not more than three plain mourning coaches be employed; and that those who attend my funeral wear no scarf, cloak, black bow, long hat-band, or other such revolting absurdity. I DIRECT that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb, without the addition of 'Mr.' or 'Esquire.' I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto. I commit my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or there."

"The funeral," writes Dean Stanley, "was strictly private. It took place at an early hour in the summer morning, the grave having been dug in secret the night

before, and the vast solitary space of the Abbey was occupied only by the small band of the mourners and the Abbey clergy, who, without any music except the occasional peal of the organ, read the funeral service. For days the spot was visited by thousands. Many were the tears shed by the poorer visitors."

Later in the day of June 14, the crowds came, so that the grave was kept open for two days, till Thursday. After the grave was closed the people did not cease to come. "There was a constant pressure to the spot, and many flowers were strewn upon it by unknown hands, many tears shed from unknown eyes." The feeling of sorrow at the death of Dickens was universal. The Dean said, in the funeral sermon at the Abbey on the following Sunday: —

"He whose loss we now mourn occupied a greater space than any other writer in the minds of Englishmen during the last thirty-three years. We read him, talked about him, acted him; we laughed with him; we were roused by him to a consciousness of the misery of others, and to a pathetic interest in human life. Works of fiction, indirectly, are great instructors of this world; and we can hardly exaggerate the debt of gratitude which is due to a writer who has led us to sympathize with these good, true, sincere, honest English characters of ordinary life, and to laugh at the egotism, the hypocrisy, the false respectability of religious professors and others. To another great humorist, who lies in this church, the words have been applied that his death eclipsed the gayety of nations. But of him who has been recently taken, I would rather say, in humbler language, that no one was ever so much beloved or so much mourned."

Carlyle wrote Forster, "It is an event worldwide; a *unique* of talents suddenly extinct; and has 'eclipsed,' we too may say, 'the harmless gayety of nations.' No death since 1866 has fallen on me with such a stroke. No literary man's hitherto ever did. The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens, — every inch of him an Honest Man."

Horace Greeley thought, "The loss of no single man, during the present generation, if we except Abraham Lincoln alone, has carried mourning into so many families, and been so unaffectedly lamented through all the ranks of society."

"The terrible news from England," wrote Longfellow, "fills us all with inexpressible sadness. Dickens was so full of life that it did not seem possible that he could die, and yet he has gone before us. . . . I never knew an author's death cause such general mourning. It is no exaggeration to say that this whole country is stricken with grief."

Daniel Webster thought Dickens "had done more to ameliorate the condition of the English poor than all the statesmen Great Britain had sent into Parliament." So much had the self-made man accomplished, who once was a boy in the Marshalsea prison, in the midst of poverty and debt.

As a man of genius, Dickens has been variously judged. Walter Bagehot, in his valuable "Literary Studies," thinks "his genius essentially irregular and unsymmetrical. Hardly any English writer, perhaps, is much more so. His style is an example of it. It is descriptive, racy, and glowing; it is instinct with new imagery and singular illustration; but it does not indicate that due proportion of the faculties to one

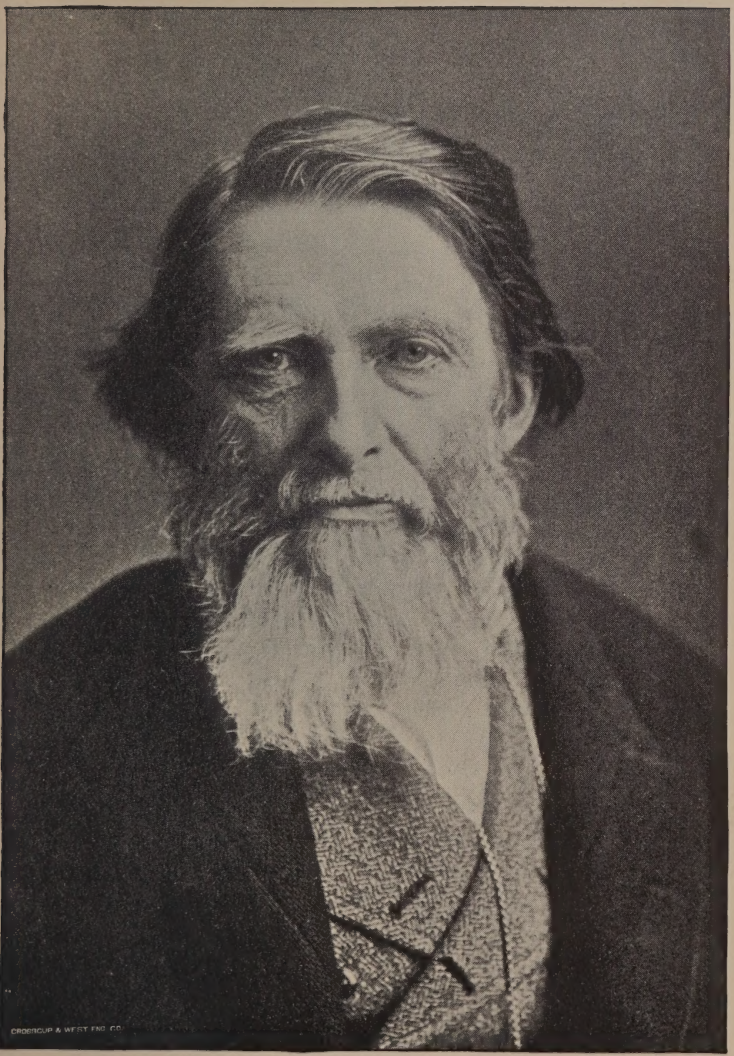
another which is a beauty in itself, and which cannot help diffusing beauty over every happy word and moulded clause. . . .

"He is often troubled with the idea that he must reflect, and his reflections are, perhaps, the worst reading in the world. There is a sentimental confusion about them; we never find the consecutive precision of mature theory, or the cold distinctness of clear thought. Vivid facts stand out in his imagination, and a fresh illustrative style brings them home to the imagination of his readers; but his continuous philosophy utterly fails in the attempt to harmonize them, — to educe a theory or elaborate a precept from them. . . . His abstract understanding is so far inferior to his picturesque imagination as to give even to his best works the sense of jar and incompleteness, and to deprive them altogether of the crystalline finish which is characteristic of the clear and cultured understanding."

"Undoubtedly," says Mr. Ward, "the characters which he draws are included in a limited range. Yet I question whether their range can be justly termed narrow, as compared with that commanded by any other great English novelist except Scott, or with those of many novelists of other literatures except Balzac. But within his own range Dickens is unapproached. His novels do not altogether avoid the common danger of uninteresting heroes and insipid heroines; but only a very few of his heroes are conventionally declamatory like Nicholas Nickleby, and few of his heroines simper sentimentality like Rose Maylie. Nor can I, for a moment, assent to the condemnation which has been pronounced upon all the female characters in Dickens's books, as more or less feeble or artificial. At the same time, it is true that

from women of a mightier mould Dickens's imagination turns aside; he could not have drawn a Dorothea Casaubon any more than he could have drawn Romola herself. Similarly, heroes of the chivalrous or magnanimous type, representatives of generous effort in a great cause, will not easily be met with in his writings."

"Half a century, a century hence, he will still be read," says Mr. Marzials, "not, perhaps, as he was read when his words flashed upon the world in their first glory and freshness, nor as he is read now in the noon of his fame. But he will be read much more than we read the novelists of the last century — be read as much, shall I say, as we still read Scott. And so long as he *is* read, there will be one gentle and humanizing influence the more at work among men."



JOHN RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN.

ONE June morning, after enjoying Ambleside, in the English lake district, we drove nine miles to Lake Coniston, on which is Ruskin's home, called "Brantwood." A lodge, square, coated with mortar, rugged with pebbles, as are many of the English houses, stands at the entrance. Further on, upon an elevation overlooking the loveliest of lakes and noblest of mountains, is the home of the famous author.

It is covered, like the lodge, with rough mortar, except a large addition of blue slate, and it is low and rambling, as though made for rest and enjoyment. Over it clamber vines of several varieties, one thick with white flowers and red berries. Close to the house are beds of yellow poppies, as though no inch of ground should fail to add its share of beauty. Behind is a steep mountain, where Ruskin geologizes, bringing down large pieces of rock in his hands. This is a study he especially loves. He says, "I was *forced* to write upon art by an accident (the public abuse of Turner) when I was two and twenty; but I had written a 'Mineralogical Dictionary' as far as C, and invented a short-hand symbolism for crystalline forms before I was fourteen; and have been at stony work ever since, as I could find time; silently, not caring to speak much till the chemists had given me more help."

All about the home are ash, spruce, holly, chestnut, and oak trees, furnishing shade and comfort. Within, one finds a perfect treasure-house of art, science, and literature. As you enter, the square hall, green in color, is brightened by three drawings of Burne-Jones: "Fair Rosamond," "Thisbe," and "Cleopatra," with some sketches by Prout and from Ruskin's own pencil. The drawing-room is furnished in delicate blue, with some pieces in rich golden satin, while the walls are in handsome figured paper in subdued tints. Rugs are on the floor. A plant, with exquisitely shaded leaves, stands on the table in the centre of the room. The dining-hall is one of the most cheerful of the apartments, furnished in pea-green. Here are the family portraits. The picture of the mother represents her as a woman of uncommon sweetness and strength; that of the father shows a fine, manly face. Most winsome of all is that of a three-year-old boy, with flaxen hair, bright blue eyes, dressed in white, with blue shoes and a sash of the same color. This is painted by Northcote, who says that when the little John Ruskin was brought to sit for his picture, he had not been ten minutes in the room before he inquired, "Why were there holes in his carpet?" Here also is a famous portrait of Andrea Gritti, by Titian, and an "Annunciation" by the great Tintoretto. Here is sweet Angelica Kauffman, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; Raphael, from life; young Reynolds, by his own hand; and Turner, at the age of seventeen, by himself. Here were playing the pretty children of Mrs. Severn, Ruskin's niece, of whom he is very fond, and who brightens what, even with all its art, would otherwise be a lonely house. For what is genius in a home without the sunshine of affection and sympathy?

Mr. Ruskin's sleeping-room, up-stairs, is simple, in light chintz, with bureau, washstand, and bedstead of mahogany; but the pictures are worth a fortune. The walls are closely covered with Turners, incased in blue cambric lest the light fade the exquisite colors. Here is a "Carnarvon Castle," and others about which Ruskin has written in "Modern Painters." The adjoining room, where he used to work, but which he left from a prolonged illness, has a tower with glass on each side, so that no sunrise or sunset may be lost to view.

Most attractive of all is the master's study, furnished in green. Books fill cases on every side — one case for classics, one for botany, another for geology, while still another is filled with old books and manuscripts. I look out of the window across the lake, upon an ivy-covered house with tower, once the home of Sir Philip Sidney, and then, taking from the case a French book that once belonged to the famous man, I read his name. How these things link us to the past! Here is a work on Dante, with Michael Angelo's autograph written in a fine hand. Here is a large Chaucer of 1694, with some verses in Addison's handwriting. Mr. Ruskin evidently ıikes autographs, although he has been obliged to issue a circular, stating that he is not able to comply with the request for his own.

Here also is a manuscript Greek Testament of the tenth century; an illuminated book of music of an early date; the prayer-book of St. Louis on vellum, illuminated with work so fine that a microscope is required to see its beauty. Here are some of the "Waverley" novels in the original manuscript, and a bound volume of some of Sir Walter Scott's letters in his own writing. Linnæus's "Botany" is here, with notes by Thomas

Gray. A desk is opened, and it is full of Turners. Another desk has a most beautiful collection of gold, diamonds and other precious stones, laid on crimson or purple velvet; also the finest assortment of agates, probably, in the world.

In one part of the room is a bundle of walking-sticks, hammers, and big pieces of basalt which Ruskin has brought down from the mountain. His seal is the word "To-day," graven on the end of a piece of chalcedony, five or six inches long, like a stalactite. Here are vases from Rome and Greece, and this three-cornered inkstand once belonged to Galileo. Here is a piece of a font from Florence, executed by Niccolo Pisano. In the centre of the room is a circular table, covered with green cloth, where the scholar does his work. And what a student! He may work for a month on geology, then, if he tires, he turns to botany and writes a book; then to art; then, dearest of all, to his work for the poor.

More interesting by far than the home is the gifted man who lives here, childless, but with a wealth of affection for man and beast and flower. Literature furnishes no man like him — unique in character and munificent with both brain and hand.

The only son of a London merchant, he was born February 8, 1819. "I was accustomed," he says, "for two or three years, to no other prospect than that of the brick walls over the way; had no brothers nor sisters nor companions; and though I could always make myself happy in a quiet way, the beauty of the mountains had an additional charm of change and adventure for me which a country-bred child could not have felt."

In his boyhood he was taken by his parents in leisurely carriage-travel to nearly all the cathedrals, picture-gal-

leries, and castles of England. "In such journeys, whenever they brought me near hills, and in all mountain ground and scenery, I had a pleasure as early as I can remember, and continuing till I was eighteen or twenty, infinitely greater than any which has been possible to me in anything."

His mother intended him to be a clergyman, but he loved nature and art too well to give himself to any other profession. "She forced me," he said, "to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read it every syllable through aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year; and to that discipline, patient, accurate, and resolute, I owe not only my knowledge of the book, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature." . . .

In "Preterita," — published in 1886 and 1887, — Ruskin's delightful autobiography, as interesting as any novel, he tells of the austerity of his childhood, at the hands of parents who idolized him: "No toys of any kind were at first allowed; — and the pity of my Croydon aunt for my monastic poverty, in this respect, was boundless. On one of my birthdays, thinking to overcome my mother's resolution by splendor of temptation, she bought the most radiant Punch and Judy she could find in all the Soho bazaar, — as big as a real Punch and Judy, all dressed in scarlet and gold, and that would dance, tied to the leg of a chair.

"I must have been greatly impressed, for I remember well the look of the two figures, as my aunt herself exhibited their virtues. My mother was obliged to accept them: but afterwards quietly told me it was not right that I should have them: and I never saw them again."

When the family moved to Herne Hill, where they had a garden, he was greatly delighted: "The differences of primal importance which I observed between the nature of this garden, and that of Eden, as I had imagined it, were, that, in this one, *all* the fruit was forbidden; and there were no companionable beasts: in other respects the little domain answered every purpose of Paradise to me; and the climate, in that cycle of our years, allowed me to pass most of my life in it. My mother never gave me more to learn than she knew I could easily get learnt, if I set myself honestly to work, by twelve o'clock. She never allowed anything to disturb me when my task was set: if it was not said rightly by twelve o'clock, I was kept in till I knew it, and, in general, even when Latin grammar came to supplement the Psalms, I was my own master for at least an hour, before half-past-one dinner, and for the rest of the afternoon. . . .

"On the whole, I had nothing animate to care for, in a childish way, but myself, some nests of ants, which the gardener would never leave undisturbed for me, and a sociable bird or two; though I never had the sense or perseverance to make one really tame. But that was partly because, if ever I managed to bring one to be the least trustful of me, the cats got it."

The advantages of such an isolated childhood, Ruskin says, were "peace, obedience, faith; these three for chief good; next to these, the habit of fixed attention, with both eyes and mind . . . this being the main practical faculty of my life, causing Mazzini to say of me, in conversation authentically reported, a year or two before his death, that I had 'the most analytic mind in Europe.' An opinion in which, so far as I am

acquainted with Europe, I am myself entirely disposed to concur."

The disadvantages were, "First, that I had nothing to love. . . . I had nothing to endure. . . . I was taught no precision nor etiquette of manners; it was enough if, in the little society we saw, I remained unobtrusive, and replied to a question without shyness; but the shyness came later, and increased as I grew conscious of the rudeness arising from the want of social discipline."

He loved to watch the sea: "I was not allowed to row, far less to sail, nor to walk near the harbor alone; so that I heard nothing of shipping or anything else worth learning, but spent four or five hours every day in simply staring and wondering at the sea, — an occupation which never failed me till I was forty."

"They took me back to London, and my father spared time from his business hours, once or twice a week, to take me to a four-square, sky-lighted, sawdust-floored prison of a riding-school in Moorfields, the smell of which, as we turned in at the gate of it, was a terror and horror and abomination to me: and there I was put on big horses that jumped, and reared, and circled and sidled; and fell off them regularly whenever they did any of those things; and was a disgrace to my family, and a burning shame and misery to myself, till at last the riding-school was given up, on my spraining my right-hand forefinger (it has never come straight again since), — and a well-broken Shetland pony bought for me, and the two of us led about the Norwood roads by a riding-master with a leading-string.

"I used to do pretty well as long as we went straight, and then get thinking of something, and fall off when we turned a corner. I might have got some inkling of a

seat, in Heaven's good time, if no fuss had been made about me, nor inquiries instituted whether I had been off or on; but as my mother, the moment I got home, made searching scrutiny into the day's disgraces, I merely got more and more nervous and helpless after every tumble: and this branch of my education was at last abandoned, my parents consoling themselves, as best they might, in the conclusion that my not being able to learn to ride was the sign of my being a singular genius."

When Ruskin was about seventeen, the four daughters of his father's partner, Mr. Domecq, a rich owner of vineyards, came to visit them. He says, "Virtually convent-bred more closely than the maids themselves, without a single sisterly or cousinly affection for refuge or lightning-rod, and having no athletic skill or pleasure to check my dreaming, I was thrown, bound hand and foot, in my unaccomplished simplicity, into the fiery furnace, or fiery cross, of these four girls, — who, of course, reduced me to a mere heap of white ashes in four days. Four days, at the most, it took to reduce me to ashes, but the *mercredi des cendres* lasted four years.

"Anything more comic in the externals of it, anything more tragic in the essence, could not have been invented by the skilfullest designer in either kind. . . . I had neither the resolution to win Adèle, the courage to do without her, the sense to consider what was at last to come of it all, or the grace to think how disagreeable I was making myself at the time to everybody about me. . . . I wonder mightily now what sort of a creature I should have turned out, if, at this time, Love had been with me instead of against me; and instead of the distracting and useless pain, I had had the joy of approved

love, and the untellable, incalculable motive of its sympathy and praise."

Ruskin was educated by private tutors, and was graduated from Christ Church College, Oxford, at the age of twenty-three. His parents were very ambitious for their only child. "My father's ideal of my future — now entirely formed in conviction of my genius — was that I should enter at college into the best society, take all the prizes every year, and a double first to finish with; marry Lady Clara Vere de Vere; write poetry as good as Byron's, only pious; preach sermons as good as Bossuet's, only Protestant; be made at forty Bishop of Winchester, and at fifty Primate of England."

Ruskin was not proficient in Greek or Latin. "As my Latin writing was, I suppose, the worst in the university, — as I never, by any chance, knew a first from a second future, or, even to the end of my Oxford career, could get into my head where the Pelasgi lived, or where the Heraclidæ returned from, — it may be imagined with what sort of countenance the dean gave me his first and second fingers to shake at our parting, or with what comfort I met the inquiries of my father and mother as to the extent to which I was, in college opinion, carrying all before me. . . . I count it just a little to my credit that I was not ashamed, but pleased, that my mother came to Oxford with me to take such care of me as she could. Through all these years of residence, during term time, she had lodging in the High Street, and my father lived alone all through the week at Herne Hill, parting with wife and son at once for the son's sake. On the Saturday, he came down to us, and I went with him and my mother, in the old domestic way, to St. Peter's, for the Sunday morning service. . . . None of

the men, through my whole career, ever said one word in depreciation of either of them, or in sarcasm at my habitually spending my evenings with my mother."

This love for the mother continued always. He says, "The quite happiest bit of manual work I ever did was for my mother, in the old inn at Sixt, when she alleged the stone staircase to have become unpleasantly dirty, since last year. Nobody in the inn appearing to think it possible to wash it, I brought the necessary buckets of water from the yard myself, poured them into beautiful image of Versailles water-works down the fifteen or twenty steps of the great staircase, and with the strongest broom I could find, cleaned every step into its corners. It was quite lovely work to dash the water and drive the mud from each, with accumulating splash down to the next one."

June 22, 1840, Ruskin wrote in his diary: "Introduced to-day to the man who, beyond all doubt, is the greatest of the age; greatest in every faculty of the imagination, in every branch of scenic knowledge; at once the painter and poet of the day, J. M. W. Turner. Everybody had described him to me as coarse, boorish, unintellectual, vulgar. This I knew to be impossible. I found in him a somewhat eccentric, keen-mannered, matter-of-fact, English-minded gentleman: good-natured evidently, bad-tempered evidently, hating humbug of all sorts, shrewd, perhaps a little selfish, highly intellectual, the powers of the mind not brought out with any delight in their manifestation, or intention of display, but flashing out occasionally in a word or a look."

Ruskin adds later, "He wished me good-night kindly, and I did not see him again till I came back from Rome. If he had but asked me to come and see him the next

day! shown me a pencil sketch, and let me see him lay a wash! He would have saved me ten years of life, and would not have been less happy in the close of his own. One can only say, Such things are never to be; every soul of us has to do its fight with the Untoward, and for itself discover the Unseen."

In 1843 appeared his first volume of "Modern Painters," which was really a defence of Turner. Claude, the Poussins, Cuyp, and Ruysdael, received unfavorable mention compared with Turner, whom the "undergraduate" lauded to the skies. The critics denounced the book and its unknown author in no delicate terms; but soon the world began to study Turner!

Three years later, after much study in Italy, the second volume of "Modern Painters" was produced, discussing the various schools of Italian art. The critics began to change their tone. The North British Review called the book "very delightful and extraordinary, full of truth and goodness and power and beauty; and what is more and better than all, everywhere throughout the work we trace evidences of a deep reverence and a godly fear—a perpetual though subdued acknowledgment of the Almighty as the sum and substance, the beginning and the ending, of all truths, of all power, of all goodness, and of all beauty."

Ruskin taught artists to "go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustfully, having no thought but how to penetrate her best meaning." Some young artists adopted these suggestions, and the pre-Raphaelite school began, with such leading members as Millais, Holman Hunt, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

In 1849 "Seven Lamps of Architecture" was pub-

lished, and between 1851 and 1853 the "Stones of Venice," on which he labored for two years, giving an account of nearly every building in that quaint and historic old city. The London Times said, "It is in the highest degree eloquent, acute, stimulating to thought and fertile in suggestion. It will, we are convinced, elevate taste and intellect, raise the tone of moral feeling, kindle benevolence toward men, and increase the love and fear of God."

Mr. Ruskin's books abound in practical thoughts. He says in "Modern Painters," "We cannot say that a painter is great because he paints boldly or paints delicately; because he generalizes or particularizes; because he loves detail or because he disdains it. He is great if by any of these means he has laid open noble truths or aroused noble emotions. It does not matter whether he toils for months upon a few inches of his canvas, or covers a palace front with color in a day, so only that it be with a solemn purpose he has filled his heart with patience, or urged his hand to haste." In "Stones of Venice:" "Consider first what you mean when you say a building is well constructed, or well built; you do not merely mean that it answers its purpose; this is much, and many modern buildings fail of this much; but if it be verily well built, it must answer this purpose in the simplest way, and with no expenditure of means."

While through the early years the critics made his pathway thorny, he had a solace which few writers possess — nearly $800,000 left him by his parents. This gave him leisure for study, and saved him from the harassments incident to the earning of one's daily bread. After writing various other books on art — such as

"Lectures on Architecture and Painting," in 1854; "Giotto and his Works," 1855; "Lectures on Art, Decoration and Manufacture," 1859, — having effected by his pen a revolution in art matters, he turned his mind to political economy, finding, as he believed, grave errors in the teachings of John Stuart Mill. He now wrote "Unto This Last" in 1860, four essays which appeared in Cornhill, and which Ruskin himself says will stand the surest and longest of anything he has written. Again the critics laughed him to scorn, called his suggestions "childish panaceas," and were "profoundly sad" at his fanaticism and foolishness, which seemed to them little less than idiocy.

His plans for the betterment of humanity were these:

"*First* — That there should be training-schools for youth established, at government cost, and under government discipline, over the whole country; that every child born in the country should, at the parents' wish, be permitted to pass through them." In these schools children were to be taught the laws of health, gentleness, and justice, and the calling by which they were to live.

"*Secondly* — That, in connection with these training-schools, there should be established, also entirely under government regulation, manufactories and workshops, for the production and sale of every necessary of life, and for the exercise of every useful art.

"*Thirdly* — That any man or woman, or boy or girl, out of employment, should be at once received at the nearest government school, and set to such work as it appeared, on trial, they were fit for, at a fixed rate of wages determinable every year; that, being found inca-

pable of work through ignorance, they should be taught, or being found incapable of work through sickness, should be tended.

"*Lastly* — That for the old and destitute, comfort and home should be provided," and this providing should not be considered a disgrace, "for," said Mr. Ruskin, "a laborer serves his country with his spade, just as a man in the middle ranks of life serves it with sword, pen, or lancet."

When asked where the funds for the schools should come from, he replied, "The economy in crime alone, which such schools would induce, would suffice to support them ten times over. Their economy of labor would be pure gain."

This book was written before England was wise enough to start free compulsory schools for her children, and the idea of free compulsory training or industrial schools was thought to be the scheme of a man who had lost his mind. Now, twenty-five years after, every civilized state is asking itself whether it must, for its own safety, not only educate its children, to save ignorance, but teach them also a trade by which to earn a living, that idleness and crime may be restrained. A state whose people do not know how to support themselves will fall at the hands of that same untaught people.

The plan of providing work for those who are willing, but cannot find it, has many advocates. There are those who claim that it would be as wise and legitimate for the State to *loan* land in the great West to laborers, who need assistance to start farming, as for the State to *give* large sums to railroad companies. The one is conceded to be a great help in the development of the State: why not the other, as it stimulates industrious workmen, and

is a safeguard to the State in the prevention of pauperism and crime?

After Mr. Ruskin had been excoriated for writing "Unto This Last," he wrote "Munera Pulveris," on kindred topics, and the "Crown of Wild Olives," on Work, Traffic, and War, in which he advocated the blessings of peace, and the leisure that ought to make us better. "Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne" was composed of letters addressed to his friend Mr. Thomas Dixon, a cork-cutter of Sunderland, living near the rivers Weare and Tyne. These letters show Ruskin's ideal commonwealth. He wrote them, he says, "not in any hope of their being at present listened to, but to disburden my heart of the witness I have to bear, that I may be free to go back to my garden-lawns and paint birds and flowers there."

Having seen around him so much poverty and overwork, so many ill-assorted marriages with too large families, he urges the following suggestions: "Permission to marry should be the reward held in sight of youth during the entire latter course of their education, and it should be granted as the national attestation that the first portion of their lives had been rightly fulfilled. The granting of it should be a public testimony to the fact that the youth or maid to whom it was given had lived a modest and virtuous life, and had attained such skill in their proper handicraft, and in arts of household economy, as might give well-founded expectations of their being able honorably to maintain and teach their children. No girl should receive her permission to marry before her seventeenth birthday, nor any youth before his twenty-first.

"They should be entitled to claim, if they needed

it, according to their position in life, a fixed income from the state, for seven years from the day of their marriage, for the setting up of their home; and however rich they might be by inheritance, their income should not be permitted to exceed a given sum . . . but should accumulate in the trust of the state . . . so that rich and poor should not be sharply separated in the beginning of the war of life, but the one supported against the first stress of it long enough to enable them, by proper forethought and economy, to secure their footing, and the other trained somewhat in the use of moderate means before they were permitted to have command of abundant ones." He believes "that one of the most important conditions of a healthful spirit of social economy would be the restraint of the properties and incomes of the upper classes within certain fixed limits. The temptation to use any energy in the accumulation of wealth being thus removed, another and a higher ideal of the duties of advanced life would be necessarily created in the national mind." He suggests that this law "would never be enforced on themselves by the upper classes," but should be "gradually brought into force from beneath, without violent proceedings."

Blackwood's Magazine questioned if "inextinguishable laughter is fit criticism for such a scheme"; but the world has gone on thinking in the last two decades, and the harm done to society by the ownership of too much money or too much land by the individual is now being made a subject of legislative debate.

Mr. Ruskin's next books were "Ethics of the Dust," "Talks on Minerals," "Aratra Pentelici," six "Lectures on the Elements of Sculpture," "Proserpina," a book on

botany, "Love's Meinie," a book on birds, "Sesame and Lilies," and many more. His "Fors Clavigera," letters to workingmen, has been published in pamphlet form, at a few pence each, since January 1, 1871. He gets his title, he tells us, from Horace. "*Fors* is the best part of three good English words — force, fortitude, and fortune — *Clavigera* may mean either club-bearer, key-bearer, or nail-bearer." In these letters, he describes at length one of the most important philanthropic works of his life, "St. George's Guild."

He was moved to this work by the misery of England. He says, "I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else I like; and the very light of the morning sky, when there is any — which is seldom nowadays near London — has become hateful to me because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of when I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly.

"I am not rich (as people now estimate riches), and great part of what I now have is already engaged in maintaining art-workmen, or for other objects more or less of public utility."

Mr. Ruskin has given away sometimes in a single year as much as $76,500. He has given his poor relations about $85,000; to endow a master of drawing in the Taylor galleries at Oxford, $25,000; and he has but $250,000 or less remaining. "The tenth of whatever is left to me, estimated as accurately as I can (you shall see the accounts), I will make over to you in perpetuity, with the best security that English law can give, on Christmas Day of this year (1871), with engagement to add the tithe of whatever I can earn afterward. We will try to make some small piece of English ground

beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads; we will have no untended or unthought-of creatures upon it; none wretched but the sick; none idle but the dead. . . . The object of the society is to buy land in England, and thereon to train into the healthiest and most refined life possible, as many Englishmen, Englishwomen, and English children, as the land we possess can maintain in comfort; to establish for them and their descendants a national store of continually augmenting wealth, and to organize the government of the persons and the administration of the properties under laws which shall be just to all, and secure in their inviolable foundation on the law of God. . . . Each family will at first be put on its trial for a year without any lease of the land. If they behave well they shall have a lease for three years; if through that time they satisfy their officers, a lifelong lease, with power to purchase. . . . The children will be required to attend training-schools for bodily exercise and music, with other education. Every household will have its library, given it from the fund, and consisting of a fixed number of volumes, some constant, the others chosen by each family out of a list of permitted books, from which they afterward may increase their library if they choose."

In 1877, thirteen acres of land were purchased near Sheffield, rentable to workingmen at three per cent. The head of the enterprise, Mr. Ruskin, is called the "master;" the members, those who give money or lands, "companions;" and the tenants or laborers, "retainers." Every person who is received into St. George's Guild signs a pledge: "I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures, visible and invisible. And I will strive to love

Him and keep His law, and see His work, while I live. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love. And I will strive to love my neighbor as myself, and even when I cannot, will act as if I did." Then follow promises to "labor with such strength and opportunity as God gives me; not to deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure; not to kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor to destroy any beautiful thing; to obey all the laws of my country faithfully, and strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness."

Mr. Ruskin's life has been a constant study to uplift the world. He has the right to say, "I have labored always for the honor of others, not my own, and have chosen rather to make men look to Turner and Luini than to form or exhibit the skill of my own hand. . . . I have lowered my rents, and assured the comfortable lives of my poor tenants. . . . I would rather watch a sea-gull fly than shoot it, and rather hear a thrush sing than eat it. . . . I never disobeyed my mother; I have honored all women with solemn worship."

He has received many and varied honors. In 1867 he was appointed Rede Lecturer at Cambridge University, which institution conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. He was afterward elected Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford, and re-elected in 1876. For five years he lectured gratuitously at the Workingmen's College in London, started by the noble Frederick Denison Maurice. Mr. Ruskin is a genial man, shy in manner, slight in physique, with kind blue eyes and sunny face. His friends think he is the best conversationalist in the world.

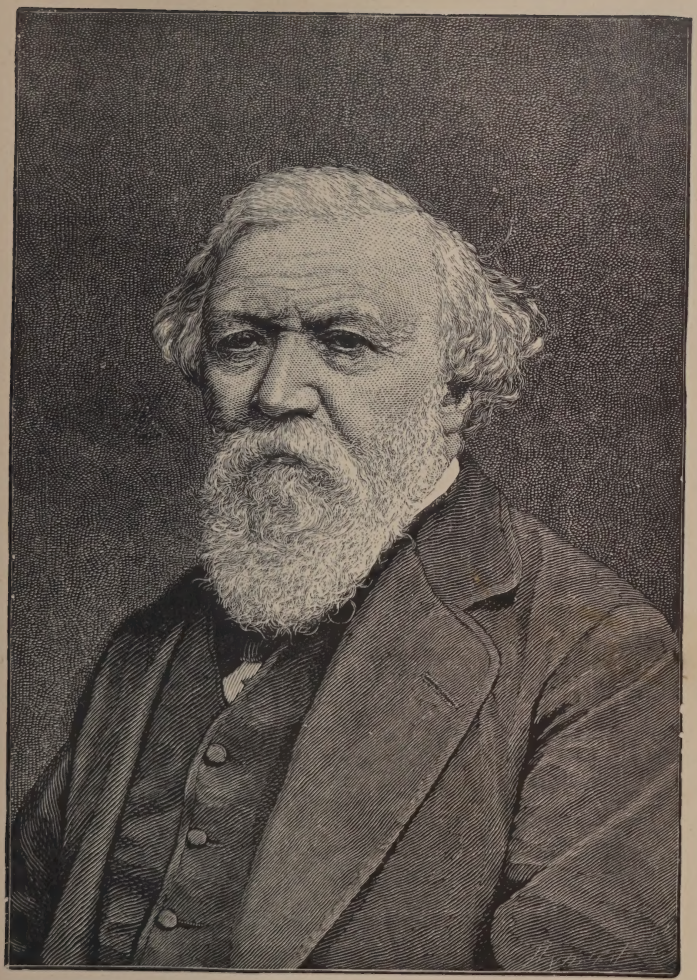
ROBERT BROWNING.

"ONE who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time,
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed, — fight on, fare ever
There as here!'"

One can but wonder concerning the life of a man so optimistic; who, amid all the struggles of life, could say in this, his last poem, that we "are baffled to fight better;" who knew that we but "sleep to wake" in a blessed immortality; who never lost his hope, or faith, or cheerfulness; who, in the midst of profound learning, found nothing so satisfying as the Gospel of Christ; who knew how to love, and to write of love, with an intensity rarely equalled; who was a great teacher, leader, inspirer; who lived as he wrote, —

"What is left for us, save, in growth
Of soul, to rise up far past both,
From the gift looking to the Giver,
And from the cistern to the River,
And from the finite to Infinity,
And from man's dust to God's divinity?"



Robert Browning

Robert Browning was born at Camberwell, a suburb of London, May 7, 1812. His father, Robert Browning, then thirty years of age, was one of the confidential clerks in the great house of Rothschild: a man of decided poetic and artistic ability and refinement of character. The poet's grandfather was an Englishman, and his grandmother a Creole; on the side of his mother, who was Scotch, his grandfather was a German from Hamburg, an accomplished draughtsman and musician; his grandmother was Scotch. Thus four nationalities mingled in the original, energetic boy. There were two other children in the family: Sarianna, named after the mother, and Clara.

Mr. William Sharp writes, in his Life of Browning: His mother "was a woman of superior beauty of nature, with a depth of religious feeling saved from narrowness of scope only by a rare serenity and a fathomless charity. Her son's loving admiration of her was almost a passion: even late in life, he rarely spoke of her without tears coming to his eyes. She was, moreover, of an intellectual bent of mind, and with an artistic bias having its readiest fulfilment in music, and, to some extent, in poetry.

"As a very young child Browning was keenly susceptible to music. One afternoon his mother was playing in the twilight to herself. She was startled to hear a sound behind her. Glancing round, she beheld a little white figure distinct against an oak bookcase, and could just discern two large wistful eyes looking earnestly at her. The next moment the child had sprung into her arms, sobbing passionately at he knew not what, but, as his paroxysm of emotion subsided, whispering over and over with shy urgency, 'Play! Play!'"

Before Robert was eight years old, he was meditating whether he should become a painter, a musician, or an author, and, although at last he decided to bend his energies to poetry, he was always a skilled musician and artist.

He began to write when very young. Mr. Edmund Gosse says, "His sister remembers him walking round and round the dining-table, and spanning out the scansion of his verses with his hand on the smooth mahogany."

At twelve years of age, he had a volume of poems ready for the press, but could find no publisher. Forty years afterwards, the manuscript poems were returned to him by a friend, and he was amused to find what an influence Byron must have exerted over him at that time.

When about thirteen, he found a pirated edition of Shelley, and became so eager to read his complete works that his mother, after great difficulty, obtained the poems of Shelley and Keats. Shelley had been dead three years, and the booksellers seemed to have forgotten him. Young Browning read and loved both these poets, and was deeply influenced by the thought of the one and the music of the other.

The boy was educated at Dulwich, and at London University, because his parents were Nonconformists. Before his college life was finished, he desired to travel, and his father, a man of means, gratified his only son, thinking that the libraries of Ferrara, Genoa, Padua, Florence, and Rome might be as useful to a poet as that of London University.

At twenty, the young man was in Italy, talking with the peasants in their native tongue, revelling in art, in history, and the beauties of nature.

Already he had published his first poem, "Pauline," in January, 1833, a little book of seventy pages; the expense borne by his aunt. It did not bear the youthful author's name — it would probably have been consigned to oblivion even if it had. A few persons read it, and two papers, the Athenæum and the Monthly Repository, spoke favorably of it. John Stuart Mill, then a young man, liked it, and wrote to Tait's Magazine, the only periodical to which he had access, that he would like to write a review of it. The editor wrote back that the poem had been dismissed in a preceding number, "with one line of contemptuous neglect."

Dante Gabriel Rossetti so liked "Pauline" that he copied the whole of it from a book in the British Museum, not knowing, till years afterward, who was the author. The poem is the confession of an unnamed poet to the lady whom he loves, "Pauline:" a confession of his hopes, defeats, in short, "a sort of spiritual autobiography." It is quite possible that the lady was sketched from a person in real life, as Browning is said to have been much in love at nineteen, with a beautiful girl, two years his senior, but the reason why he did not marry her is unknown. At ten years of age, says Mr. Sharp, Browning had had a love-affair, "whose intensity was only equalled by its hopelessness. A trifle of fifteen years' seniority and a husband complicated matters."

In the poem "Pauline" is an apostrophe to his beloved Shelley, —

> "Sun-treader, life and light be thine forever.
> Thou art gone from us; years go by, and spring
> Gladdens, and the young earth is beautiful,
> Yet thy songs come not, other bards arise,

But none like thee: they stand, thy majesties,
Like mighty works which tell some spirit there
Hath sat regardless of neglect and scorn,
Till, its long task completed, it hath risen
And left us, never to return, and all
Rush in to peer and praise when all in vain.
The air seems bright with thy past presence yet,
But thou art still for me as thou hast been
When I have stood with thee as on a throne
With all thy dim creations gathered round
Like mountains, and I felt of mould like them,
And creatures of my own were mixed with them,
Like things half-lived, catching and giving life.
But thou art still for me, who have adored,
Tho' single, panting but to hear thy name
Which I believed a spell to me alone,
Scarce deeming thou wast as a star to men!"

The home to which the poet invites Pauline, —

"A home for us, out of the world, in thought!"

is a vivid piece of description, —

"See this our new retreat
Walled in with a sloped mound of matted shrubs,
Dark, tangled, old and green, still sloping down
To a small pool whose waters lie asleep
Amid the trailing boughs turned water-plants:
And tall trees over-arch to keep us in,
Breaking the sunbeams into emerald shafts,
And in the dreamy water one small group
Of two or three strange trees are got together
Wondering at all around, as strange beasts herd
Together far from their own land: all wildness,
No turf nor moss, for boughs and plants pave all,
And tongues of bank go shelving in the waters,
Where the pale-throated snake reclines his head,
And old gray stones lie making eddies there,
The wild mice cross them dry shod:"

The poem was not included among Browning's work till 1868.

Young Browning could not have been encouraged by the reception of his first poem, but he was not the person to be crushed by indifference. He at once, in 1834, travelled to Russia; staying, for some time, in St. Petersburg.

In the winter of 1834, he wrote his second poem, "Paracelsus," in London, his father providing the money to publish it. This, like "Pauline," found almost no purchasers, and received little notice from the press.

Paracelsus was a well-known physicist, born in 1493, in Switzerland. With a great thirst for knowledge, he travelled extensively, wrought many cures as a physician, and became professor of physic and surgery at the University of Basle. Very ambitious and conceited, he burned the works of other physicians, became bombastic and dissipated, and finally died in poverty in a hospital at Salzburg. The poem is a dialogue between Paracelsus and others: Festus and his wife Michal, and Aprile, an Italian poet. "Paracelsus is a portrait of the seeker after knowledge, one whose ambition transcends all earthly limits, and exhausts itself in the thirst of the impossible."

Paracelsus is a type of the intellectual, only; Aprile of love, only; the one has lacked love, the other knowledge, and both have made a failure of life.

Browning has taught this truth from first to last, that love and knowledge — power — are, or should be, inseparable. In "Reverie," that last grand poem of his life, — excepting the "Epilogue," in "Asolando," — he beautifully states the same truth more than fifty years afterwards: —

"Past mind's conception — Power!
Do I seek how star, earth, beast,
Bird, worm, fly, gained their dower
For life's use, most and least?
Back from the search I cower.
. . . . . .
Even as the world its life,
So have I lived my own —
Power seen with Love at strife,
That sure, this dimly shown,
— Good rare and evil ripe.

Whereof the effect be — faith
That, some far day, were found
Ripeness in things now rathe,
Wrong righted, each chain unbound,
Renewal born out of scathe.
. . . . . .
Then life is — to wake not sleep,
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less,
To the heaven's height, far and steep,

Where, amid what strifes and storms
May wait the adventurous guest,
Power is Love — transports, transforms
Who aspired from worst to best,
Sought the soul's world, spurned the worms'.

I have faith such end shall be:
From the first, Power was — I knew.
Life has made clear to me
That, strive but closer view,
Love were as plain to see.

When see? When there dawns a day,
If not on the homely earth,
Then yonder, worlds away,
Where the strange and new have birth,
And Power comes full in play."

Aprile, the poet, dies, having learned that —

> "God is the PERFECT POET,
> Who in creation acts His own conceptions.
> Shall man refuse to be aught less than God?
> Man's weakness is his glory — for the strength
> Which raises him to Heaven, and near God's self,
> Came spite of it: God's strength his glory is.
> For thence came with our weakness sympathy
> Which brought God down to earth, a man like us."

Paracelsus dies saying, —

> "In my own heart love had not been made wise
> To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,
> To know even hate is but a mask of love's,
> To see a good in evil, and a hope
> In ill-success; to sympathize, be proud
> Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
> Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
> Their prejudice, and fears, and cares, and doubts;
> Which all touch upon nobleness, despite
> Their error, all tend upwardly, though weak,
> Like plants in mines, which never see the sun,
> But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
> And do their best to climb and get to him.
> All this I knew not, and I failed."

"Paracelsus," contains four lyrics, the one most admired being, —

> "Over the sea our galleys went,
> With cleaving prows, in order brave,
> To a speeding wind and a bounding wave —
> A gallant armament."

In 1835, Browning, then twenty-three years old, became acquainted with the tragedian, Macready, who requested him to write a drama for the stage. He therefore wrote "Strafford," a historical play of the time of Charles I. of England, the play turning on the

impeachment and condemnation of Viscount Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, a man devoted to his king. Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, plans a way of escape for Strafford from the Tower; but it fails, and he is executed.

The piece was played for five nights, in May, 1837, at Covent Garden, Macready taking the part of Strafford, when, through some dispute in the company, the theatre was closed, and it was not again acted.

Mr. Sharp says of the poet at this time: "He appeared taller than he was, — for he was not above medium height, — partly because of his rare grace of movement, and partly from a characteristic high poise of the head when listening intently to music or conversation. Even then he had that expressive wave o' the hand, which, in later years, was as full of various meanings as the *Ecco* of an Italian. A swift alertness pervaded him, noticeable as much in the rapid change of expression, in the deepening and illumining colors of his singularly expressive eyes, and in his sensitive mouth, with the upper lip ever so swift to curve or droop in response to the most fluctuant emotion, as in his greyhound-like apprehension, which so often grasped the subject in its entirety before its propounder himself realized its significance. . . . Another, and more subtle, personal charm was his voice, then with a rare flute-like tone, clear, sweet, and resonant. . . . Save for a couple of brief visits abroad, Browning spent the years between his first appearance as a dramatic writer and his marriage in London and the neighborhood. Occasionally he took long walks into the country. One particular pleasure was to lie beside a hedge, or deep in meadow-grasses, or under a tree, as circumstances and the mood con-

curred, and there to give himself so absolutely to the life of the moment that even the shy birds would alight close by, and sometimes venturesomely poise themselves on suspicious wings, for a brief space, upon his recumbent body. I have heard him say that his faculty of observation at that time would not have appeared despicable to a Seminole or an Iroquois: he saw and watched everything, the bird on the wing, the snail dragging its shell up the pendulous woodbine, the bee adding to his golden treasure as he swung in the bells of the campanula, the green fly darting hither and thither like an animated seedling, the spider weaving her gossamer from twig to twig, the woodpecker heedfully scrutinizing the lichen on the gnarled oak-bole, the passage of the wind through leaves or across grass, the motion and shadows of the clouds, and so forth. . . . Much of the rest of his time, when not passed in his room in his father's house, where he wrote his dramas and early poems, and studied for hours daily, was spent in the library of the British Museum, in an endless curiosity into the more or less unbeaten tracks of literature. . . . Browning's life at this period was distraught by more than one episode of the heart. It would be strange were it otherwise. He had, in no ordinary degree, a rich and sensuous nature, and his responsiveness was so quick that the barriers of prudence were apt to be as shadowy as to the author of the 'Witch of Atlas.' But he was the earnest student for the most part, and, above all, the poet."

In 1840, "Sordello" was published. Sordello was a poet of Mantua, mentioned by Dante in the sixth canto of the "Purgatorio." He was also a warrior. He eloped with Cunizza (Palma), wife of Count Richard of St.

Boniface, and died a violent death about the middle of the thirteenth century.

Mr. Arthur Symons, in his admirable "Introduction to the Study of Browning," thus describes the hero of the poem: "Sordello's youth is fed upon fancy: he imagines himself Apollo, this or that hero of the time; in dreams he is and does to the height of his aspirations. But from any actual doing he shrinks: at the approach or the call of action his will refuses to act. . . . The root of his failure is this . . . he longs to grasp the whole of life at once, to realize his aims in their entirety, without complying with the necessary conditions. His mind perceives the infinite and essential so clearly that it scorns or spurns the mere accidents.

"But earth being earth, and life growth, and accidents an inevitable part of life, the rule remains that man, to attain, must climb step by step, and not expect to fly at once to the top of the ladder. Finding that he cannot do everything, Sordello sees no alternative but to do nothing. Consequently, his state comes to be a virtual indolence or inactivity; though it is in reality that of the top, spinning so fast that its motion is imperceptible. Poet and man of action — for he contains more than the germ of both — confound and break down one another. He meets finally with a great temptation, conquers it, but dies of the effort. For the world, his life has been a failure; for himself, not absolutely so, since, before his eyes were closed, he was permitted to see the truth, and to recognize it. But in all his aims, in all his ambitions, he has failed; and the world has gained nothing from them or from him but the warning of his example."

The critics, with one accord, pronounced "Sordello" "unintelligible." Many ridiculed it, and mock prizes

were offered to any one who could understand it. Mrs. Carlyle could not make out whether Sordello "was a man, or a city, or a book." Most young men of twenty-eight would have been discouraged, — not so Robert Browning. What wonder that in his poems he has almost deified the power of the will!

So much was said of its obscurity, that Browning, years later, determined to rewrite it more plainly, but gave up the project. In his dedication of this poem to his friend, J. Milsand of Dijon, he said, twenty-three years after "Sordello" was first published, "Let this poem be introduced by your name, and so repay all trouble it ever cost me. I wrote it twenty-five years ago for only a few, counting even in these on somewhat more care about its subject than they really had. My own faults of expression were many; but with care for a man or book such would be surmounted, and without it what avails the faultlessness of either?

"I blame nobody, least of all myself, who did my best then and since; for I lately gave time and pains to turn my work into what the many might — instead of what the few must — like: but, after all, I imagined another thing at first, and therefore leave as I find it. The historical decoration was purposely of no more importance than a background requires; and my stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul: little else is worth study. I, at least, always thought so, — you, with many known and unknown to me, think so, — others may one day think so: and whether my attempt remain for these or not, I trust, though away and past it, to continue ever yours. R. B."

A writer in The Queen thus speaks of the man to whom "Sordello" was dedicated: "We lived in Paris,

and Mr. Joseph Milsand was a writer for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, then in its palmy days. My mother did not know Mr. Browning personally when she read and enthusiastically admired 'Sordello' and 'Paracelsus,' two poems pretty well hooted all round by the critics. She read to the Frenchman, who understood English like his native language, extracts from these poems. His keen intellect and ardent spirit kindled as she read: he procured the volumes, and wrote a paper upon them in the *Revue*. This criticism, which appeared at a time when Mr. Browning was more or less reviled in England, remains to this day, when he is acknowledged to stand in the foremost rank of his country's greatest poets, one of the most adequate and subtlest analyses of his genius.

"A few months after the article appeared, Mr. and Mrs. Browning paid one of their flitting visits to Paris, on their way to London from Florence. My mother was invited to meet them by one of their cousins. She heard that Mr. Browning was eager to know the Frenchman who had written this friendly and remarkable criticism of his poetry. She went to her friend's house on the appointed evening, accompanied by Mr. Milsand. From that date began a close friendship between the poet and the foreign writer, which lasted until Mr. Milsand's death" (a few years before that of Mr. Browning). "To Mr. Milsand Mr. Browning submitted everything he wrote: they corresponded regularly; and when the poet's home was fixed in London, Mr. Milsand every year spent a month under his roof."

Mr. Browning's publisher, Mr. Edward Moxon, now suggested to the poet that his future poems should be brought out in cheap editions, with type that he was

using in a cheap edition of the Elizabethan dramatists. Browning gladly consented, and at once issued the first number of "Bells and Pomegranates" (Pippa Passes), in 1841. The price was at first sixpence, then a shilling, then two shillings and sixpence.

Mr. W. J. Rolfe says the strange name "Bells and Pomegranates" was "borrowed from the decorations upon the robe of the Jewish high-priest." "And beneath, upon the hem of it, thou shalt make pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, round about the hem thereof: and bells of gold between them, round about: a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe, round about." (Ex. xxviii. 33, 34.)

Mr. Browning says: "I meant by the title to indicate an endeavor towards something like an alternation, or mixture, of music with discoursing, sound with sense, poetry with thought, which looks too ambitious thus expressed, so the symbol was preferred."

"Mr. Browning," writes Mrs. Sutherland Orr, "was walking alone in a wood near Dulwich, when the image flashed upon him of some one walking thus alone through life: one apparently too obscure to leave a trace of his or her passage, yet exercising a lasting, though unconscious, influence at every step of it; and the image shaped itself into the little silk-winder of Asolo, Felippa, or Pippa."

Asolo is a town somewhat more than thirty miles from Venice, with an old cathedral and the ruins of a Roman aqueduct, where silk growing and spinning are carried on. The place itself has an especial interest for all who love Browning, as the dedication of his last book, "Asolando," was written at Asolo, October 15, 1889. The word *asolare* means, he says, "to disport

in the open air, amuse one's self at random, hence the name of the town." The freedom of Asolo was offered the poet just before he died.

Pippa is a pretty, black-eyed silk-winder, who, with the other operatives, has a holiday at New Year's. She rises with the sun, determined to have a happy day wandering about the town. She sings as she goes, and completely changes the lives of several who hear her.

The poem opens with a gorgeous description of day-break, —

> "Day!
> Faster and more fast,
> O'er night's brim, day boils at last.
> Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
> Where spurting and suppressed it lay:
> For not a froth-flake touched the rim
> Of yonder gap in the solid gray
> Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
> But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
> Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
> Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
> Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed
> the world."

Pippa passes the home of Ottima, whose aged husband owns the silk mills. Sebald, Ottima's lover, kills her husband to obtain the "great white queen, magnificent in sin." As Pippa passes, she sings, —

> "God's in His heaven —
> All's right with the world!"

Sebald is conscience-stricken through these words, curses his companion in guilt, and, when about to commit suicide, Ottima begs him to kill her, —

> "Mine is the whole crime. Do but kill her — then
> Yourself — then — presently" —

Her last words are a prayer that God will be merciful, not to her, but to Sebald.

Pippa goes on up the hillside. A French sculptor, Jules, has been entrapped by some jealous artists into marrying an ignorant girl of the lowest class, Phené, whom he supposes all purity and loveliness. He is soon undeceived, and about to send her away after marriage, when Pippa passes, singing, —

"Give her but a least excuse to love me!
When — where —
How — can this arm establish her above me,
If fortune fixed her as my lady there,
There already, to eternally reprove me?

. . . . . .

Is she wronged? — To the rescue of her honor,
My heart!
Is she poor? what costs it to be styled a donor?
Merely an earth to cleave, a sea to part!
But that fortune should have thrust all this upon her!"

These words awaken Jules's manhood. He can save and develop the soul of Phené. He takes her away to another land, and they become happy.

Pippa's singing probably saves the life of Luigi, the Italian patriot, who wishes to murder the Austrian emperor, and herself from ruin. She goes to bed at night unconscious of the good work she has done, having fancied herself rich like Ottima, or the wife of a sculptor, like Phené. She says to herself, —

"New Year's day is over and spent,
Ill or well, I must be content!

. . . . . .

God bless me! I can pray no more to-night.
No doubt, some way or other, hymns say right.
All service ranks the same with God —
With God whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last or first."

"Pippa Passes" at once touched the popular heart, and has been a delight to all lovers of poetry for the last half-century.

The next year, 1842, number second of "Bells and Pomegranates" appeared, "King Victor and King Charles." The time of the tragedy is 1730–31, at Rivoli Palace, near Turin. King Victor II., first king of Sardinia, abdicates in favor of his son, after ruling fifty-four years. Restless when he has done so, he conspires against Charles. Victor is brought back to the palace a prisoner, but Charles replaces the crown on the head of the aged king, who soon dies.

The same year, 1842, number three of "Bells and Pomegranates" was published (Dramatic Lyrics). This little volume contained, among other poems, the stirring "Cavalier Tunes," "My Last Duchess," the inimitable "Pied Piper of Hamelin," the pathetic "Incident of the French Camp," and "In a Gondola."

"The Pied Piper" was written for William Macready, the little son of the actor, and has been read the world over. The "Incident of the French Camp" is equally familiar, —

"You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:"

Mr. Symons thinks "In a Gondola" "a poem which could hardly be surpassed in its perfect union or fusion of dramatic intensity with the most exquisite charm and variety of music. It was suggested by a picture of Maclise, and tells of two Venetian lovers, watched by a certain jealous 'Three;' of their brief hour of happiness, and of the sudden vengeance of the 'Three.' There is a brooding sense of peril over all the blithe and flitting fancies said or sung to one another by the lovers in their

gondola; a sense, however, of future rather than of present peril, something of a zest and a piquant pleasure to them. The sudden tragic ending — anticipated, yet unexpected — rounds the whole with a dramatic touch of fiery and infallible instinct. I know nothing with which the poem may be compared: its method and its magic are alike its own. We might hear it or fancy it perhaps in one of the Ballades of Chopin, with its entrancing harmonies, its varied and delicate ornamentation, its undertone of passion and sadness, its storms and gusts of wind-like, lashing notes, and the piercing shiver that thrills through its suave sunshine."

In 1843, number four was published, "The Return of the Druses," a spirited and passionate drama. The scene is laid in an island of the Southern Sporades, colonized by the Druses and garrisoned by the Knights of Rhodes. A prefect, appointed by the Order, has become obnoxious by his tyrannies. Djabal determines to free his countrymen, the Druses, and, the better to gain them to his side, professes himself to be "Hakeem," an incarnation of the Divinity. His beloved Anael believes that he is indeed God; she kills the prefect, and, when horrified to find that her lover is an impostor, she falls dead with the word "Hakeem" on her lips — she will not undeceive the Druses even with her dying breath. Djabal is about to confess his imposture to the people, though he assumed the part for their sakes, but when Anael dies, he stabs himself and falls upon her body, remaining forever "Hakeem" to his nation. He has delivered them, and his friend, Loys de Dreux, leads them back to Lebanon.

Miss Mary E. Burt, in her delightful book, "Browning's Women," says, "Anael stands as the most divine

thing in humanity, the faith that is clairvoyant in quality and too far removed from the selfish notions of the world to be considered practical. She illustrates another of Robert Browning's theories, that man has absolute need of woman's faith in him if he is ever to learn the use of free will in moral action. There is no better proof of the divinity of the Power which places us here than that He absolutely trusts us to use His material without His interference.

"Faith in Man is the crowning blossom of all philosophy, and compasses the most beautiful of all lovely things put on the face of the earth whereby man may grow toward the divine. It comprehends the infinite patience with those slow processes whereby 'good labors to exist,' the patience that can wait for the mind to assimilate the good, as mind always will if allowed sufficient time.

> 'The only fault's with time.
> All men become good creatures — but so slow!' "

In 1843 was also published number five, "A Blot in the Scutcheon." It was written in five days — written out of the heart — and he or she must be, indeed, without heart who can read it unmoved. It is one of the most pathetic things in our language. It is the story of the love of two very young persons, Lord Henry Mertoun and Mildred Tresham. She is promised to him in marriage. He visits her at night at her home, and this being told to her brother, Earl Tresham, by a servant, the earl lies in wait for him, and kills him before he has time to explain. His dying words are for Mildred, —

> "What will Mildred do?
> Tresham, her life is bound up in the life
> That's bleeding fast away! I'll live — must live —
> There, if you'll only turn me I shall live

And save her! Tresham — oh! had you but heard!
Had you but heard! What right was yours to set
The thoughtless foot upon her life and mine,
And then say, as we perish, 'Had I thought,
All had gone otherwise?' . . .

And she sits there
Waiting for me! Now, say you this to her —
You, not another — say, I saw him die
As he breathed this, 'I love her' — you don't know
What those three small words mean! Say, loving her
Lowers me down the bloody slope to death
With memories — I speak to her, not you,
Who had no pity, will have no remorse,
Perchance intend her — 'Die along with me,
Dear Mildred! 'tis so easy, and you'll 'scape
So much unkindness! Can I lie at rest,
With rude speech spoken to you, ruder deeds
Done to you? — heartless men shall have my heart,
And I tied down with grave-clothes and the worm,
Aware, perhaps, of every blow — O God! —
Upon those lips — yet of no power to tear
The felon stripe by stripe! Die, Mildred! Leave
Their honorable world to them! For God
We're good enough, though the world casts us out.'"

Mildred dies on hearing of the death of her lover, and Tresham poisons himself.

The love-song which Mertoun sings under Mildred's window is one of the most exquisite of Browning's lyrics. Archdeacon Farrar calls it the most beautiful song to a woman in the English tongue: —

"There's a woman like a dewdrop, she's so purer than the purest;
And her noble heart's the noblest, yes, and her sure faith's the surest;
And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth on depth of luster
Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier than the wild-grape cluster,

Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-tinted
marble;
Then her voice's music — call it the well's bubbling — the bird's
warble!
And this woman says, 'My days were sunless and my nights
were moonless,
Parched the pleasant April herbage, and the lark's heart's out-
break tuneless,
If you loved me not!' And I who — ah, for words of flame! —
adore her,
Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate palpably before her —
I may enter at her portal soon, as now her lattice takes me,
And by noontide as by midnight make her mine, as hers she
makes me!"

Mr. Symons calls "The Blot in the Scutcheon" "the simplest, and, perhaps, the deepest and finest, of Mr. Browning's plays. . . . The language has a rich simplicity of the highest dramatic value, quick with passion, frequent with thought, and masterly in imagination; the plot and characters are, perhaps, more interesting and affecting than in any of the other plays; while the effect of the whole is impressive from its unity."

Charles Dickens greatly admired this drama. He wrote his friend John Forster, "Browning's play has thrown me into a perfect passion of sorrow. To say that there is anything in its subject save what is lovely, true, deeply affecting, full of the best emotion, the most earnest feeling, and the most true and tender source of interest, is to say that there is no light in the sun and no heat in blood. It is full of *genius*, natural and great thoughts, profound and yet simple and beautiful in its vigor. I know nothing that is so affecting, nothing in any book I have ever read, as Mildred's recurrence to that 'I was so young — I had no mother.' I know no love like it, no passion like it, no moulding of a splendid

thing after its conception, like it. . . . If you tell Browning that I have seen it, tell him that I believe from my soul there is no man living (and not many dead) who could produce such a work."

The play was acted at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, but Macready was on the verge of bankruptcy, and after some disagreements the piece was withdrawn. It was put upon the stage successfully by Mr. Lawrence Barrett, at Washington, in the winter of 1885.

In 1844, number six of "Bells and Pomegranates," "Colombe's Birthday," was published, and played at the Haymarket Theatre nine years later, Miss Helen Faucet taking the part of Colombe. It was also acted at the Howard Athenæum, in Boston, February 16, 1854, and at St. George's Hall, London, in 1885, under the auspices of the Browning Society. Its dedication is in these words:—

> "No one loves and honors Barry Cornwall more than does
> Robert Browning,
> who, having nothing better than this play to
> give him in proof of it,
> must say so."

Colombe of Ravenstein, Duchess of Juliers and Cleves, on her birthday, one year after she has come to the throne, is surprised by Prince Berthold, who proves to be the rightful heir. He offers to marry her without love, but she prefers Valence, a poor advocate of Cleves, who loves her, and shows himself to be a noble man.

In the following year, 1845, number seven appeared, "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics." In these were found, "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "Home-Thoughts from Abroad," "The Bishop orders His Tomb in St. Praxed's Church," "The Con-

fessional," "The Boy and the Angel," "Meeting at Night," and "Parting at Morning," "Saul," "The Flight of the Duchess," "Cristina," and others.

The "good news" of the first poem is the pacification of Ghent in 1576, a treaty of union between Holland, Zealand, and the Southern Netherlands, against Spain under Philip II. "There is," said Mr. Browning, "no sort of historical foundation about 'Good News from Ghent.'. I wrote it under the bulwark of a vessel off the African coast, after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on the back of a certain good horse, York, then in my stable at home. It was written in pencil on the fly-leaf of Bartoli's *Simboli*, I remember."

Of the "Tomb at St. Praxed's," Mr. Ruskin says, "Robert Browning is unerring in every sentence he writes of the Middle Ages; always vital, right, and profound. . . . I know no other piece of modern English prose or poetry in which there is so much told, as in these lines, of the Renaissance spirit, — its worldliness, inconsistency, pride, hypocrisy, ignorance of itself, love of art, of luxury, and of good Latin. It is nearly all that I have said of the central Renaissance in thirty pages of the 'Stones of Venice,' put into as many lines, Browning's also being the antecedent work."

"The Confessional" is a tragic poem of a devoted lover who kisses his beloved, —

> "By lips the truest, Love e'er turned
> His heart's own tint: one night they kissed
> My soul out in a burning mist."

Through a false priest she is induced to betray her lover's political secrets, and, to her horror and amazement, beholds him on the scaffold in consequence.

"Home-Thoughts from Abroad" contains that exquisite picture, —

> "And after April, when May follows,
> And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows —
> Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
> Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
> Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
> That's the wise thrush: he sings each song twice over,
> Lest you should think he never could recapture
> The first fine careless rapture!
> And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
> All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
> The buttercups, the little children's dower,
> — Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!"

Stedman says of the three lines beginning, —

> "That's the wise thrush:"

"Having in mind Shakespeare and Shelley, I nevertheless think these lines the finest ever written touching the song of a bird."

"Meeting at Night" and "Parting at Morning" are gems: —

> "The gray sea and the long black land;
> And the yellow half-moon large and low;
> And the startled little waves that leap
> In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
> As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
> And quench its speed in the slushy sand.
>
> Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
> Three fields to cross till a farm appears,
> A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
> And blue spurt of a lighted match,
> And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
> Than the two hearts beating each to each!"

"Parting at Morning:" —

"Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim —
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me."

"Cristina" shows the power of love: —

"Doubt you if, in some such moment,
As she fixed me, she felt clearly,
Ages past the soul existed,
Here an age 'tis resting merely,
And hence, fleets again for ages:
While the true end, sole and single,
It stops here for is, this love-way,
With some other soul to mingle?

Else it loses what it lived for,
And eternally must lose it;
Better ends may be in prospect,
Deeper blisses, if you choose it,
But this life's end and this love-bliss
Have been lost here. Doubt you whether
This she felt, as, looking at me,
Mine and her souls rushed together?"

In 1846, number eight of "Bells and Pomegranates" appeared, containing "Luria" and "A Soul's Tragedy."

Luria, a Moor loving Florence, has led her forces against the Pisans. While he is fighting, jealous officers in Florence are trying him for treachery. Learning of the treachery in time to take revenge, he forbears, and dies through taking poison. Luria is one of Browning's noblest figures.

In "A Soul's Tragedy," "the character of Chiappino," writes Mr. Symons, "is that of a Djabal degenerated. . . . He comes before us a much-professing, yet apparently little-performing person, moody and complaining,

envious of his friend Luitolfo's better fortune, a soured man and a discontented patriot. But he is quite sure of his own complete probity. He declaims bitterly against his fellow-townsmen, his friend, and his love — all of whom, he asseverates, treat him unjustly, and as he never could, by any possibility, treat them. While he is thus protesting to Eulalia, his friend's betrothed, to whom for the first time he avows his own love, a trial is at hand, and nearer than he or we expect.

"Luitolfo rushes in. He has gone to the Provost's palace to intercede on behalf of his vanished friend, and, in a moment of wrath, has struck and, as he thinks, killed the Provost; the guards are after him and he is lost. Is this the moment of test? Apparently; and apparently Chiappino proves his nobility. For, with truly heroic unselfishness, he exchanges dress with his friend, induces him, in a sort of stupefaction of terror, to escape, and remains in his place 'to die for him.' But the harder test has yet to come. Instead of the Provost's guards, it is the enthusiastic populace that bursts in upon him, hailing him as savior and liberator. The people have risen in revolt, the guards have fled, and the people call on the striker of the blow to be their leader."

Robert Browning was now thirty-four years old. He had finally made England hear his voice; especially had one gifted poet read and admired him, Elizabeth Barrett, an invalid, a woman then thirty-seven, an unusual classical scholar, a refined and noble soul. His poetry had been brought to her notice by a distant cousin of hers, John Kenyon, who was always a most valued friend of both poets. He died in 1856, bequeathing Browning six thousand guineas, and Mrs. Browning four thousand guineas. In Miss Barrett's poem, "Lady

Geraldine's Courtship," she had spoken in praise of the poet, —

> "Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyl,
> Howett's ballad verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie;
> Or from Browning some Pomegranate, which, if cut down through the middle,
> Showed a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

Thankful for appreciation, admiring her own rare gifts, he determined to form her acquaintance. He told the story of his love to Mrs. E. C. Kinney, the mother of Stedman, and it is given in her words: —

"Finding that the invalid did not receive strangers, he wrote her a letter, intense with his desire to see her. She reluctantly consented to an interview. He flew to her apartment, was admitted by the nurse, in whose presence only could he see the deity at whose shrine he had long worshipped. But the golden opportunity was not to be lost — love became oblivious to any save the presence of the real of its ideal. Then and there Robert Browning poured out his impassioned soul into hers, though the tale of love seemed only an enthusiast's dream.

"Infirmity had hitherto so hedged her about that she deemed herself forever protected from all assaults of love. Indeed, she felt only injured that a fellow-poet should take advantage, as it were, of her indulgence in granting him an interview, and requested him to withdraw from her presence, not attempting any response to his proposal, which she could not believe in earnest.

"Of course he withdrew from her sight, but not to withdraw the offer of his heart and hand — *au contraire*, to repeat it by letter and in such wise as to convince her

how dead in earnest he was. Her own heart, touched already when she knew it not, was, this time, fain to listen, be convinced and overcome.

"But here began the tug of war. As a filial daughter, Elizabeth told her father of her happy love, and asked a parent's blessing to crown the happiness. At first, incredulous of the strange story, he mocked her; but when the truth flashed on him, from the new fire in her eyes, he kindled with rage and forbade her ever seeing or communing with her lover again, on the penalty of disinheritance and banishment forever from a father's love. The decree was founded on no dislike for Mr. Browning personally, or anything in him or his family; it was simply arbitrary. But the new love was stronger than the old in her — it conquered."

Her father, a widower, with means to support her, did not wish her to marry, but the two poets took the matter into their own hands, and were married September 12, 1846, at St. Mary-le-bone.

Mary Russell Mitford wrote of this marriage: "It was a runaway match. Never was I so much astonished. He prevailed on her to meet him at church with only the two necessary witnesses. They went by rail to Southampton, crossed to Havre, up the Seine to Rouen, to Paris by railway. There they stayed a week. Happening to meet with Mrs. Jameson, she joined them in their journey to Pisa; and accordingly they travelled by diligence, by railway, by Rhone boat — anyhow — to Marseilles, thence took shipping to Leghorn, and then settled themselves at Pisa for six months."

Browning had carried out the force of purpose, the will-power, which he advocates in "The Statue and the Bust," —

"Stake your counter as boldly every whit,
Venture as truly, use the same skill,
Do your best, whether winning or losing it,

If you choose to play — is my principle!
Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!"

Mr. Barrett, the father, never forgave his daughter. He died in 1857, eleven years after her marriage, refusing to be reconciled to her.

Till Mrs. Browning's death, in 1861, for fifteen years, this marriage was to Robert Browning the realization of his dreams and hopes. No shadow, save her father's displeasure, seemed to mar the perfect sunlight till that morning when she died in his arms, exclaiming, "It is beautiful!" as though she saw a heavenly vision.

The most tender and exquisite of all his poems have been written to her or of her. "By the Fireside," "In Three Days," "One Word More," and "My Star" in "Men and Women," in 1855; and, after her death, "O lyric love," the invocation in the "Ring and the Book, "Wanting is — What?" "Never the Time and the Place," in "Jocoseria," "A Wall," the prologue to "Pacchiaratto," "Prospice," and some others.

How these lines from "By the Fireside" must have thrilled Elizabeth Barrett Browning's heart as she read and was proud of her poet husband, —

"My perfect wife, my Leonor,
Oh, heart my own, oh, eyes, mine too,
Whom else could I dare look forward for,
With whom beside should I dare pursue
The path gray heads abhor.

. . . . . .

With me, youth led — I will speak now,
No longer watch you as you sit
Reading by firelight, that great brow
And the spirit-small hand propping it
Mutely — my heart knows how —

When, if I think but deep enough,
You are wont to answer, prompt as rhyme,
And you, too, find without a rebuff
The response your soul seeks many a time
Piercing its fine flesh-stuff —

My own, confirm me! If I tread
This path back, is it not in pride
To think how little I dreamed it led
To an age so blessed that by its side
Youth seems the waste instead!

My own, see where the years conduct!
At first, 'twas something our two souls
Should mix as mists do: each is sucked
Into each now; on, the new stream rolls,
Whatever rocks obstruct.

Think, when our one soul understands
The great Word which makes all things new —
When earth breaks up and Heaven expands —
How will the change strike me and you
In the House not made with hands?

Oh, I must feel your brain prompt mine,
Your heart anticipate my heart,
You must be just before, in fine,
See and make me see, for your part,
New depths of the Divine!

But who could have expected this,
When we two drew together first
Just for the obvious human bliss,
To satisfy life's daily thirst
With a thing men seldom miss?

Come back with me to the first of all,
Let us lean and love it over again —
Let us now forget and then recall,
Break the rosary in a pearly rain,
And gather what we let fall!

. . . . . .

We two stood there with never a third,
But each by each, as each knew well.
The sights we saw, and the sounds we heard,
The lights and the shades made up a spell
Till the trouble grew and stirred.

. . . . . .

Worth how well, those dark gray eyes,
— That hair so dark and dear, how worth
That a man should strive and agonize,
And taste a very hell on earth
For the hope of such a prize!

. . . . . .

How the world is made for each of us!
How all we perceive and know in it
Tends to some moment's product thus,
When a soul declares itself — to wit,
By its fruit — the thing it does!

. . . . . .

I am named and known by that hour's feat,
There took my station and degree.
So grew my own small life complete
As nature obtained her best of me —
One born to love you, sweet!

And to watch you sink by the fireside now
Back again, as you mutely sit
Musing by firelight, that great brow
And the spirit-small hand propping it
Yonder, my heart knows how!"

"In Three Days" is full of the eagerness of love: —

"So, I shall see her in three days
And just one night, but nights are short.
Then two long hours, and that is morn.
See how I come, unchanged, unworn —
Feel, where my life broke off from thine,
How fresh the splinters keep and fine, —
Only a touch and we combine!

. . . . . .

O loaded curls, release your store
Of warmth and scent as once before
The tingling hair did, lights and darks
Out-breaking into fairy sparks
When under curl and curl I pried
After the warmth and scent inside
Thro' lights and darks how manifold —
The dark inspired, the light controlled!
As early Art embrowned the gold."

Though Mr. Browning lived twenty-eight years after the death of his wife, no other took her place. She was ever what he called her in the Prologue to "The Two Poets of Croisic," —

"Till God's own smile came out:
That was thy face!"

And in "My Star," —

"All that I know
Of a certain star,
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue,
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird, — like a flower, hangs furled;
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it."

Dr. F. J. Furnivall, in his reminiscences of Browning, says: "Great pleasure was it to me to tell that poet how I reverenced the memory of his dead wife, and what a revelation of a glorious woman's nature her poetry had been to me in my early college days. There was no quicker way to Browning's heart; and when, after a time in his little library at Warwick Crescent, he showed me his loved wife's little volumes of the Greek poets and her tiny Hebrew Bible, all with notes in her clear, small hand, her low table at which she worked, some relics of her childhood, and then told me instances of the beautiful unselfishness of her nature, it was easy to see that his love for her was as fresh as when she was with him in body here, and that the few expressions of it which his reserve allowed him to put into his poems did but proclaim the deepest and most abiding feeling of his heart.

"Often and often would our talk in after years touch on his 'lyric love, half angel and half bird:' the voice would take a tenderer tone as fond memories came back to him; and then we passed to other themes. Every day of her life did she write to him, and every letter is kept and descends to her son. Surprise has sometimes been expressed at Browning's long sojourn in Italy after his marriage, away from their native land. It was due solely to his wish to save his wife's life. He took her from what she believed to be her deathbed, to the love and life of which she has told us in her glorious sonnets, to the joys of wifehood and motherhood, instead of letting her dwindle to the grave. But the possibility of this depended only on her residence abroad, out of the fog and cold of England. That Florence which they both so loved, Browning never

entered after his wife's death, not even to see the beautiful tomb over her body which his friend, Sir Frederick Leighton, designed."

Browning's first book after his marriage was "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," published in 1850. Both are strongly religious, and have especially endeared the poet to all who believe in a Divine Christ. The poet describes himself as entering a little dissenting chapel, then St. Peter's at Rome, and then an agnostic lecture-room in Göttingen. Later he has a grand vision of the Christ, who teaches him that the Saviour of mankind can be worshipped in many ways. He learns a lesson of tolerance, and then goes back to the little dissenting chapel; for himself, none but a Divine Christ will satisfy.

> "Morality to the uttermost,
> Supreme in Christ as we all confess,
> Why need *we* prove would avail no jot
> To make Him God if God He were not?
> What is the point where Himself lays stress?
> Does the precept run, 'Believe in Good,
> In Justice, Truth, now understood
> For the first time?' — or, 'Believe in Me,
> Who lived and died, yet essentially
> Am Lord of Life'? Whoever can take
> The same to his heart and for mere love's sake
> Conceive of the love, — that man obtains
> A new truth; no conviction gains
> Of an old one only, made intense
> By a fresh appeal to his faded sense."

"Easter Day" purports to be a personal experience of

> "How very hard it is to be
> A Christian!"

He has a vision of Judgment Day, having chosen earth instead of heaven, and after much sorrow wakes

from the vision on Easter morn, thankful that he may choose heaven. The description of the

> "moon-rainbow, vast and perfect
> From heaven to heaven extending,"

in "Christmas Eve," and the "Judgment" in "Easter Day," are grandly imaginative: —

> "And straight I was aware
> That the whole ribwork round, minute
> Cloud touching cloud beyond compute,
> Was tinted, each with its own spot
> Of burning at the core, till clot
> Jammed against clot, and spilt its fire
> Over all heaven, which 'gan suspire
> As jammed to measure equable, —
> Just so great conflagrations kill
> Night overhead, and rise and sink,
> Reflected. Now the fire would shrink
> And wither off the blasted face
> Of heaven, and I distinct might trace
> The sharp black ridgy outlines left
> Unburned like network — then, each cleft
> The fire had been sucked back into,
> Regorged, and out it surging flew
> Furiously, and night writhed inflamed,
> Till, tolerating to be tamed
> No longer, certain rays world-wide
> Shot downwardly."

Five years later, in 1855, "Men and Women," fifty-one poems, was published. The London News has well said: "It is superfluous to praise that glorious gallery of portraits and studies, so deeply conceived, so brilliantly executed, with unrivalled dexterity and lightness of touch, full of humor, of learning, of sadness, of tenderness, of pity, and of hope. However a future age may treat 'Sordello,' and 'Paracelsus,' there can be

little doubt that 'Men and Women' will give delight while the literature of England survives."

Especially admired in this collection are "Evelyn Hope," a favorite with me, and probably with many others, "The Statue and the Bust," "The Last Ride Together," "In a Balcony," "By the Fireside," "Any Wife to any Husband," "Andrea del Sarto," "Two in the Campagna," "A Woman's Last Word," and that exquisite offering to E. B. B., his wife, "One Word More:" —

"There they are, my fifty men and women
Naming me the fifty poems finished!
Take them, Love, the book and me together,
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.
. . . . . .

No artist lives and loves that longs not
Once, and only once, and for One only,
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient —
. . . . . .

I shall never in the years remaining
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all-express me;
So it seems: I stand on my attainment.
This of verse alone, one life allows me;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
Other heights in other lives, God willing —
All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love!
. . . . . .

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.

This I say of me, but think of you, Love!
This to you — yourself my moon of poets!
Ah, but that's the world's side — there's the wonder —
Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you.

There, in turn, I stand with these and praise you,
Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.
But the best is when I glide from out them,
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
Come out on the other side, the novel
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song — and in my brain I sing it,
Drew one angel — borne, see, on my bosom!"

Having first loved his wife through her poems, having been happy and satisfied in the companionship of an equal soul, he has been able, as Mr. Symons well says, to "paint women without idealization or degradation, not from the man's side, but from their own; as living equals, not as goddesses or as toys. His women live, act, and suffer, — even think; not assertively, mannishly — for the loveliest of them have a very delicate charm of girlishness — but with natural volition, on equal rights with men. Any one who has thought at all on the matter will acknowledge that this is the highest praise that could be given — the highest and rarest!" In "A Woman's Last Word," he has expressed what a woman desires in the man to whom she gives devotion, —

"Be a god, and hold me
With a charm —
Be a man, and fold me
With thine arm!"

"In a Balcony" is passionate and powerful. Norbert and Constance are lovers. He has entered the service of the queen, hoping thereby to win the love of his cousin Constance. When about to ask for Constance,

the latter persuades him to use some artifice with the queen, the surer to obtain his request.

"He has allowed her to think that he served her for her own sake: she must not be undeceived too roughly. Her heart was starved amidst the show of devotion: its hunger must not be roused by the touch of a living love in which she has no part. A shock of this kind would be painful to her — dangerous to themselves."

The queen, older than he, believes herself to be the loved one, and responds with all the ardor of a heart hungering for affection. The queen says, —

> "All women love great men
> If young or old — it is in all the tales —
> Young beauties love old poets who can love —
> Why should not he the poems in my soul,
> The love, the passionate faith, the sacrifice,
> The constancy? I throw them at his feet.
> How I will love him! cannot men love love?
> Who was a queen and loved a poet once,
> Humpbacked, a dwarf? ah, women can do that!
> Well, but men too! at least, they tell you so.
> They love so many women in their youth,
> And even in age they all love whom they please;
> And yet the best of them confide to friends
> That 'tis not beauty makes the lasting love —
> They spend a day with such and tire the next;
> They like soul."

She is made a different being by this new love: —

> "How soon a smile of God can change the world!
> How we are all made for happiness — how work
> Grows play, adversity a winning fight!"

When Constance sees that the queen really loves Norbert, she resolves to give him up; but Norbert will not consent, and explains to the queen that it is Con-

stance whom he idolizes. He is a noble and honest man, who

> "counts life just a staff
> To try the soul's strength on, educe the man."

And he has soon an opportunity to test "the soul's strength," for the poem closes with the guard coming, at the command of the disappointed queen, to arrest them and probably to execute summary punishment.

Of "The Last Ride Together," the Saturday Review says: "It would be, but for one or two tiny blemishes — minute blemishes, due to the poet's too careless facture — one of the few perfect poems ever written."

Mr. Browning did not publish another volume for nine years, until 1864, "Dramatis Personæ." During these nine years had come his great and lasting sorrow, in the death of his wife, in 1861. Their life in Florence had been ideal. Once a year they usually visited London. A writer says: "Mr. and Mrs. Browning and their little son's passage through Paris twice a year was among the interesting incidents of my childhood. I remember watching Mr. Browning carrying his fragile wife in his strong arms up the flights of stairs that led to our apartments. I seem still to see the limpid brilliancy of Mrs. Browning's eyes, soft shining between the dusky abundance of her ringlets falling on either side of her delicate face. She was full of tender sweetness towards children, and her little son was the idol of her heart. My mother has often told me how, on the memorable evening when first she met the Brownings, Mrs. Browning led her to the side of the crib where her baby slept, and, shading the candle with her almost transparent hand, she watched with a glance of scrutinizing tenderness the effect upon the guest of this sight of her sleeping 'blue-eyed Floren-

tine.' Perhaps the incident I remember most clearly in my childhood connected with Mr. Browning, is sitting on my mother's knee and listening to him playing for her the national airs of various peoples, and tracing in the spirit of their melodies the characteristics of the nations to which they belonged."

After Mrs. Browning's death, Mr. Browning settled in London, and devoted himself to the education of their only child, Robert Barrett Browning. "Next to Browning's love for his wife," says Dr. Furnivall, "was that for his son. What 'Pen' was doing, had done, and meant to do, he was always glad to tell any friend who knew his boy. Anecdotes of Pen's boyhood, his college life, his art-work, his foreign experiences, his brave acts, his successes, showed the father's pride in and love for his son — a pride and love fully reciprocated by that son. How happy Browning was when his son, after leaving college, settled down to hard work in art; and how happier still when that son married the lady of his love, and gave the poet a daughter to add joy to his old age!"

Nathaniel Hawthorne says the son Robert was called "Pennini" as a term of endearment, which later became shortened to "Pen." It was a diminutive of "Apennino," bestowed upon the child because he was very small, there being a colossal statue in Florence called Apennino.

The poems most admired in "Dramatis Personæ" are "Rabbi Ben Ezra," of which Dr. Furnivall says "it is one of the deepest and weightiest of all Browning's works, my favorite one. It contains the Philosophy of Life;" "Abt Vogler" (after he has been extemporizing upon the musical instrument of his invention), "an utterance on music," says Mr. Symons, "which exceeds every

attempt that has ever been made in verse to set forth the secret of the most sacred and illusive of the arts. . . . The wonder and beauty of it grow on one, as the wonder and beauty of a sky, of the sea, of a landscape, beautiful, indeed, and wonderful from the first, become momentarily more evident, intense, and absorbing;" and that noble poem "Prospice" (Look Forward), with its allusion to the departed love. The Saturday Review thinks this is "perhaps the grandest of contemporary poems."

"Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fiend, in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold,
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

All through the book we have the same bravery and hope and faith. In "Abt Vogler," —

> "There shall never be one lost good! what was shall live
> as before,
> The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
> What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much
> good more:
> On the earth, the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect
> round.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
> The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
> Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
> Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it byand by!"

In "Apparent Failure," —

> "My own hope is, a sun will pierce
> The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
> That, after Last, returns the First,
> Though a wide compass round be fetched;
> That what began best can't end worst,
> Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst."

Five years later, 1869, appeared "The Ring and the Book," usually regarded as the poet's masterpiece. It contains nearly twenty-two thousand lines of blank verse; it is twice as long as "Paradise Lost." The story is of a murder in Rome, committed in 1698. The details were found in a little volume picked up by Mr. Browning at a second-hand bookstore in the Piazza San Lorenzo, at Florence, one day in June, 1865. Pompilia, a young and lovely girl, is married by her foster-parents to Count Guido Franceschini, an impoverished, middle-aged nobleman of Arezzo. He cruelly maltreats her. By the aid of a young priest, Giuseppe Caponsacchi, she escapes to

Rome. On the road they are overtaken by the husband, who at once institutes proceedings for divorce. Pompilia goes to the house of her parents, where her son is born. Two weeks later, Count Guido and four villains go to the home of Pompilia, brutally murder her and both parents, and are soon arrested and hanged.

Browning states the case through the mouths of several persons: Pompilia, who lives long enough to tell the story; Guido, Caponsacchi, half Rome (who think Guido should be exonerated because he was jealous of the priest), the other half Rome (who take the part of the abused wife), and Tertium Quid, supposed to be the judicial and unbiassed persons of the city.

The speech of Caponsacchi is noble and thrilling; that of Pompilia beautiful and heart-breaking. Mr. Symons thinks "such fire, such pathos, such splendor of human speech, has never been heard or seen in English verse since Shakespeare and Webster" as in the address of Caponsacchi.

Pompilia, already on the verge of the grave, speaks lovingly of her joy in motherhood, —

> "A whole long fortnight: in a life like mine
> A fortnight filled with bliss is long and sweet.
> All women are not mothers of a boy,
> Though they live twice the length of my whole life,
> And, as they fancy, happily all the same.
> . . . . . .
> Christmas before me, — was not that a choice?
> I never realized God's birth before —
> How he grew likest God in being born.
> This time I felt like Mary, had my babe
> Lying a little on my breast like hers."

She dies remembering the friend who attempted to save her life, —

"Do not the dead wear flowers when dressed for God?
Say, — I am all in flowers from head to foot!
Say, — not one flower of all he said and did
Might seem to flit unnoticed, fade unknown,
But dropped a seed has grown a balsam-tree
Whereof the blossoming perfumes the place
At this supreme of moments! He is a priest;
He cannot marry therefore, which is right;
I think he would not marry if he could.

. . . . . .

So, let him wait God's instant men call years;
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,
Do out the duty! Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by. And I rise."

The book opens with an immortal invocation to the beloved wife, dead for eight long years, —

"O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire, —
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face, —
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart —
When the first summons from the darkling earth
Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched their blue,
And bared them of the glory — to drop down,
To toil for man, to suffer or to die, —
This is the same voice: can thy soul know change?
Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help!
Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand —
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be: some interchange
Of grace, some splendor, once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile:
— Never conclude, but raising hand and head
Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn

For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
Their utmost up and on, — so blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud,
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall!"

If Mrs. Browning indeed heard from the "realms of help," her angelic face must have grown "proud" with such high work, and such profound veneration for her mind and soul. Such affection lasts forever.

"Oh, heart! oh, blood that freezes, blood that burns!
Earth's returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise, and sin!
Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest.
Love is best!"

John Morley says of "The Ring and the Book": "From what at first was sheer murk, there comes out a long procession of human figures, infinitely various in form and thought, in character and act: a group of men and women, eager, passionate, indifferent; tender and ravenous, mean and noble, humorous and profound, jovial with prosperity or half dumb with misery, skirting the central tragedy or plunged deep into the thick of it, passers-by who put themselves off with a glance at the surface of a thing and another or two who dive to the heart of it. And they all come out with a certain Shakespearian fulness, vividness, directness. Above all, they are every one of them frankly men and women, with free play of human life in limb and feature, as in an antique sculpture."

Mr. Browning's next volume, "Balaustion's Adventure: Including a Transcript from Euripides," was published in August, 1871.

"The episode was suggested by the familiar story told by Plutarch in his life of Nicias: that after the ruin of the Sicilian expedition, those of the Athenian captives who could repeat any poetry of Euripides were set at liberty, or treated with consideration, by the Syracusans.

In Mr. Browning's poem, Balaustion tells her four girl friends the story of her 'adventure' at Syracuse, where, shortly before, she had saved her own life and the lives of a ship's company of her friends by reciting the play of 'Alkestis' to the Euripides-loving townsfolk." It is considered the finest translation of "Alkestis" ever made.

"Balaustion" means wild pomegranate flower, and the girl was so called from her lyrical gifts. Alkestis was the wife of Admetos, King of Thessaly. Apollo had promised that the king should never die if some other would die in his stead. Alkestis, his wife, offered herself, and the king, though sad at heart, was weak enough to permit the sacrifice. She took leave of her little children and died. Admetos became desolate, and Hercules conquered death and brought back the wife to her husband, who had been made worthier of her through sorrow.

The same year, 1871, in December, was published "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau: Saviour of Society," a monologue supposed to be spoken by Louis Napoleon, while Emperor of the French; a poem less attractive than most of Browning's works.

"Fifine at the Fair" followed in 1872. The hero of the poem is a modified Don Juan, about equally attracted to "Fifine," a gypsy girl at Pornic, and his saintly wife, Elvire. The poem, like much of Brown-

ing's most thoughtful work, is hard reading, but it abounds in fine passages, —

> "Love, strenuous all the more
> For storm, struck deeper root, and choicer fruitage bore,
> Despite the rocking world."

> "I search, but cannot see,
> What purpose serves the soul that strives, or world it tries
> Conclusions with, unless the fruit of victories
> Stay, one and all, stored up and guaranteed its own
> Forever by some mode whereby shall be made known
> The gain of every life. Death reads the title clear, —
> What each soul for itself conquered from out things here;"

> "Love's law, which I avow,
> And thus would formulate: each soul lives, longs, and works
> For itself, by itself, because a loadstar lurks,
> An other than itself, — in whatsoe'er the niche
> Of mistiest heaven it hide;"

> "We come and go, outside there's Somebody that stays, —
> A circumstance which ought to make us mend our ways;
> Because, — whatever end we answer by this life, —
> Next time, best chance must be for who with toil and strife
> Manages now to live most like what he was meant
> Become."

Prof. W. J. Alexander thinks in "Fifine" we have "the fullest exposition of Browning's philosophy in regard to the relation of finite to absolute, — of the passing shows of this world to the everlasting verities of the divine idea, — of error and falsehood to right and truth."

In 1873, "Red Cotton Nightcap Country; or, Turf and Towers," was published, dedicated to Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie). It is the story of Antoine Mellerio (Léonce Miranda), a Paris jeweller, who falls in love with Clara Mulhausen and takes her to Clair-

vaux, an ancient priory. She is already married to an unworthy man and cannot marry Miranda, since divorce is not permitted. Believing that his conduct has killed his mother, he burns Clara's letters and both his hands, "to purify his past." But he takes Clara back to his heart, and, to make amends, devotes his money to benevolence. Finally he commits suicide, April 13, 1870, by jumping from a tower which he has constructed in his grounds. He has bequeathed his property to the Church, reserving a life-interest for Clara. The case was contested by the relatives, and decided in her favor in the summer of 1872. Clara remained at Clairvaux.

> "She was the lady there for life:
> And, after life — I hope, a white success
> Of some sort, wheresoever life resume
> School interrupted by vacation — death."

"Miss Thackeray," says Mrs. Orr, "had laughingly called the district 'White Cotton Nightcap Country' from its sleepy appearance, and the universal white cap of its female inhabitants. Mr. Browning, being acquainted with the tragedy of Clairvaux, thought '*Red* Cotton Nightcap Country' would be a more appropriate name."

"Aristophanes' Apology," a sequel to "Balaustion's Adventure," was published in April, 1875. "The book consists of two distinct parts. There is, first, the apology of Aristophanes, second, the translation of the play of Euripides. Herakles — or, as it is more generally known, Hercules Furens — is rendered completely and consecutively in blank verse and varied choric measures. . . . It is nothing less than a resuscitation

of the old controversy between Aristophanes and Euripides; a resurrection not only of the controversy, but of the combatants. . . . Hardly a line, never a page, without an allusion to something recondite — Athenian customs, Greek names, the plays of Euripides, above all, the plays of Aristophanes. 'Every line of the poem,' it has been truly said, 'shows Mr. Browning as soaked and steeped in the comedies as was Bunyan in his Bible!'"

In November of the same year, 1875, "The Inn Album" was published (translated into the German in 1877). The tragedy is a true story of an English peer, an utterly unprincipled man, who wins and then disregards the love of a noble woman, "grand as a Greek statue!" Her love turns to hate when she finds herself deceived, and she marries a poor, overworked, and aged clergyman to help him in his work. Another man, young and wealthy, has also loved the same woman, but could not win her because she loved the peer. By accident she meets these two men at a country inn. The peer for a moment urges her again to love him; then declares that he will reveal all to her husband. She commits suicide by poison, and the younger man, maddened by her death and the villany of the peer, strangles him. The peer, however, in real life, lived on many years, but his victim died.

This book, like "The Blot in the Scutcheon," is one of the most intense and absorbing in interest and feeling of all Mr. Browning's works. The lady's love for the peer is strong and glowing, for, as Mr. Browning says in "James Lee," —

> "For all, love greatens and glorifies
> Till God's aglow, to the loving eyes,
> In what was mere earth before."

And in "Colombe's Birthday," —

> "You know how love is incompatible
> With falsehood — purifies, assimilates
> All other passions to itself."

She says to the peer, —

> "I changed for you the very laws of life:
> Made you the standard of all right, all fair.
> No genius but you could have been, no sage,
> No sufferer — which is grandest — for the truth!
> . . . . . .
> I have danced through day,
> On tiptoe at the music of a word,
> Have wondered where was darkness gone, as night
> Burst out in stars at brilliance of a smile!
> Lonely, I placed the chair to help me seat
> Your fancied presence."

She tells the peer, —

> "I resolved —
> No matter how the struggle tasked weak flesh —
> To hide the truth away as in a grave
> From — most of all — my husband: he nor knows
> Nor ever shall be made to know your part,
> My part, the devil's part, — I trust, God's part
> In the foul matter. Saved, I yearn to save
> And not destroy: and what destruction like
> The abolishing of faith in him, that's faith
> In me as pure and true? Acquaint some child
> Who takes yon tree into his confidence,
> That, where he sleeps now, was a murder done,
> And that the grass which grows so thick, he thinks,
> Only to pillow him, is product just
> Of what lies festering beneath! 'Tis God
> Must bear such secrets and disclose them."

Later she begs the young man to break friendship with the peer: —

> "Why must I leave *you* pressing to the breast
> That's all one plague-spot? Did you love me once?

Then take love's last and best return! I think
Womanliness means only motherhood:
All love begins and ends there, — roams enough,
But, having run the circle, rests at home."

The next year, 1876, "Pacchiarotto, and how he Worked in Distemper: with Other Poems," appeared. The first part gives an anecdote of the Sienese painter of the sixteenth century; the second is a mirthful attack of Mr. Browning's upon his critics. The prologue, "A Wall," is a mournful allusion to the wife: —

"Wall upon wall are between us: life
And song should away from heart to heart!
I — prison-bird, with a ruddy strife
At breast, and a lip whence storm-notes start —

Hold on, hope hard in the subtlest thing!
That's spirit: though cloistered fast, soar free;
Account as wood, brick, stone, this ring
Of the rueful neighbors, and — forth to thee!"

"At the Mermaid" gives Mr. Browning's optimistic outlook: —

"Have you found your life distasteful?
My life did and does smack sweet.
Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
Mine I saved and hold complete.
Do your joys with age diminish?
When mine fail me, I'll complain.
Must in death your daylight finish?
My sun sets to rise again.

. . . . . .

I find earth not gray but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All's blue."

The ballad of "Hervé Riel" was published in the Cornhill Magazine, March, 1871, and the hundred pounds received for it sent to the Paris Relief Fund.

Mr. Browning's next volume, "The Agamemnon of Æschylus," was published in October, 1877. Another volume appeared in May, 1878, dedicated to Mrs. Sutherland Orr, "La Saisiaz: The Two Poets of Croisic." The first poem is addressed to a friend, Miss Anne Egerton Smith, who died suddenly while spending a part of the summer of 1877 with himself and his sister. The title of the poem is the name of a villa among the mountains near Geneva, being Savoyard for "The Sun." The poem is full of thought and hope for immortality.

"This life has its hopes for this life, hopes that promise joy: life done —
Out of all the hopes, how many had complete fulfilment? none.
'But the soul is not the body:' and the breath is not the flute;
Both together make the music: either marred and all is mute."

"Dramatic Idyls," first series, appeared in 1879; the second series in 1880. "Iván Ivánovitch," founded on a Russian story of a woman throwing her children to the wolves to save herself, is a strong and realistic picture; "Tray," a pathetic portrayal of a dog sacrificed for vivisection, with which practice Mr. Browning had little sympathy. The "Epilogue" to the second series of "Dramatic Idyls," —

"Touch him ne'er so lightly, into song he broke,"

was copied by Mr. Browning in the album of Edith Longfellow (Mrs. R. H. Dana), with these lines added, —

"Thus I wrote in London, musing on my betters,
Poets dead and gone; and lo, the critics cried,
'Out on such a boast!' as if I dreamed that fetters
Binding Dante, bind up me! as if true pride

Were not also humble!
So I smiled and sighed
As I oped your book in Venice this bright morning,
Sweet new friend of mine! and felt the clay or sand —
Whatsoe'er my soul be, — break — for praise or scorning —
Out in grateful fancies — weeds, but weeds expand
Almost into flowers, held by such a kindly hand."

The next year, 1881, a Browning Society was formed in London, to study the works of the poet. Dr. Furnival thus speaks of the society: "Browning kept clear of our society, and we kept clear of him. But when we couldn't understand a passage or a poem, I either walked over or wrote to him and got his explanation of it. At first I didn't take the volume with me, and he amused me very much by saying, 'Pon my word, I don't know what I *did* mean by the poem. I gave away my last copy six years ago, and haven't seen a line of it since. But I'll borrow a copy to-morrow and look at it again. If I don't write before Sunday, come to lunch, and I'll tell you about it.' So I got up a subscription, and on his seventieth birthday, May 7, 1882, sent him a handsomely bound set of his own works, in an oak case carved with bells and pomegranates, and with this inscription in the volumes: —

"'To Robert Browning, on his Seventieth Birthday, May 7, 1882, from some Members of the Browning Societies of London, Oxford, Cambridge, Bradford, Cheltenham, Cornell, and Philadelphia, with heartfelt wishes for his long life and happiness.

"'These Members, having ascertained that the Works of a great modern Poet are never in Robert Browning's house when need is to refer to them, beg him to accept a set of these Works, which they assure him will be found worthy of his most serious attention.' . . .

"On two points I often used to attack him. (1) That he wouldn't order his publishers to bring out a shilling selection from his works, and get him the wide popularity I knew was his due. But he wouldn't interfere; his publishers were to judge. (2) That he wouldn't put an 'Argument' before each of his poems, like Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton did. He said, 'No, he wouldn't. He didn't make us buy his poems, we could let 'em alone if we liked; he didn't care; but if we did buy 'em, we must take 'em as he chose to print 'em; and if he'd taken the trouble to write 'em — 'Cristina and Monaldeschi,' for instance — we surely might take the trouble to look up the historical facts."

In July, 1882, I, with a few others, paid a visit to the distinguished poet at his home, 19 Warwick Crescent, London; a three-story brick house, with small grass-plot in front, and garden with ivy-covered wall in the rear.

He came to the door and welcomed us as though we were old friends. Among other matters, we talked of the Irish question. He was a Liberal, and a great admirer of Mr. Gladstone.

He spoke warmly of Longfellow; said, "He came up that walk," pointing to the pathway to the gate, as if thereby it had gained an additional beauty and interest. Some one present thought Longfellow too kind, that he wasted his time in seeing people; but Mr. Browning did not agree with the person.

In the drawing-room the chairs and sofas were covered with green velvet, the carpet and curtains green; the walls richly hung with old tapestry and many oil paintings; the room as nearly as possible like the one Mrs. Browning used to live in while in Florence.

The poet showed us a bust of his wife, a sweet smile about the mouth, and long curls falling about her face; also one of his son, of whom she wrote so tenderly in "Casa Guidi Windows." Close beside the breakfast-table at which they used to sit hung a picture of their room in Italy, with the tables, chairs, and pictures as when she lived in it. Tears gathered in his eyes as he spoke. Then he showed the chair where she sat, her sofa, and, taking us below stairs into the dining-room, a lovely painting of her, one of himself, less rugged than now; a figure done by his son after a month's teaching, which so delighted his master that he had it put into bronze; an oil painting of the grandmother, a beautiful woman, who died at an early age.

In the study back of this room, where Mr. Browning wrote, were his library and that of his wife, on simple shelves, many of the books choice and old. Her books had marginal references and remarks written in her own hand, often in both the Greek and Hebrew languages. The well-known five volumes in blue and gold were on the shelves. Here, next to his large table, covered with letters, papers, and books, was her small table on which she wrote her poems. Both tables stood by the open window, looking out upon the garden with the ivy-covered wall. In the corner of this room was a picture of Robert Barrett Browning, the artist son. He sits before his easel, in painter's dress, in a peasant's house. Up-stairs, in Mr. Browning's bedroom, hung a series of portraits of that beloved wife: one a little girl playing with her dog; another of her as a young girl; Talfourd's sketch of her; the sketch of her tomb at Florence; the photograph of the inscription put up by the Florentines over the lintel of the door of the Casa Guidi.

Browning's sister, Sarianna, who lived with him after the death of their father, in 1866, soon came in, and we talked of Harriet Hosmer, whose studio we had visited while in Rome; and of Boston, where Mr. Browning said "he had many friends." He spoke most appreciatively of Professor Corson of Cornell University, and seemed grateful to those who enjoyed his poems.

He was very genial and cordial, as though he knew that the whole world loved him. When asked if he would not come to America, he said, "I dislike to cross the sea, and I have many friends *here*, so I shall never come, I fear."

He told a story well; was an admirable talker, with language clear and sensible. He insisted playfully that an American gentleman present should take the arm-chair, "because," said he, "I am not old enough for it."

A friend of the poet says of him: "Mr. Browning, to the last, kept up his active habits. He was up every morning between six and half-past six, when he wrote or read, for he was an omnivorous reader. He was a regular student of the newspapers, to which he devoted an hour after breakfast every day. He then retired to his study till luncheon hour. His correspondence was voluminous, and an important part of that correspondence was addressed to young authors, who were constantly sending him their books, or even MSS., asking his advice and guidance. The great poet was generous, and not the least lovable side of his nature was the magnanimity with which he praised, encouraged, and sympathized with writers, and was quick to discern promise of talent. Mr. Browning seldom or never spoke of his writings.

"He was essentially social. Humankind interested him. He enjoyed to watch the pageant of existence; to

scan the countenances in the crowd; to exchange words with those of high and low degree. There was magnetism to be absorbed, he said, in mingling with a number of human beings. His acquaintance was wide and included crowned heads and simple peasant folk. He was introduced to the Queen by Lady Augusta and Dean Stanley, at the Deanery of Westminster Abbey. The Queen had expressed a wish to meet Mr. Browning and Mr. Carlyle in an informal manner, and in the home of her friend, and Mr. Browning's life-long friend, the poet and the philosopher met their sovereign. Statesmen of various countries, the proudest members of the aristocracy, felt it a privilege to know him, and the country folk of Brittany, Normandy, of the Jura and Auvergne mountains, among whom he used for many years to linger during the late summer and autumn months, loved him and chatted intimately with him. His servants were devoted to him. He was infinitely kind."

Mr. Browning always had great sympathy with humanity, and desired to help it. He makes the wife of James Lee say, —

> "If you loved only what were worth your love,
> Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you;
> Make the low nature better by your throes!
> *Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!*"

Many honors came to him. Oxford University gave him the degree of D. C. L., in 1882, and Balliol made him an Honorary Fellow. Cambridge University made him LL.D. He was one of the five honorary members of the Royal Academy, of which he was Secretary for Foreign Correspondence. His colleagues were the Archbishop of York, Mr. Gladstone, the Dean of Christ Church, and Sir C. T. Newton.

In 1883, "Jocoseria" (grave and gay) was published. "Wanting is — What?" is a pathetic little love-song, —

> "Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same,
> — Framework which waits for a picture to frame:
> What of the leafage, what of the flower?
> Roses embowering, with naught they embower!"

"Never the Time and the Place" is an exquisite lyric, breathing as tender a love as when she died twenty-two years before: —

> "Never the time and the place
> And the loved one all together!
> This path — how soft to pace!
> This May — what magic weather!
> Where is the loved one's face?
> In a dream that loved one's face meets mine,
> But the house is narrow, the place is bleak,
> Where, outside, rain and wind combine
> With a furtive ear, if I strive to speak,
> With a hostile eye at my flushing cheek,
> With a malice that marks each word, each sign.
> O enemy sly and serpentine,
> Uncoil thee from the waking man!
> Do I hold the Past
> Thus firm and fast,
> Yet doubt if the Future hold I can?
> This path so soft to pace shall lead
> Thro' the magic of May to herself indeed!
> Or narrow if needs the house must be,
> Outside are the storms and strangers: we —
> Oh, close, safe, warm, sleep I and she,
> — I and she!"

"Donald" is a most humanizing poem, to be read often by those who find pleasure in killing animals. Fox-hunting to such a man as Browning must have seemed worse than trivial.

In November, 1884, "Ferishtah's Fancies" was published. "The idea of this book," says Mrs. Orr, "grew out of a fable by Pilpay, which Mr. Browning read when a boy: he put this into verse, and it then occurred to him to make the poem the beginning of a series, in which the Dervish, who is first introduced as a learner, should reappear in the character of a teacher." The lessons "deal severally," says Mr. Symons, "with faith (Shah Abbas), prayer (The Family), the Incarnation (The Sun), the meaning of evil and pain (Mihrab Shah), punishment present and future (A Camel-Driver), asceticism (Two Camels), gratefulness to God for small benefits (Cherries), the direct personal relation existing between man and God (Plot-Culture), the uncertain value of knowledge contrasted with the sure gain of love (A Pillar at Sebzevah), and, finally, in A Bean-Stripe: also Apple Eating, the problem of life, — is it more good than evil, or more evil than good?"

"Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day" was published in 1887, and dedicated to the memory of the Parisian friend who was among the first to appreciate him, Mr. Milsand. He had died in the autumn of the previous year. The conversations, with Bernard de Mandeville, Daniel Bartoli, Christopher Smart, and others, are all on profound themes, evolution, good and evil, and the like, and abound in strong, fine passages.

> "Type needs antitype:
> As night needs day, as shine needs shade, so good
> Needs evil: how were pity understood
> Unless by pain?"

> "My soul, and my soul's home
> This body, — how each operates on each,

And how things outside, fact or feigning, teach
What good is and what evil, — just the same
Be feigning or be fact the teacher, — blame
Diffidence nowise if, from this I judge
My point of vantage, not an inch I budge.
All — for myself — seems ordered wise and well
Inside it, — what reigns outside, who can tell ? "

" What were life ?
Did soul stand still therein, forego her strife
Through the ambiguous Present to the goal
Of some all-reconciling Future ? Soul
Nothing has been which shall not bettered be
Hereafter, — "

" By proved potency that still
Makes perfect, be assured, come what come will,
What once lives never dies — what here attains
To a beginning has no end, still gains
And never loses aught: when, where, and how —
Lies in Law's lap."

" Man's best and woman's worst amount
So nearly to the same thing that we count
In man a miracle of faithfulness
If, while unfaithful somewhat, he lay stress
On the main fact that love, when love indeed,
Is wholly, solely love from first to last —
Truth — all the rest a lie."

In the latter part of 1889, " Asolando, Fancies and Facts," was published, the last volume Browning ever wrote. It combines the light and graceful with the clarion notes; the exquisite " Now," " Summum Bonum," " A Pearl, a Girl," with the grand " Reverie," and the " Epilogue."

When " Asolando " came from the press, Browning lay dying in Venice. He had purchased the Palazzo Rezzonico, on the Grand Canal, as a wedding present for his son and his bride, Miss Fanny Coddington of

New York. The best bedroom had been given him. On the ceiling the son had painted a fight between an eagle and a serpent. His portrait, by his son, had the place of honor in the drawing-room. But the time to meet "the soul of my soul" had come, —

> "Finally, when the last sleep finds the eye
> So tired it cannot even shut itself,
> Does not a kind domestic hand unite
> Friend to friend, lid from lid to part no more,
> Consigned alike to that receptacle
> So bleak without, so warm and white within."

His loved ones were beside him; his son and the young wife, and his devoted sister. On the evening of Thursday, December 12, he asked his son what news from the publisher? A telegram was read stating that the edition of his last volume of poems was almost exhausted. The poet smiled and murmured, "How gratifying!" These were his last words. The heart of the great man, who had loved generously, was made glad by the world's love in return. He died soon after, at ten o'clock, without pain. Died? say rather, with Richard Watson Gilder, —

> "On the tide
> That throbs against those glorious palace walls; —
> That rises — pauses — falls,
> With melody, and myriad-tinted gleams; —
> On that enchanted tide,
> Half real, and half poured from lovely dreams,
> A Soul of Beauty — a white, rhythmic flame —
> Passed, singing, forth into the Eternal Beauty whence it came."

The body was borne to the central chapel of St. Michael's Cemetery, the barge conveying it towed by a steamer of the Italian Navy. On the barge, as a guard of honor, were the Municipal Guard and firemen. The

friends followed in gondolas. Among the wreaths which covered the coffin was one from the municipal authorities of Venice. It was Mr. Browning's wish to be buried in the same grave with his wife in Florence,

"Oh, close, safe, warm, sleep I and she,"

until the old cemetery was closed, after which he preferred England.

On Tuesday, December 31, Robert Browning was buried in the "Poets' Corner," in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey. On the coffin lay wreaths from Lord Tennyson and Miss Browning. Wreaths, crosses, and exotics of every kind were sent by friends: Millais, Tadema, Sir Frederick Leighton, and others.

The casket bore a simple inscription: "Robert Browning, born May 7, 1812; died December 12, 1889." A dense fog prevailed, adding to the sombre effect. The great and noble gathered about that open grave: the Archbishop of Canterbury, Archdeacon Farrar, Huxley, Froude, Max Müller, Sir Lyon Playfair, Sir Frederick Leighton, and others, while Dean Bradley prayed, and the choir sang that beautiful poem of the poet-wife, —

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Great-hearted, great-minded Browning! ever teaching the world a lesson of dauntless courage, sublime faith and deathless love.

"All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops; Potter and clay endure."

"Love is all, and death is naught!"

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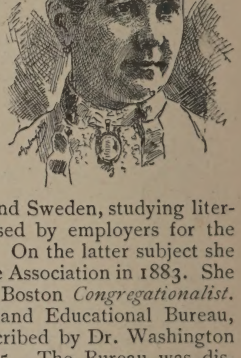

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